

BRITISH GQ

GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

JAN 2016

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HAN SOLO COMES HOME

Harrison Ford

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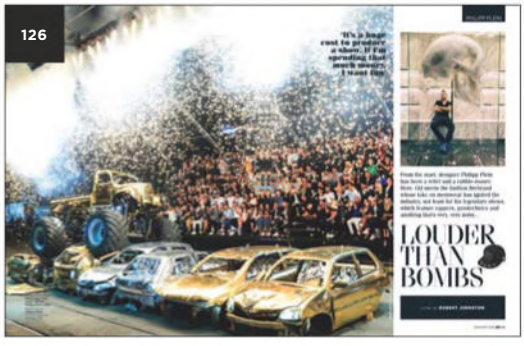


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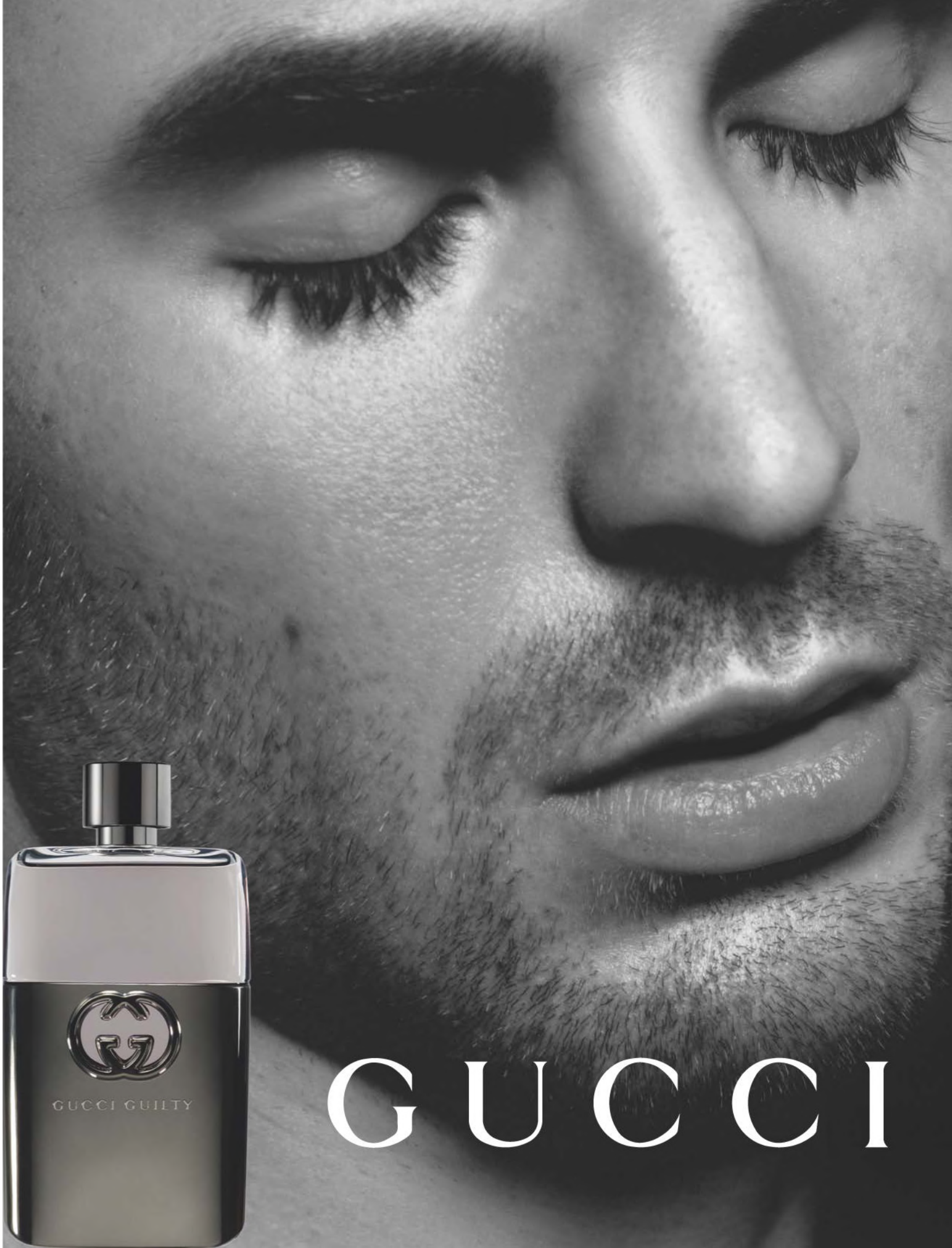
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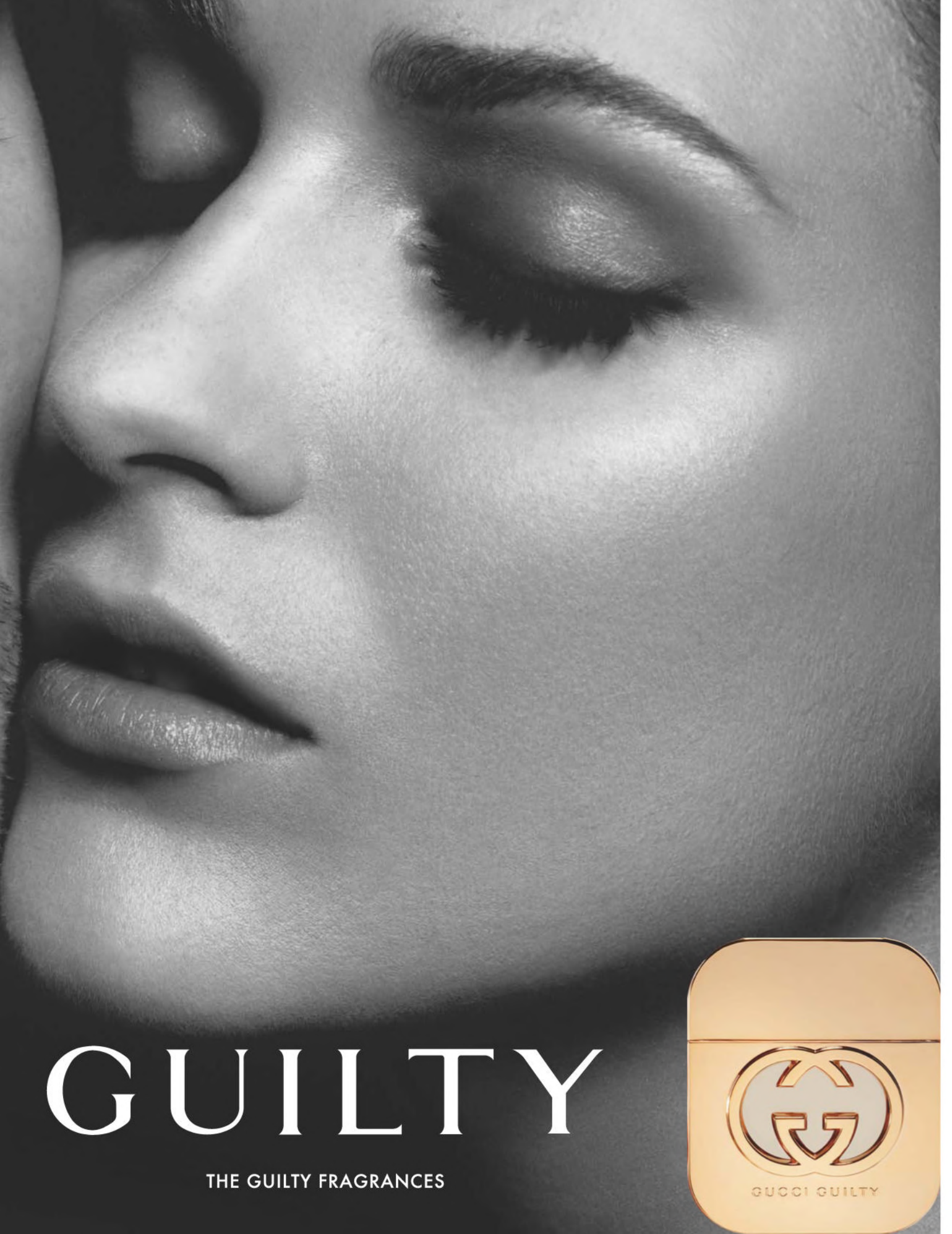
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THE FORCE TO BE RECKONED WITH

There are expectations, and then there are expectations. The anticipation surrounding the imminent launch of *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* is not so much feverish as inflamed, not so much high as alpine. It's safe to say that this is the most highly anticipated film of all time. And in the *GQ* office it's been that way for more than a year. Well, in fact it's been that way ever since it was announced that JJ Abrams would be helming the seventh *Star Wars* movie back in 2013.

Then there is the issue of redemption. Only a certified nutjob would admit to preferring any of George Lucas' ponderous prequels to any of his original three films and so the franchise is balanced precariously on the edge of atonement. Most of us appear to have faith in the ability of Abrams to perform the resurrection shuffle; we certainly do here at *GQ* central and have spent the best part of a year planning the issue you're holding in your hands right now (flicking paper or swiping your screen). As well as Jonathan Heaf's frankly staggering interview with Harrison Ford – possibly the most reluctant superhero in modern >

Laugh it up, fuzzballs!

May the fourth be with you... *GQ* celebrates its own blockbuster sequel this month, winning our fourth consecutive Digital Magazine Award, scooping the Men's Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year prize. Download our award-winning issues from the App Store.









It is Boyega who perhaps is going to have his life changed most by the film

John Boyega photographed for British GQ in London by Bryan Adams

Coat by **Alexander McQueen**, £1,725. alexandermcqueen.com. Hat by **Lock & Co Hatters**, £275. lockhatters.co.uk. Scarf by **Budd Shirtmakers**, £145. buddshirts.co.uk

GQ STAR WARS GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY SPECIAL

Hollywood history – we have a fashion feature on John Boyega (already the subject of a *GQ Style* cover shoot), a piece by Stuart McGurk on Disney's *Star Wars* industry, and an interview with the lovely Gwendoline Christie, who plays Captain Phasma in the upcoming film (though the *GQ* squad all fell in love with her when she first appeared in *Game Of Thrones*).

It is Boyega more than anyone – more than Christie, more than Adam Driver and even more than Daisy Ridley, who also have starring roles – who perhaps is going to have his life changed most by the film. As Boyd Hilton writes in his story on Boyega in the current issue of *GQ Style*, "In 2013, the day after he attended the premiere of prestigious literary adaptation *Half Of A Yellow Sun* – in which Boyega had a key supporting role – he was hanging out in Catford, south London, when he got an email from Abrams asking him where he was and what he was doing. Wanting to appear busier than he was, he told Abrams he was in an art gallery. Abrams asked if he could pop over to a café in Mayfair for a meeting. Boyega went home, changed into the blue suit he wore at the previous night's premiere and took a cab. Along the way he filmed himself on his phone because he knew that, one way or another, this was a big moment. When Boyega arrived at the café, Abrams was talking on his phone and didn't even acknowledge him at first. Eventually Abrams offered him a drink and started with the immortal words, 'Here's the thing…'"

Well, here's the thing. We have, as the saying goes, gone deep on *Star Wars*.

Of course, there are some who think that the hype might be misplaced and that the world has gone as billy-bonkers for this sequel as it once did for Barack Obama. When Obama was sworn in as the 44th President of the United States on Tuesday 20 January 2009, in front of the biggest crowd ever seen in Washington (and based on the combined attendance figures, television viewership and internet traffic, it was among the most observed events ever by a global audience), expectations weren't just big. They were huge. Colossal. Positively Brobdingnagian. To say that Obama was seen as some sort of deity figure was not even remotely an overstatement.

But even after what is generally perceived to be a successful presidency, there are those who feel he has been a failure. It's a personality thing more than anything else, as Obama has a tendency to come across as cold, unwilling or unable to act anything like a father figure. When David Remnick, the editor of the *New Yorker*, was interviewed on stage at the Hay Festival a few years ago, he portrayed Obama as a man who wasn't particularly interested in pleasing people. At all, in fact. Remnick's book *The Bridge* is one of the most incisive biographies of the president and in it he is portrayed as a man who is as aloof as he is stoic. "Here is a guy who just doesn't care if people like him," said Remnick. "He doesn't care one way or the other. He doesn't want to go for a beer with you, doesn't want to put his arm around you, isn't bothered whether you like him or not."

In Bob Woodward's *Obama's Wars*, John Podesta – the ex White House chief of staff of Bill Clinton and co-chair of Obama's transition team – compared Obama to *Star Trek's* Spock. He called him unsentimental, intellectual and ruthless. Podesta wasn't sure that Obama felt anything. "He intellectualised and then charted the path forward, essentially picking up the emotions of others and translating them into ideas." Podesta reasoned that often a person's great strength, in this case Obama's capacity to intellectualise, was also an Achilles heel.

The political website *Salon* once compared Obama to Mr Spock, too. "Like Spock, part of what makes Obama so appealing is the fact that although he's an outsider – 'proudly alien', as Leonard Nimoy once put it – he uses that distance to cultivate a sense of perspective. And while we're drawn to Spock's exotic traits – the pointy ears, green blood and weird mating rituals – we take comfort in his soothing baritone, prominent nose and ordinary teeth."

To my knowledge, no one has ever compared the president to a cast member of *Star Wars*, which as far as I'm concerned bodes extremely well for the fortunes of *The Force Awakens*.

Enjoy the film, enjoy the issue.



Harrison Ford is the most reluctant superhero in modern Hollywood history



Dylan Jones, Editor

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Harrison Ford photographed for British GQ in Los Angeles by Kurt Iswarienko

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Contributors



Kurt ISWARIENKO

"*Star Wars* was the first movie I ever saw as a child, so it has always held a unique and formative influence over my artistic bearings," says celebrity photographer Kurt Iswarienko, who shot Harrison Ford for this month's cover. "We wanted to pay homage to the impression we all have of him as an iconic and intrepid hero, so it was important for the shoot to feel a bit larger than life."



James HARKIN

War reporter James Harkin, writer for *Vanity Fair* and author of several books, investigates the case of Kevin Dawes. Dawes posed as a paramedic, journalist and fighter to tour Syria, his paranoid delusions leading him to believe that everyone around him was working for the CIA. "He is a deeply troubled but fascinating character," says Harkin. "His case tells a hugely important story about ourselves, Syria, the sometimes baleful influence of the internet, and the precarious state of contemporary journalism."



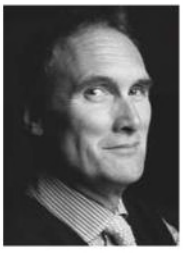
Tom LAMONT

For our *Star Wars* special, Tom Lamont interviewed Gwendoline Christie (aka Brienne of Tarth from *Game Of Thrones*) about playing the galaxy's first female Stormtrooper. "It was nice to see what she looked like when she smiled for the first time," says Lamont. "She never gets to smile on *Game Of Thrones* and she's hidden beneath a helmet in *Star Wars*." Contrary to what these roles may lead you to assume, she turned out to be "a hugger and a kisser" with what Lamont calls "the loudest laugh I've ever heard".



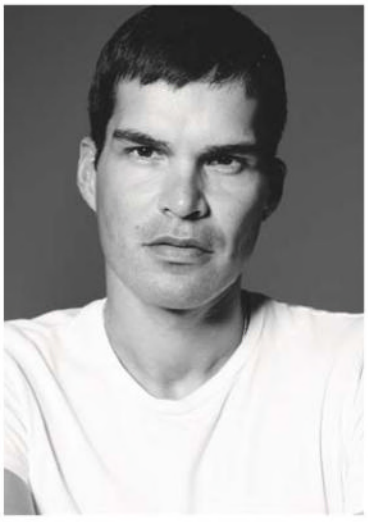
Jonathan HEAF

As well as interviewing Harrison Ford, *GQ*'s Features Director Jonathan Heaf inaugurates a new monthly column, Out To Lunch – in which he will eat, drink and conspire with the stars – on our coveted back page. "I have no idea how it will turn out," he says, "but I'm going to make damn sure I have fun finding out." This month: Mark Ronson at The Ivy.



AA GILL

On GQ.com, AA Gill contemplates the existential crises of actors and producers. "How can you tell you're an actor if you're not acting?" he asks. "Or a producer if you're not producing?" Writers, he notes, never have such crises. "Writers don't have any trouble knowing they're writers, because they're always unemployed. Funny thing is that writers only get given a job when they've stopped writing."



Simon ROBINS

Simon Robins began his career as men's fashion editor at *Dazed & Confused* magazine, progressing to *The Face*, *Pop* and eventually Russian *Vogue*, before moving to Los Angeles to work as a freelance stylist. His previous *GQ* work has included Matthew McConaughey for December 2014's *Interstellar* cover. This month he turned his attention to cover star Harrison Ford, kitting him out in Armani ahead of his return as Han Solo.

Photographs Rex



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Foreword



BEWARE THE PSYCHO BITCH FROM HELL

Une liaison passionnée can descend into a fatal attraction if you don't spot the signs of a genuine femme fatale. GQ shows you how to escape a nightmare (or, better still, avoid it in the first place)

STORY BY **SHIREEN JILLA**

A friend of mine is a partner in a City firm. This is relevant because it means he is officially grown-up. Yet he is whispering inaudibly into his iPhone, while squatting in his car, parked outside his home. He cannot make our long-standing annual Christmas lunch with a bunch of close friends, kicking off in a few hours. His girlfriend is "sick". This time, it's earache, but bearing in mind we have only met her once in eight years, sickness always being the excuse, this isn't a medical matter. "Sick" is a euphemism for "a controlling bitch". Not to mention the excuse for her current uninvited tenancy in his house Why can't he still come out to lunch? How long have you got? He hasn't made it for the past four years. If he did, she would get abusive. In fact, she's going to go mental anyway. Hence the car shelter.

Flashback six weeks. She called him saying she'd had a dream that she got drunk in a bar and slept with the guy buying her drinks. Only when my friend asked if it was true did she 'fess up.

She did what? How many times have you said or heard that kneejerk interjection? Friends, if they are loyal enough to stick it out, >

illustration The Red Dress

can only punctuate the latest episode in a never-ending box set of insane stories. All with the same theme tune – your friend is a lackey to a hellishly volatile partner, who invariably tries to ban him from seeing you.

My friend has tried to leave her. But she's insolvent and regularly jobless and she threatens suicide.

Roy Sheppard, co-author of *That Bitch,* immediately recognises his story. "She's psycho bitch from hell. They are always the same." Clearly. His YouTube talk, "Personality Disorders Of A Dangerous Woman", has had 192,000 views. His self-help book, *That Bitch*, as the title suggests, is best accompanied by a stiff drink. It sold seven times better with this original UK title than the PC American edition, *Venus: The Dark Side*. It's a Tarantino-style trawl through the low lives of otherwise sorted blokes when they let an über-bitch run amok in their backyard. Sheppard is right. The stories are uncannily similar. Take Sheppard's example of an American professor who fell for an attractive, intelligent girl. She moved in, fleeced him, slept with his friends and, phenomenally, managed to maintain the higher moral ground.

Psycho bitches are, Sheppard insists, "always beautiful – or, crucially, think they are – sexy and often younger". Right. Hooking up with them is, initially at least, an aspirational move. But Sheppard quickly adds, "They are also unstable, toxic, fickle and confused." Not much to handle, then.

Who are the poor bastards who choose these *femmes fatales*? "The type of man who falls for them is always Mr Nice Guy. The one who feels sorry for someone," insists Sheppard. That's certainly true about my friend. We all know men who want to be saviours, even if their white charger has morphed into a Ferrari. Apparently, making men feel sorry for them is often an early gambit in the psycho bitch's game.

But still. How do apparently sane, successful men get hooked? At least when it starts, scorching sex must seal the deal. Listen to Castle, the star of ABC's eponymous crime drama series, justifying sleeping with his ex-wife: "Let me tell you something about crazy people. The sex is unbelievable."

Relationship therapist David Waters agrees. "The yo-yo 'I hate you'/'I love you' is intensely passionate, with strong sexual energy. It's an addictive and exciting thrill we probably all had in our teenage years. Some of us don't grow out of it. The alternative is too safe and boring."

Like any busy Londoner, I wonder how the hell they find the time. According to Waters, the very attraction of PBs is they cause your diary to crash. He gives the example of the man who almost bankrupted himself showering a high-maintenance woman with more and more lavish presents and restaurant meals. After all his efforts, she was still highly dismissive of him. "Weirdly, what kept him going was it took up a great deal of time," he says. "Like any addiction, it uses up your time and a huge amount of psychic energy. It gives you loads to think about and is often a distraction from other relationships, like work ones."

There's plenty of evidence that PBs scratch away at the strongest friendships. A perturbing pre-marriage survey carried out in December 2009 shows 88 per cent of people wouldn't speak out if their friend planned to marry their PB girlfriend. I have to confess, I was shamefully mute when a childhood friend announced his engagement to his crazed now ex-wife. I was afraid of losing him from my life altogether. "One of the warning signs is they stop listening to their true mates when they say, 'Surely you aren't to going to put up with that again?'" confirms Waters.

Twenty-two years after Lorena Bobbitt turned her surname into a verb, men worldwide still vividly remember the addictive horror of the dismembered member hurled into a random field in Virginia. Sure, John Wayne Bobbitt was culpable and finally convicted of assaulting his then-fiancée. Still, "to bobbitt" became the symbol for men of what a woman on the warpath is capable of doing.

Psycho bitches are always beautiful or, crucially, think they are. Hooking up with them, initially at least, is an aspirational move

Hollywood is an equally outrageous reminder. Nurse Ratched (Louise Fletcher) lobotomising McMurphy (Jack Nicholson, of all alphas) in *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* (1975) still makes men wince. *Fatal Attraction* (1987) and *Misery* (1990) are as timeless. Perhaps the most chilling is *Betty Blue* (1986). Lipstick-smudged Betty (Béatrice Dalle) is properly psycho, but still an enduring sex icon.

Of course, women giving men the run-around is nothing new. Reread Shakespeare's *Antony And Cleopatra*. Christ. She was the original psycho bitch. Elizabeth Taylor – seven husbands, eight marriages later – was certainly a match for her. Back in Fifties NYC, newspapers devoted comic strips to the aggression by wives towards their husbands.

And it is on the rise. "Equality can mean being as bad as the boys," explains consultant clinical psychologist Dr Mair Edwards. The media doesn't make it easier. Sheppard tells the story of a man, who was literally stabbed in the back by his wife. "He didn't even realise what had happened until he saw the blood on his shirt and the tip of the knife pointing out of his chest." He lost a lung and emerged from a lengthy hospital stay in a wheelchair. His photo ran in a newspaper with the caption "Wife beater". He did receive an apology, but the assumption was there. He must have been the perpetrator.

There is a certain cultural pressure to be in a relationship – a bad one can seem better than being single. But there is usually a light-bulb moment. Phew. If you have one such relationship, chances are you will emerge intact. Three or more and you're looking at a habit you need to crack.

Waters has sober advice. "She's done this, she's done that… all the blame is on the crazy woman. But in some senses, you are complicit. It can be a very painful and complicated moment." Equally, he thinks friends should be honest. "They should say, 'We've been down this road before. This was the silly mess you got into with Amanda.'"

Not surprisingly, Waters is an advocate of therapy. "I would say that, wouldn't I? But they do need some serious reflection. What am I doing here? What do I get out of it? You need to change the record."

It's not easy for a man to admit that he is no longer in control – his life is in tailspin after some crazed, complicated woman. "It's about admitting vulnerability and all that icky stuff," says Waters.

Is there an alternative? Apparently not. Waters is emphatic. "Your rage will eventually leak out in misogynist or self-destructive ways: you'll hit the bottle, do drugs or use prostitutes."

Sane relationships may not give you the same all-night high. Or, indeed, keep you up all night. But Waters insists trust and shared confidences are powerful. "It's not earth shattering, but it's really lovely. Eventually, you'll find it becomes super sexy."

Then you can stay out late, have a laugh and chew the fat with a friend. And save your high-octane thrills for kite surfing or going to Katmandu. A free agent at last. GQ

The Art Of Unpacking Your Life by Shireen Jilla (Bloomsbury Reader, £6.99) is out now.



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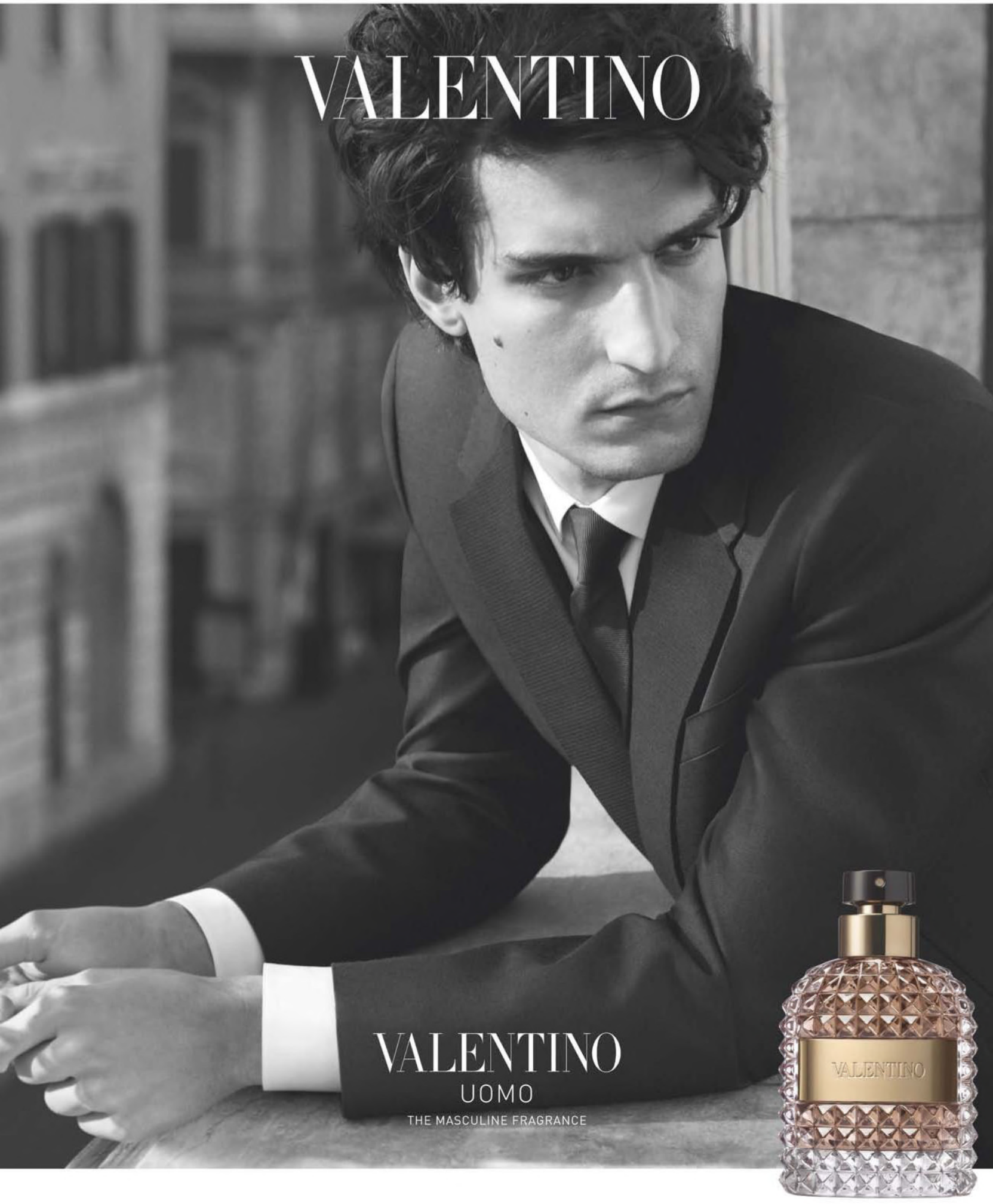
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EDITED BY **CHARLIE BURTON**

THE MOVIE STAR

THE last time Lizzy Caplan was in a Seth Rogen picture, things didn't exactly go to plan. *The Interview*, a satire about North Korea, was pulled from wide release in 2014 following threats from the dictatorship. "We used to joke about it on set, but for it to actually cause an international incident was an unpleasant surprise," she says. Their current project, *The Night Before* (about three friends having one last party), is, however, jerry-rigged for success with a dream-team ensemble cast featuring Joseph Gordon-Levitt, James Franco and Miley Cyrus – around whom Caplan found herself unusually starstruck. "I kept getting teased for it."

Caplan, too, has been known to elicit weird reactions, thanks to her role as a sexologist in the TV drama *Masters Of Sex*. "I get a few, um, libido-ish women wanting to talk about their sex lives," she says. "But generally I don't have to go out in a disguise." On her current trajectory, she should enjoy that while it lasts. **CB**

The Night Before is out now.

TREND ALERT

The Night Before has a twin film this month: the party-themed *Sisters*. There are also two about the ocean...

BY THE SEA
(out on 11 December)
Branjelina's moony romance is equal parts F Scott Fitzgerald and *Swept Away*.



IN THE HEART OF THE SEA
(out on 26 December)
The voyage that inspired *Moby Dick* + *Thor*'s Chris Hemsworth = E-P-I-C.

Girl on fire: Like Rachel McAdams and Amy Poehler, Lizzy Caplan is a Mean Girls alumna

Photograph Colette de Barros/Alyssa Pizer Management

THE CULT HEROINE

GQ STAR WARS GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY SPECIAL

A STORM IS COMING...

First, a warrior of Westeros. Now, the badass of the Republic. Gwendoline Christie is a force to be reckoned with



GQ INSIDER
If Christie hadn't become an actress, what option was next on her list? Becoming a nun, apparently.

TAKE a job in a show that inspires obsession – as Gwendoline Christie did, four years ago, when she joined the cast of HBO's *Game Of Thrones* playing the she-knight Brienne – and you consent to the scrutiny of superfans. Countless selfies and signatures required at conventions, hours of face time with your audience – all without ever allowing yourself to utter a word of a spoiler. Exhausting! And here's Christie, folding herself into another fan-pawed franchise as a chief Stormtrooper in the new *Star Wars*.

Sitting at the Corinthia Hotel in London's Whitehall, Christie doesn't seem to have considered the implications of consolidating an established career in Westeros with a new one in the Republic. "I'm an idiot," she decides. "An *idiot*." The 37-year-old, dressed today in collarless white shirt and black trousers, extends her body on the chaise. When she gets a new acting job, she explains, "rather naively I don't always think about the other aspects. I just think, 'Ooh! *Star Wars*, that would be exciting...' I never once actually thought, 'This is for life.'"

Her character in the new instalment, *Star Wars: The ForceAwakens*, is called Captain Phasma, described by Christie as "*Star Wars'* first female villain". She can't say much else. Christie, on spoiler-lockdown, cannot discuss what her character looks like under her helmet, what the plot might hold, nor even whether Captain Phasma has a first name. "Captain?" Christie suggests, before grinning and rolling on to her stomach, cackling.

Perhaps she hasn't always expected to enjoy her career quite so much. At drama school, tutors told her she wouldn't get much work. "Because I was too tall." (She is 6ft 3ins.) For a decade she was in the theatre, regionals mostly, once playing a Lucifer in *Doctor Faustus* who appeared "out of the ceiling, wearing lashings of body make-up and a bald cap, on fire". She told her agent she wanted to be in an HBO series. His reply: "Doesn't everyone, love?"

Christie joined *Game Of Thrones* in its second series, becoming a viewer favourite after episode-stealing swordfights against giants, bears and entire militias. Because Brienne generally appears under layers of chain mail, the part ended up being good practice for *Star Wars*, in which she was also chunkily armoured. "When you're wearing a costume that obscures the natural lines of your body, everything has to be considered physically. Every gesture means as much as what happens above the neck."

Can Christie show us some of Captain Phasma's gestures? No. Can she show us, then, how Captain Phasma might lie on the chaise?

"That," Christie says with a smile, "would also count as a spoiler." **Tom Lamont**

Star Wars: The Force Awakens is out on 17 December.

Photograph Press Association **Illustration** Dave Hopkins

THE RUMOUR MILL

BY ALEX WICKHAM



Tory MP **Jake Berry** had a close shave when he found himself just inches away from being run over by an oncoming car recently. A few hours later he received an apology from the passenger, one David Cameron. "It's the first time he's noticed me in six years," quips Berry.

The new intake of Labour MPs have their own private WhatsApp group, where they share jokes about Jeremy Corbyn and, according to **Stephen Kinnock**, "banter" about their colleagues. Could it be the perfect place for young rebels to plot a very 21st-century coup against their 66-year-old leader?

Nicholas Soames has been a Tory MP for 32 years, but last May's election could well have been his last. The Conservatives are already looking at potential 2020 candidates for his ultra-safe Mid-Sussex constituency. If he retires, it will be one of the most fiercely contested seats in the land.

Corbyn's 25-year-old son, **Seb**, is setting hearts aflutter in parliament. His father might be teetotal, but six-foot socialist Seb is gaining a reputation for partying late at Westminster nightspots, pint in hand, and never without a gaggle of adoring women in tow.



Girl power: Gwendoline Christie describes her Force Awakens character, Captain Phasma, as 'the first female villain of Star Wars'

THE LONDON SCENE

NIGHT OUT? GAME ON!

There's a boomlet of activity-based bars cropping up in the capital. Herewith, the best new destinations...

	BOUNCE SHOREDITCH	SWINGERS SHOREDITCH (Coming March 2016!)	PORKY'S BANKSIDE	DRAUGHTS HAGGERSTON
WHAT'S THE DEAL?	Bounce kick-started the trend with its Farringdon **ping-pong bar**. This new Shoreditch site has 17 table-tennis tables plus a private room.	Remember that **pop-up crazy golf** bar that every East End lumberjack obsessed over last year? It's back with a permanent 18-hole venue.	A **nu-barbecue joint** that has dedicated beer pong tables up front, American-style red cups and all.	London's first **board-game bar** is secreted away in a railway arch and puts a library of more than 500 titles at your disposal.
THE VIBE INSIDE	Anarchic **graffiti** on the tables, maroon banquets lining the walls, all bathed in the glare of UV art installations.	A 16,000 sq ft site (once a **Second World War bunker**) comprising verdant golf courses, cocktail bars and street-food outlets.	A bar made from **reclaimed railway sleepers**, splashes of neon on the walls and exposed ceilings.	Exposed brick walls (natch) and comfy **Chesterfields** grouped around the fireplace.
HUNGRY?	Go for the **braised Hereford ox cheek** with sweet-and-sour cabbage on a smoked garlic ciabatta (*£16.50*).	**Pizza Pilgrims** is on site. Try the Nduja, a Neapolitan margherita pizza with spicy sausage (*£8.50*).	Go for **The Tangy**, an 18-hour smoked pulled-pork sandwich with bacon, cheese and green chilli slaw with fries (*£10.50*).	Share a **charcuterie board** (salami, Manchego cheese, olives, bread and cornichons, £9).
THIRSTY?	Sip a **Chapel Down** Curious Brew (made with champagne yeast, *£4.50*).	Waiters **stroll the course** to take orders. Keep things clubby with a G&T (*£6*).	Ask for a **Barrel Aged Old Fashioned** (*£8.60*), created six months ago and left to mature.	The **Cargo Noir** – essentially an Espresso Martini – is the bestseller (*£8*).
PRO TIP	Improve your table-tennis game by extending your **index finger** along the back of the bat.	Whisper it, but the course attendants will advise you **where to aim** on each hole.	Heard of the **Death Cup**? If a player is holding a cup, land your ball within and it's game over for their team.	If you are indeed playing **draughts**, try to keep your back row intact as long as possible as a final line of defence.
THE FINER DETAILS	From £19.50 an hour. 241 Old Street, EC1. *bouncepingpong.com*	Golf costs £13 in advance and £15 on the door. Browns Buildings, EC3. *swingersldn.co.uk*	£10 per team, per game. 18 New Globe Walk, SE1. *porkys.co.uk*	Membership is £25 a year. Cover charge is £5. 337 Acton Mews, E8. *draughtslondon.com*

WOODEN-TONGUE WATCH

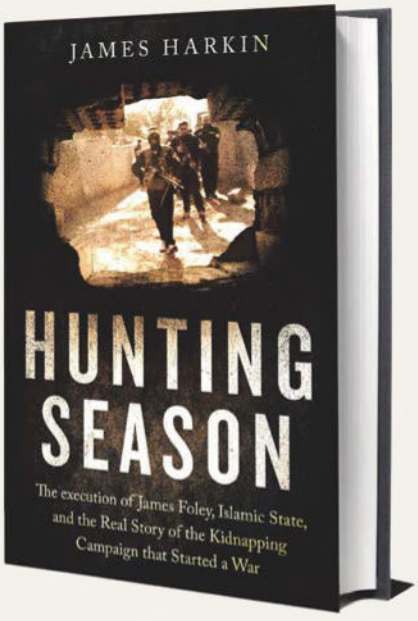
By order of *GQ*, never allow the following past your lips:

1 **Have you RSVP'd?** RSVP is a French abbreviation that means "please reply". It is an instruction, not a verb – although the organisers of cheap parties may lead you to think otherwise.

2 **Thinkfluencer** This person is unlikely to be either thoughtful or influential.

3 **Arty** Way to show that you know nothing about art.

4 **Could of** It's could *have*.



THE POLITICAL QUESTION

'HOW CAN ISIS BE DEFEATED?

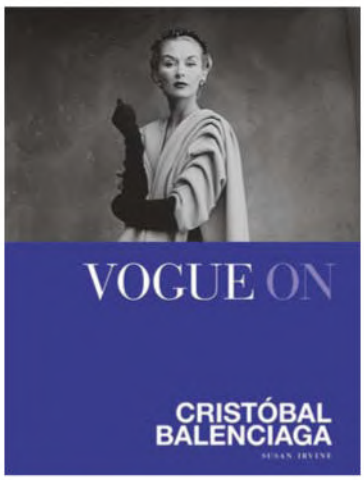
We asked James Harkin, whose new book *Hunting Season* collates his feet-on-the-ground reporting about Isis:

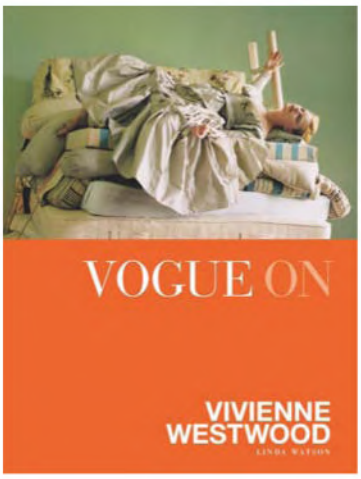
"Military action is not the answer. It's very clear why Islamic State emerged – it emerged because of chaos. When you have no idea what the armed men in the street represent and whether they might be stealing your car, you turn to the stabilising hand of puritanical law. The truth is that, actually, like any state with problems, this is going to collapse internally. The biggest misconception about Isis is that it's capable of building a modern state. Last year people were saying that it was earning three million dollars a day from oil. It's total nonsense. Forty per cent of the income of the Islamic State is based on ad hoc things like kidnapping and confiscations rather than, say, taxation. Should we do anything to prevent people joining Isis? Look, many of these guys go to Syria out of a fetish for medievalism. It's not something people talk about but I'm convinced that lots of them have been watching epics like *Game Of Thrones* – the European jihadis, like Jihadi John, are obsessed with the showy use of swords. So what we need to do is argue with these people – tell them that we think it's nonsense – or get an amazing satirist like Chris Morris or the *Team America* people to annihilate this through humour. You could get something much funnier and closer to the bone than *Four Lions*. If you're treating people like adults that's what's going to lead them to think differently." *Hunting Season* (*£13.99, Little, Brown*) *is out now.*

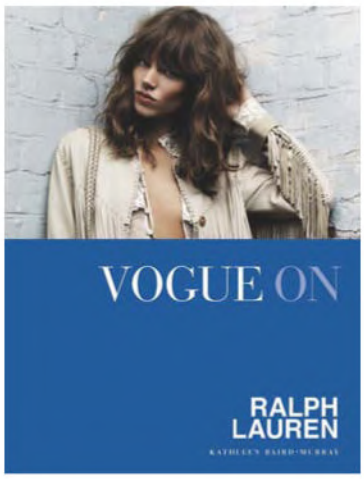
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THE ART VIEW

PRINTS CHARMING

And so to Christie's to celebrate a double triumph. Our party in collaboration with Spas Roussev was not only the first showing of Prince Nikolaos of Greece's arresting pictures, it was also the launch of Soundwall, which twins art with bespoke music via hidden speakers. Who says that science is another culture?

Photographs Adam Duke

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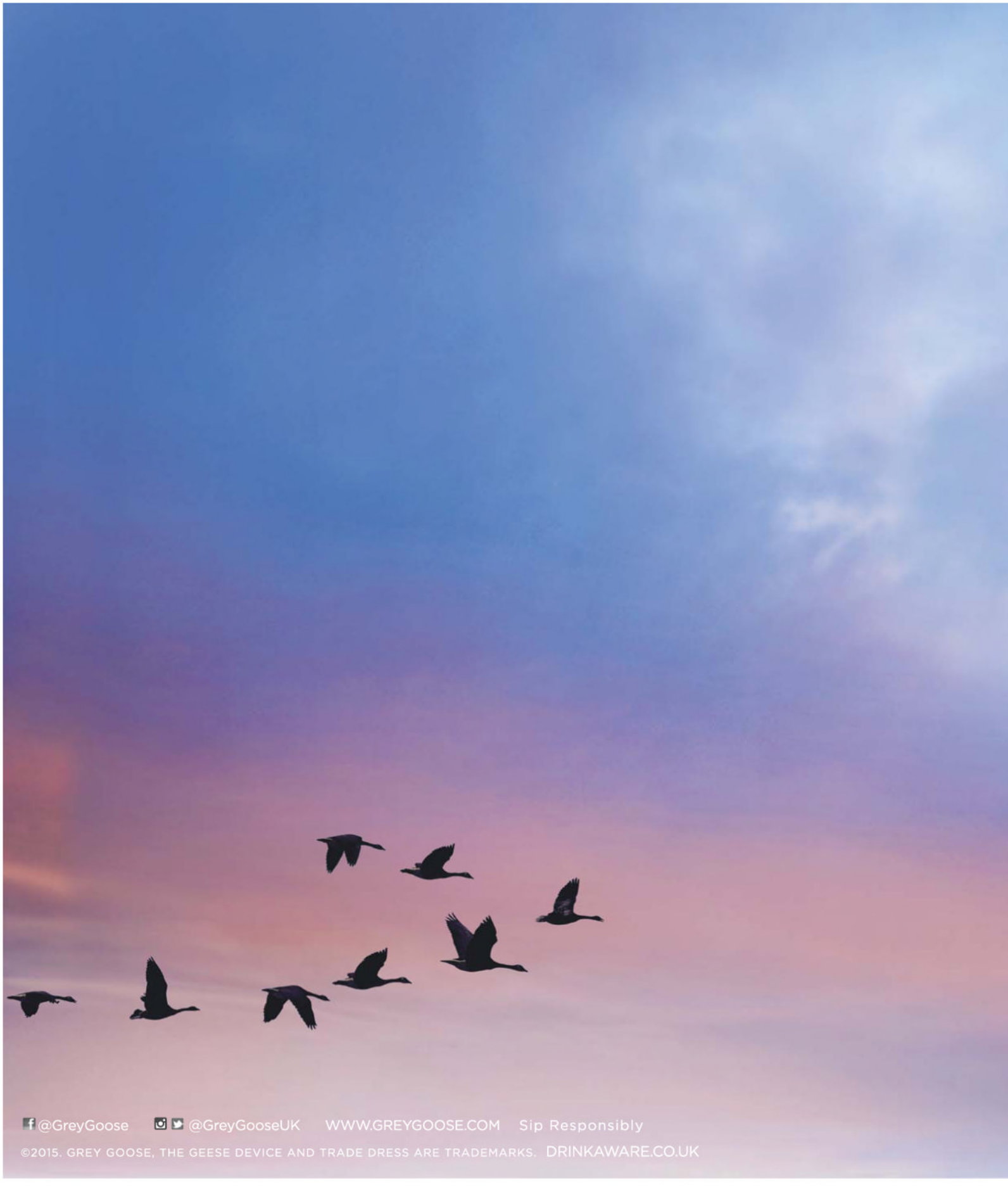
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THE RISING STAR

A MOST WANTED MAN

Whether conducting his dangerous liaisons on screen or on stage, London Spy seducer Edward Holcroft is about to blow his cover

FILMING *London Spy* took Edward Holcroft into uncharted professional territory. The drama, based loosely on the case of Gareth Williams, the MI6 agent found dead in a sports bag, demanded Holcroft's first ever sex scene – and it was to be with *Bond* star Ben Whishaw. His approach? "Just jump into it. So I literally jumped on to the bed and was like, 'Let's go!'" recalls Holcroft, who made his name in projects such as *Wolf Hall* and *Kingsman: The Secret Service*. "We had become quite close by that point, so it was quite special. Of all the people I could have dreamed of having a gay sex scene with, Ben would be my number one."

Holcroft's lack of inhibition has served the 27-year-old well in his career – he took up acting on a whim after a university friend suggested he'd be good in a play – but in his younger years it landed him in trouble. "I was f***ing naughty at boarding school." His escapades included all the classics: creeping out at night, turning up drunk to prayers and getting caught in a girl's bedroom (despite taking refuge behind a pair of curtains). "It was a Catholic school so that was like the eighth deadly sin."

Now with a slate including this month's *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* at the Donmar Warehouse and a starring role in the upcoming film adaptation of Julian Barnes' *The Sense Of An Ending*, he is one of a crop of new British actors to emerge from the public school system (indeed, this year he briefly dated Prince Harry's ex, Cressida Bonas, with whom he's "still very good friends"). Does his background afford an unfair advantage? "I think you get a lot of opportunities that other people don't, it would be foolish to pretend otherwise," he says. "But I'm not taking it for granted. I work hard and that's the best I can do." **CB**

London Spy is now available on BBC iPlayer.



Driving force: Edward Holcroft is set to appear in the film adaptation of Julian Barnes' novel The Sense Of An Ending

Jacket by **Woolrich John Rich & Bros**, £399. woolrich.eu. Chinos by **Gant Rugger**, £100. gant.co.uk

Photograph Neil Gavin

Jacket by **Maison Margiela**, £1,150. At Harrods. harrods.com

Jacket, £1,900. T-shirt, £85. Trousers, from a selection. Trainers, from £195. Hat, £135. Bag, £575. All by **Coach**. ukcoach.com

THE TREND REPORT

SHEAR FORCE

Shearling (aka sheepskin) was once the fabric of the car forecourt and market stall. Now it has moved dramatically upscale, appearing on luxe jackets of all colours and cuts – and the style mavens are flocking to buy one...

Jacket by **Acne**, £1,900. At Selfridges. selfridges.com.

Jacket by **McQ**, £1,800. mcq.com

NOTABLE MOMENTS IN THE HISTORY OF SHEARLING

The Stone Age
c. 4000 BC
Light, soft, warm – sheepskin becomes prehistoric normcore.

Iron Age
c. 750 BC
Shearling gets snooty: the quality of the fleece comes to signify social status.

The Middle Ages
(1200 AD)
The nomadic Cuman people of Eurasia give the material its first designer treatment as a lining for their hats.

The Victorians
The modern wardrobe emerges and winter coats are all the rage. Shearling is a masculine, if pedestrian, choice.

The Forties
American pilots take to the skies in shearling-lined B-3 sheepskin bomber jackets. The RAF opts for the similar Irvin.

The Fifties
Hollywood popularises the shearling trim, with Marlon Brando's *On The Waterfront* (1954) bomber and James Dean's ranch coat from *Giant* (1956).

The Eighties
Minder sets a trend for sheepskin in dark suede. Del Boy later cements it as the hallmark of the wheeler-dealer.

The Nineties
Surfer Shane Stedman's shearling Ugg boot becomes a worldwide hit with women and, years later, a fashion blooper for men.

2015
Nu-shearling is here!

NOW HEAR THIS!

A podcast micro-trend has emerged: episodic fictions presented as real life – all with paranormal themes. Here are four to catch up on...

SERIOUSLY CREEPY



LIMETOWN
Setup: A decade ago, the people of Limetown disappeared. What happened to them?
They say: "It follows journalist Lia Haddock as she investigates."
We say: It's *Serial* for *Twilight Zone* fans.
limetownstories.com



THE BLACK TAPES
Setup: A reporter finds that a paranormal debunker has files that remain un-cracked.
They say: "Do you believe?"
We say: We believe they have seen *The X-Files*.
theblacktapes podcast.com



THE MESSAGE
Setup: Seventy years ago, earth intercepted an alien transmission...
They say: "We get an inside ear on the cryptologists decoding the message."
We say: "Inside ear" – seriously?
themessagepodcast.com



TANIS
Setup: A man tracks a long-forgotten myth that lingers on the web.
They say: "It's an exploration of the nature of conspiracy."
We say: It is, but you'll need to bear with the first episode. **CB**
tanispodcast.com

NOT THAT CREEPY

Story Eleanor Halls **Photographs** Bridgeman Images; Full Stop Photography; Getty Images


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• Direct sharing from the camera requires a home Wi-Fi network with internet connection.



Future island: The Edge's 40,000 sensors learn the habits of its workers for a personalised office experience

THE DESIGN FEAT

THE EDGE OF TOMORROW

From its robocop security to the automated garage, Amsterdam's Edge is the smartest building in the world

Sci-fi author William Gibson once noted that the future is already here – "it's just not very evenly distributed". Case in point: the Edge, an Amsterdam office laced with 40,000 sensors to automatically personalise workers' experiences, including assigning parking spaces and predicting coffee orders. We asked its designer, PLP Architecture's Ron Bakker, for a tour...

SENTRY DRONES
The robot guard takes pictures of intruders on its integrated camera. "People are scared of robots because it's connected to surveillance and drones. But it's a very good way of making a building more secure."

SMART DISPLAYS
Massive flat screens can be found around every corner, displaying real-time data. "They tell people what's happening with the building, how it's being used, the energy statistics and things like the traffic."

AI LIFTS
This one's in the pipeline. The plan is for a computer to recognise your face and take you to your floor. "Though I do wonder how it's going to do this, because you might want to make that decision yourself." You think?

HUMAN BATTERIES
Work out in the gym and the energy you produce is channelled back to the Edge's grid. "It enhances your understanding of the fragile relationship between self and environment."

LET THERE BE LIGHT!
The app remembers heating and lighting preferences. "It starts with quite a low setting, so no energy is spent unnecessarily. And I haven't heard about anyone's preferences clashing yet."

ROBO-MAIDS
Sensors track movements so come the end of the working day, cleaning robots can focus on the areas that need the most attention. "People sometimes worry that this is Big Brother, but it's totally the opposite..." **EH**

FREE-DESKING
The Edge's bespoke Philips app assigns workspaces by checking workers' schedules. "If you're just doing phone calls you might just be allocated a comfortable seat," says Bakker.

PARKING 2.0
Licence-plate recognition cameras direct cars to spaces. "It's efficient because it parks people closer to the hub. First come, first served – and after that it just finds the most suitable space for you."

ICOFFEE
Even the coffee machines have brains. "You order through your phone, and the coffee machine learns your habits. Then next time it's 11am on a Monday, when you normally have your double espresso, it will offer you one."



Some like it hot: Inside the Edge, where heating and lighting preferences are remembered and tweaked as you enter every room

THE POWER LUNCH



In a city full of nouveau burger joints and locavore "food raves", The Goring's Dining Room stands proud for its grand sense of occasion (Exhibit A: its newly gained Michelin star). Its crucial move has been to wed old-fashioned richesse with a sense of modernity through Shay Cooper's inventive and outstanding menu: traditional dishes, such as pig's trotter or pork chops, are all given a contemporary European treatment. The upshot? It has coalesced into a power room for everyone from the Royal Family through to roving gastronauts. Whichever your camp, however, rest assured: you will be treated like a king. *Beeston Place, London SW1. thegoring.com*

TABLE 8 IS THE PREMIUM SPOT · TABLE 8 IS THE PREMIUM SPOT · 8

THE JOKES SLOT

TAKE a picture; it lasts longer. Even better, let **Instagram** do it for you. Here are the three **funniest** 'grams we've seen this month.

Follow us
@britishgq
@dylanjonesgq



@BEIGECARDIGAN



@9GAG

"No, Joe we're not gonna hop on the back 2 back beat & diss Donald"



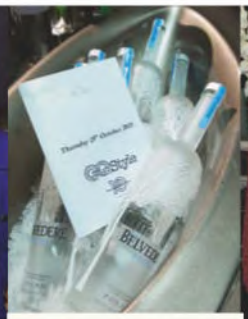
@RANDYSAVAGEF

Photographs Ronald Tilleman




Eric Underwood and James Long


Bo Porter and Glyn Fussell

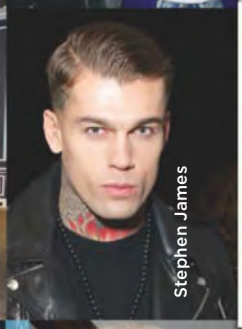



Nicola Roberts




Charlie Casely-Hayford


House Bar


Stephen James

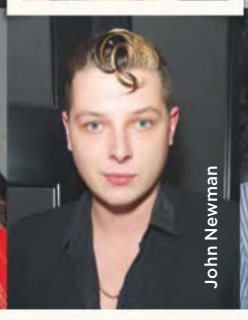


THE PARTY CIRCUIT

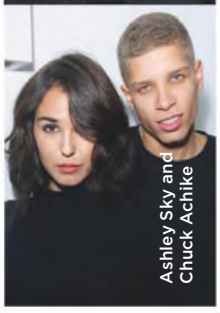
GOING OUT IN STYLE

How to celebrate not only *GQ Style*'s tenth anniversary but also its brand new issue? Why, throw an enormous party of course! Taking over London's Home House, it was packed with names from these shores and beyond (well, it was Frieze week). To wit...

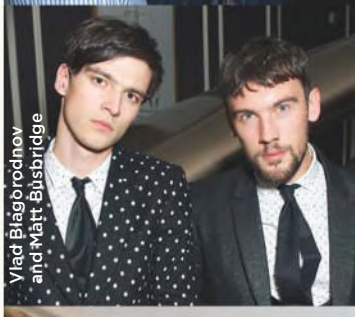

Ryan Lo


John Newman


Patrick Grant and Lou Dalton


Ashley Sky and Chuck Achike

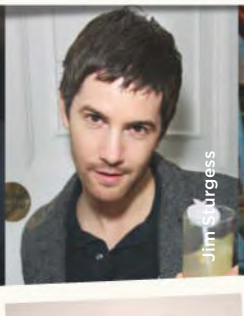

Betty Bachz and Diana Vickers


Vlad Biagorodnov and Matt Busbridge



Caroline Rush


Chloe Lloyd and Josh Cuthbert

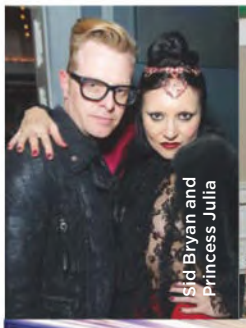

Jim Sturgess

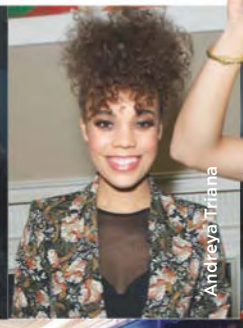

Dougie Poynter and Luke Day


Toby Huntington-Whiteley and Chris Peck


Holly Nicholson, Nicole Levy, Kara Rose Marshall, Diana Vickers, Betty Bachz and Amber Atherton


David Haye


Sid Bryan and Princess Julia


Andreya Triana

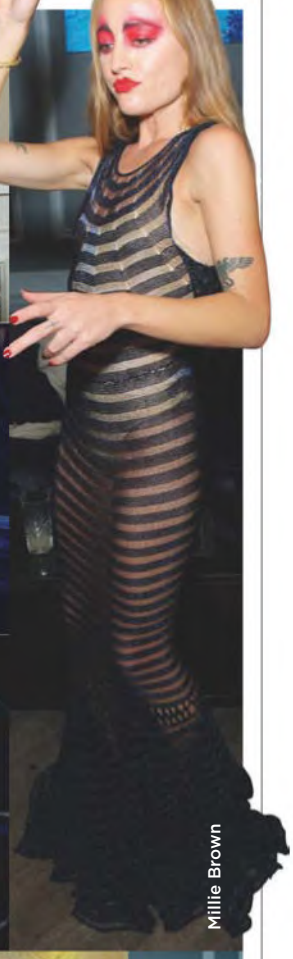

House Lounge


Richard E Grant

Oliver Spencer and Sang Woo Kim

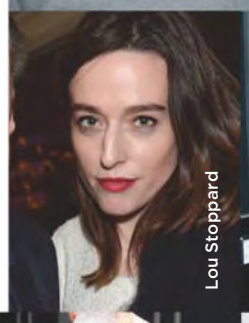

Joey Essex and Oliver Cheshire


Marc Hare and Christopher Raeburn


Millie Brown




Reece Williams


Lou Stoppard


Jodie Harsh


Atlanta de Cadenet Taylor, Lilah Parsons and Laura Jackson


Bartender at Home House


Michael Fox and Michael Gater


Kara Rose Marshall and Diana Vickers


Photographs James Mason



SHOOTING THE BREEZE WITH... Nathan Sykes, formerly of The Wanted, now flying solo.

You say you write your best lyrics when you're in the shower. Anything come to you while you were getting ready for tonight?
I actually came up with a new song idea – could be the start of a really great one. I made a call to the label to say we might need to extend the track listing on the next album, and I'm going to go into the studio and record it next week.
You said you wrote "Kiss Me Quick" because you're bad at flirting and you wanted the song to flirt for you. When's the last time that worked for you?
Unfortunately it hasn't so far, which is worrying. It's either a bad reflection on my songwriting or my face – I'm yet to find out. But I hope my next song "Over And Over Again" is going to confess my love to someone I care about.
What's your top style rule?
People remember the last thing you wore.
So what do you hope people take away from what you're wearing this evening?
Someone just said to me it's "youthful sophistication". I'll take that.
Finally, what would have to happen for The Wanted to get back together?
Good question. [*Pause.*] Me to really, really hate being a solo artist – and right now I'm very much enjoying it.

STYLE TRIBES

Figure out yours with this taxonomy of the wardrobe types with the most traction right now (and the one to avoid at all costs)...



1

THE BOARDROOM HIPSTER

Who? Works in "content". Talks about "craft". Would go full lumbersexual, were it not for his corporate role.

Style icon: Jack Guinness.

Key pieces: Oliver Spencer wool suits; beard oil.

Find him: In the queue at Labour And Wait.



2

THE NEO-ROCKER

Who? A staple presence among the fashion crowd. Formerly a rebel, now too busy looking good.

Style icon: Harry Styles.

Key pieces: Saint Laurent jackets; Chelsea boots; Nudie jeans.

Find him: At the next Mark Ronson concert.



3

THE LUXE SPORTSMAN

Who? Either a UHNWI or a hip-hop star. The outfit makes a statement: I'll do whatever the hell I want.

Style icon: Tinie Tempah.

Key pieces: Brunello Cucinelli sweatpants; statement sneakers.

Find him: On his Gulfstream G-V.



4

THE DOTCOM DAD

Who? Named after the default jeans-and-a-shirt uniform of tech launch keynote speakers, he has power, sure, but zero pizzazz.

Style icon: *Seinfeld*-era Seinfeld.

Key pieces: See above.

Find him: Sizing up his next Prius.



Christmas, special: Bill Murray and Amy Poehler front an A-lister-filled festive show

THE WEB TREND

MURRAY'S MOMENTS

Bill Murray's spontaneous interactions with total strangers have become so legendary that they've spawned a meme: dedicated sites that collate user-submitted tales of bizarre encounters with the actor (many of which end with him saying, "No one will ever believe you"). Ahead of his appearance alongside George Clooney in Netflix's star-studded *A Very Murray Christmas*, can you distinguish which of these stories are real and which are fake? [*Answers in the margin.]**

1 Once, when Bill Murray was in Bali, he drove a motorcycle into the interior and got completely lost. Stranded, he went into a shop and started talking to the locals. He took one of their hats and started clowning around, eventually putting on a show for the whole village. In return, they helped get him home. **2** In 1975, he crashed the afterparty for the premiere of *Tommy* after persuading the caterers to let him and his friends (including John Belushi and Harold Ramis) in through the back door. He went up to Andy Warhol and, nervous, exclaimed, "I love the soup can!" Warhol's only response was a withering look. **3** Murray was in Scotland to play golf about ten years ago, when he came across a student who invited him to a house party. He decided to go, so she rocked up with him in tow. To say thank you for her hospitality, he did all the washing up that had amassed in the students' sink. **4** One night, Murray was in a taxi in Oakland, California and discovered that his driver played the saxophone – and that he had it in the car. He insisted that they swap seats. Murray drove the rest of the journey, while the other guy played in the back – only stopping to enjoy some barbecued ribs with his new friend – all the way to his destination.

BRING YOUR 'A' GAME

NO 13

THE WHITE SNEAKER PRESERVATION PLAN

How to keep those icy trainers box fresh



1 Remove laces and put them in a bowl of warm water with some detergent and a splash of bleach. Swirl and leave flat to dry.



2 Wipe shoes with a damp cloth, using a toothbrush to get the dirt out. Use Flash Magic Eraser (*£3*) to remove marks from soles.



3 Squirt Jason Markk cleaner (*£17*) on a shoe brush, dunk in hot water then lather the upper. Suede? Use softer bristles.



4 Rinse off soap. Use a microfibre cloth to remove any remaining marks.



5 Deploy Crep Protect (*£9.99*) for stain resistance. Next, put duct tape inside jeans cuffs to stop dye bleeding onto the shoes. Obsessive? We'd argue it's conscientious.



GQ BAND O-MATIC

Do something different this month; tune into these new sounds...



Into
CAT POWER?
Try
JENNYLEE

Better known as the bassist from indie rock group Warpaint, Jenny Lee Lindberg moves to centre stage for this unseasonably sunny solo record.

Right On! is out on 11 December.



Into
MAC DEMARCO?
Try
OLIVIER HEIM

Heim dresses like a Wes Anderson character, plays slacker pop and could soon become the most famous musician to have grown up in Luxembourg.

A Different Life is out now.



Into
MGMT?
Try
SUDAKISTAN

A five-piece psych troupe currently living in Sweden, Sudakistan sound like a South American funk band trying their hands at North American garage rock.

Caballo Negro is out now.



Into
MY BLOODY VALENTINE?
Try
SUNN O)))

Serious contenders for the title of "loudest band on planet earth", Sunn O))) make metal designed to thrill you and annoy your neighbours. **Kevin Perry**

Kannon is out now.

Photographs Rex; Xposure Photos; Splash; Getty. **Illustration** Dave Hopkins *They're all true.



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neomatik 1st edition: Introducing ten new watches from NOMOS Glashütte, powered by DUW 3001, the next generation automatic movement. Ultra-thin and extremely precise. Now available at selected NOMOS retailers, nomos-store.com, and nomos-neomatik.com


Farrah Karimian, Rebecca Filmer and Margaret Attwooll


Fiona Scott and Ginevra Giurlani




Amy Farrington and Danielle Horgan


Avenue restaurant


Amy Le Roux


Toby Huntington-Whiteley

THE AWARDS SHOW

CLEAN SWEEP

If presentability is vital in a Grooming Awards judge, then this year they were over-qualified. Well, wouldn't you trust an endorsement from Toby Huntington-Whiteley or Oliver Cheshire? Here, some highlights from the ceremony at London's Avenue restaurant...



Mike Little, Nicola Carroll, Mary Boyle and Simon Reading


Chris Good




Juan Mora and Sian Laing


Kate Langan


Jessica Punter


Oliver Cheshire


Darren Kennedy


Matt Thomas, Jane McCorriston, Miranda Wilkinson and Alexandra Sananes


Hannah Dixon

Photographs James Mason


25
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Fleet foxes (from left): Christine McVie, Mick Fleetwood, Lindsey Buckingham, John McVie and Stevie Nicks from 1979's Tusk tour book; (right) Tusk's album sleeve features images by Afrocentric photographer Peter Beard



GQ ICON

TUSK

by FLEETWOOD MAC

Everyone loves Rumours, but what about its follow-up? Tusk remains the greatest self-sabotage in rock'n'roll history, but this month's reissue of the Mac's elephantine monolith reveals a record that stands for a golden moment in time – blithe and bacchanalian – which will never be seen, or heard, again

STORY BY **DYLAN JONES**



Photographs Sam Emerson/Polaris/Eyevine; Full Stop Photography


DAVID
BECKHAM
BEYOND
THE NEW FRAGRANCE
IT ALL STARTS WITH A DREAM
DAVID
BECKHAM
BEYOND

"Oh I get it, you don't want to be cute any more." Bob Dylan to Paul McCartney, 1967

How things change in the index of cool. Back in 1989, back when God was a boy, there was a rather annoying Stock Aitken Waterman club single sung by the teenage Reynolds Girls called "I'd Rather Jack", a "peculiar moment of year-zero militancy" in the words of *GQ* music columnist Dorian Lynskey. "I'd rather jack than Fleetwood Mac," they sang, using the band as a rather convenient example of middle-aged millionaire campaign-trail rock (Bill Clinton would use the band's "Don't Stop" when he was running for office in 1992). Back then, the emerging rave generation had no time for the band, but these days it would be difficult to find anyone who doesn't treat Fleetwood Mac as though they are as important and as influential as The Beatles.

They are almost as ubiquitous.

Rumours, their classic album from 1977, is now one of the most beloved albums of all time – everyone loves it, whether they're 15, 25, 35 or 60. U2 unfairly got themselves into a bit of a fix when they delivered their last album free via iTunes, but I don't know anyone who would complain if they suddenly found *Rumours* on their laptop one morning. In fact, I'm not sure I know anyone who doesn't own it and, in the same way that it's difficult to believe anyone who says they actively dislike The Beatles, saying you don't like *Rumours* actually sounds pretentious.

A blackboard sign outside Hector & Noble, a pub in London's Victoria Park, says it all: "Burgers. Pie. Fleetwood Mac's *Rumours* on repeat." We love *Rumours* in the same way we love James Corden, *Dad's Army* or the Queen: it is a national treasure. One of the more popular Fleetwood Mac Instagram memes is a photograph of a small girl screaming, "Me when I realise I will probably never see Fleetwood Mac performing 'Storms', 'Beautiful Child' or 'Sara' live."

Between 1977 and 1979, *Rumours* sold 13 million copies, becoming the sound of FM radio in the process. It was played in dorms, in shopping malls, at baseball games, you could hear it blasting out of car windows and pouring out of the radio. During 1977, Fleetwood Mac spent so much time on FM radio in the US that you could have been forgiven for thinking the technology was named after them.

Mixing business and pleasure is an occupational hazard in the music industry, although with Fleetwood Mac it became something of a career in itself. The breakups of band members John and Christine McVie, as well as that of Lindsey Buckingham and Stevie Nicks, created not just personal chaos, it also lead to the creation of *Rumours*, which contained such classic co-dependency songs as "The Chain", "Go Your Own Way", "Dreams", "Don't Stop" and "You Make Loving Fun".

"It has the firepower of a greatest-hits collection and the coherence of a concept album," says Lynskey. "Each song seems to be talking to, or about, all the others in a he-said-she-said echo chamber. *Rumours* may sound escapist, but in the lyrics there's no escape, especially for the band. On one level it's a painstakingly crafted soft-rock fantasy, glowing with sunshine and money, but uncomfortable emotions are constantly gnawing and jabbing away at the music's flawless surface pleasures."

In the same way that, more than 150 years ago, Manifest Destiny drove American pioneers westward – as hordes of speculators, migrants and would-be moguls staked claim to anything and everything before them as they pressed onward to the Pacific Ocean – so during the late Sixties and early Seventies, Los Angeles became the geographic holy grail of American rock music. It didn't matter if you were an aspiring singer-songwriter like Joni Mitchell or Neil Young, an eager bunch of double-denim guitar players like The Eagles, or an old British blues band like Fleetwood Mac looking for rejuvenation, LA was where you came. Even though the spelling still told the world they were a British band, *Rumours* is really a concept album whose concept was Los Angeles, as never has a record sounded so Californian, so sumptuous, so golden (honestly, you almost expected the album to come complete with a pair of sunglasses and a pool-side ice bucket).



Landslide victory: In 1978, Fleetwood Mac won the Grammys' most prestigious award – Album Of The Year – for Rumours, setting high expectations for follow-up record Tusk

Photograph P... Association

Some say that Fleetwood Mac's Wikipedia page reads like a Russian novel, with new characters popping up, before exiting in grim circumstances, including mental illness, alcoholism, adultery, a religious cult and romantic trauma. They're not wrong. The band was formed in 1967 in London by the guitarist Peter Green, who recruited drummer Mick Fleetwood and bassist John McVie. Honing >

'The ridiculous success detached us from the music'

Lindsey Buckingham

RAYMOND WEIL
GENEVE



IN PARTNERSHIP WITH Piper

Mr. Raymond Weil's other great passion was undoubtedly aviation. He was a true pilot and particularly loved to fly his Piper aircraft around the Matterhorn. In his honour, a unique freelancer Pilot special edition watch was created in partnership with legendary general aviation manufacturer Piper Aircraft Inc.

Join the discussion **#RWPiperAircraft**

Special Edition - ***freelancer***

a hip, blues-rock sound, they had commercial success with songs such as "Black Magic Woman", "Man Of The World", "Oh Well" and "Albatross". However, Green's use of LSD exacerbated his schizophrenia, causing him to quit the band in 1970. He was replaced by Christine Perfect soon after she married John McVie, and various other members came and went, rarely having much lasting impact.

Seeking a reinvention of sorts, in 1974 the band moved to the US and, having seen Buckingham Nicks play in California, Mick Fleetwood asked Lindsey and Stevie to join them. The couple radically altered the band's sound, adding a West Coast sheen that would quickly result in hit songs such as "Over My Head", "Say You Love Me", "Rhiannon" and "Landslide". Soon, though, group relationships started to crumble. Fleetwood was in the middle of a divorce from his wife, Jenny Boyd; John and Christine's marriage came to an end; and Buckingham and Nick's romance fell apart. "Being in Fleetwood Mac is more like being in group therapy," Mick Fleetwood famously said.

These dysfunctional romantic struggles informed the bulk of the songs that turned up on *Rumours*, creating one of the most popular albums of all time. Fleetwood Mac managed to fuse the singer-songwriter pretensions of the early Seventies with a slick pop sensibility (and a great drum sound) that sounded just fine on FM radio, especially in your first car, with the top down and four or five friends in the back, passing beers and smokes between them. This imperial version of Fleetwood Mac achieved something quite rare, conquering a country and seemingly able to define it too. In the late Seventies, their only rivals in this – bottling the marshmallow musical essence of Los Angeles and Southern California – were The Eagles, and they had spent the best part of the decade working up to it; with Fleetwood Mac it sort of happened by accident.

And then they went and recorded *Tusk*, a double album of wildly eclectic and eccentric lo-fi, high-concept material that *Mojo* magazine once called "one of the greatest career sabotage albums of all time". This was a concept album of sorts, although many at the time thought the concept was simply "We are not Fleetwood Mac!" In short, *Tusk* appeared to be a wholesale attempt by the band to completely subvert their brand.

Until a few months ago, I had never heard the band's follow-up to *Rumours*. I knew the title track and had begun to begrudgingly enjoy it, fascinated by the way in which the horns had come to define the song, much like they have on Stevie Wonder's "Sir Duke". I knew the pearlescent song "Sara", as it was a favourite of my wife (Sarah was one of the many disappointed millions who had bought a copy of *Tusk* after falling in love with *Rumours* – "It was boring," she says). But apart from that, as far as I was concerned *Tusk* may as well have been a King Crimson album from the early Seventies or a Britney Spears CD from the early noughties; it simply wasn't on my radar. Nonetheless, like many others who have spent time with it, I have, over the past few months, become quietly obsessed with it.



Sisters of the moon: Christine McVie (left) and Stevie Nicks have more than half the writing credits on Tusk, 6 December 1979; (below) the album's front cover



'I thought this must be what hell is like. With speakers'

Stevie Nicks

This month sees the release of a remastered deluxe edition of the album, including alternative tracks, two additional live CDs, a DVD documentary, extended liner notes and a wealth of previously unseen visual material. One of the most extravagant anniversary box sets ever, this is the last word on *Tusk*. It is a fitting tribute as, at the cost of well over $1 million frittered away over the space of two years, *Tusk* was the last word in extravagant, over-indulgent West Coast pop. If *Rumours* was the towel-slapping sound of young America getting ready for the weekend, *Tusk* was its nerd alternative, new-wave folk music for people who stayed in on Saturday nights.

The record was nothing if not unconventional, a volte-face of the most extreme kind. The band now like to say it was a pointed retort to the suffocating cocoon of expectations that fame had woven around them, although in reality it was more like the sensation you get when you've just climbed to the top of a very steep hill. Not only do you have to walk back down, but what's the point of climbing it again?

"How do you follow, let alone top, the best work you've ever done in your life, work that almost killed you to complete?" asks Mick Fleetwood.

Photographs Full Stop Photography; Getty Images

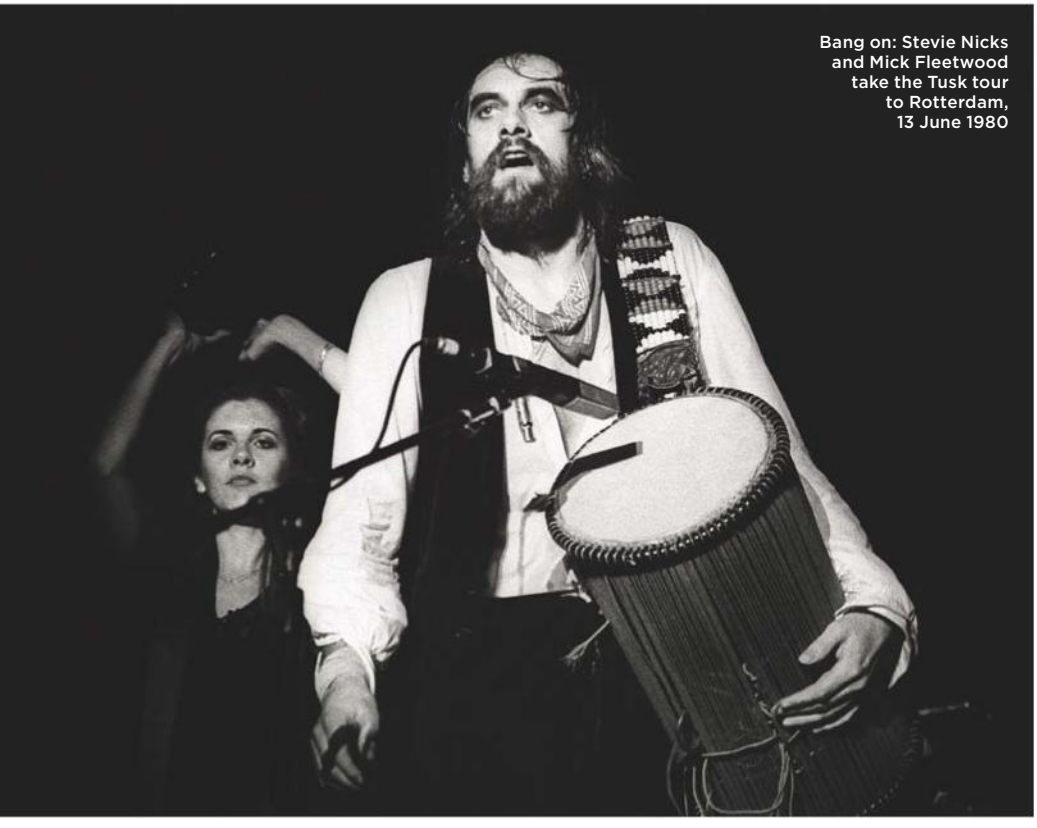
When the label heard it they saw their bonuses going out the window

Well, the rest of Fleetwood Mac thought the same thing.

By the time the group started to record *Tusk*, Lindsey Buckingham had become the de facto leader, slipping into shoes only recently vacated by Mick Fleetwood. The album sessions started in spring 1978 at the Village Recorder studios near Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles, at the very height of punk, and you can hear its peroxide-spike-topped influence all over the record. Buckingham had become obsessed with punk and its inevitable US abstraction, new wave, devouring the likes of The Clash, Gang Of Four, Talking Heads and Elvis Costello. He wanted the band to sound modern, relevant, and yet he was also keen to branch out himself, wanting to start writing the kind of material that Brian Wilson, his hero, had created on *Pet Sounds*. Buckingham saw himself as the band's visionary and he was determined that they not rest on their laurels. The band begrudgingly agreed to follow him.

"It seemed to me at some point that there was a major discrepancy between what the work was and what was going on outside of that," says Buckingham, referring to *Rumours*. "I found that to be sort of dangerous ground. You know, Michael Jackson land. You're walking on thin ice as far as how you define yourself and what you are and what is expected of you after that."

"He was a maniac," says Ken Caillat, who was one of the co-producers on *Tusk*. "The first day, I set up the studio as usual. Then he said to turn every knob 180 degrees from where it was now and see what happens. He'd tape microphones to the studio floor and then get into a sort of push-up position to sing. Early on he came in and he'd freaked out in the shower and cut off all his hair with nail scissors. He was stressed. And into sound destruction."



Bang on: Stevie Nicks and Mick Fleetwood take the Tusk tour to Rotterdam, 13 June 1980

There is an old theatrical term, used to describe unnecessary exposition or simple overacting: "That's a hat on a hat." You could ascribe the phrase to some of Buckingham's songs on the record, songs the man who wrote them didn't think were good enough unless they were recorded in a way that made them sound modern and relevant.

"*Tusk* is the most important thing, on some level, that I ever was involved with," says Buckingham. "With Fleetwood Mac, certainly, for me, as much for the music but also because it was a line I drew in the sand. We had this ridiculous success with *Rumours*, and at some point, at least in my perception, the success of that detached from the music, and it was more about the phenomenon. We were poised to do another album, and I guess because the axiom 'If it works, run it into the ground' was prevalent then, we were probably poised to do *Rumours II*. I don't know how you do that, but somehow my light bulb that went off was, 'Let's just not do that. Let's very pointedly not do that.'"

As the group was in the process of fraying internally, so the three principal songwriters had stronger voices on this album than perhaps at any other time in their career, and while this made for a less cohesive record than *Rumours*, it was no less interesting. However, instead of braiding the group's talents to continue to strengthen their increasingly distinctive sound, Buckingham pulled them apart, allowing it all to unravel. The band was tri-polar.

"Think About Me", the pre-Raphaelite "Sara" and the epic "Sisters Of The Moon" (on which Nicks sounds like Patti Smith in a wind tunnel) sound as though they could have slipped easily onto *Rumours*, while other songs – "The Ledge", "What Makes You Think You're The One" – are so particular that they couldn't really be anything other than the result of Buckingham's homemade demos. Elsewhere, because Buckingham – the Rodeo Drive punk – deliberately sped up his songs to ape the "new-wave" metronomic, some of his songs sounded like fast versions of old rock'n'roll songs from the Fifties.

Released in 1979, *Tusk* would go on to sell four million copies, yet because *Rumours*' sales were then already into the double-digit millions, and because it had been slated by the press, *Tusk* was deemed a commercial and critical disaster. "The record was certainly not a failure," says Fleetwood, "but neither was it the celebration of the quantum leap we felt we had taken."

Photograph Getty Images



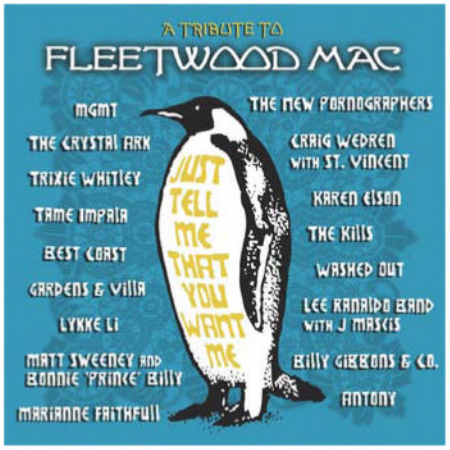


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It was Mick Fleetwood who decided *Tusk* should be a double album, simply because of the amount of material the three songwriters were producing. "At some point, Lindsey was starting to get very experimental in his own studio and was veering a little left of centre," says Christine McVie. "He [Buckingham] had already decided that he wanted to make a solo record. In order to keep him within the fold we all said, 'Well, look, let him do his experimenting and incorporate it in the album somehow.' That's how in essence it came to be a double album. There was all this experimentation flying around, especially from Lindsey's point of view."

Random, abrasive and lo-fi, the music that Buckingham started making didn't sound like Fleetwood Mac at all, and it definitely didn't sound like anything on *Rumours*. If *Rumours* was an exquisitely engineered soft-rock colossus, *Tusk*, said the *New York Times*, sounded as though parts of it were recorded live on a whaling ship in heavy seas. If it sounds as though parts of *Tusk* were recorded in a bathroom, that's because they were. Some songs were laid down in Buckingham's home studio, where he had set up the equipment so he could play the drums while sitting on the loo seat. Reviewing the record, the critic Greil Marcus said, "Fleetwood Mac is subverting the music from the inside out, very much like one of John LeCarré's moles – who, planted in the heart of the establishment, does not begin his secret campaign of sabotage until everyone has gotten used to him and takes him for granted."

Alt rockers (clockwise from top left): Adam Anderson of Hurts calls Tusk a 'classic ego album'; for Gabrielle Aplin it's 'stood the test of time'; Tusk defined Fleetwood Mac for Echosmith's Noah Sierota; the 2012 tribute album Just Tell Me That You Want Me includes six covers of Tusk tracks

'There was a lot of booze, and there was blood in it'

Christine McVie

As one critic said, it's the ultimate cocaine album, with manic, frantic explosions followed by interminable stretches of mellow. There were nine songs by Lindsey Buckingham, six by Christine McVie and five by Stevie Nicks, and, as John McVie says, the album sounds like the work of three solo artists. It was a highly adventurous, almost elephantine gamble – fragmented, uneven and often confoundedly irritating.

Buckingham had asked Warner Bros if they could create their own studio in order to record the album. The label declined so it ended up costing the band more than $1m. Not that any of them were shy about spending money or indulging themselves to the hilt. Throughout the *Rumours* sessions, it was said that a large black velvet bag full of cocaine was kept under the mixing desk, which meant that it could be dipped into at any point during the recording process. And, boy, was it dipped into. So much so that one day, as a prank, one of the engineers substituted a dummy bag full of talcum powder. When someone wanted a hit, he very slowly tipped the bag onto the floor, causing mayhem in the studio. *Tusk* was apparently no different; not only was there cocaine, champagne and lobster, there was English beer on tap. The atmosphere was more than heightened; it was positively spotlit.

"The studio contract rider for refreshments was like a telephone directory," says Christine McVie. "Exotic food delivered to the studio, crates of champagne. And it had to be the best, with no thought of what it cost. Stupid. Really stupid. Somebody once said that with the money we spent on champagne on one night, they could have made an entire album. And it's probably true."

In this department, the band had a pantechnicon-load of previous. One of the studios they used had a projection of the day on the walls, from sunrise to sunset and stars at night in real time to help them get a handle on the outside world. When they used the Record Plant in San Francisco, they took full advantage of the complimentary limousines, speedboat and conference room complete with water bed and tanks of nitrous oxide for those requiring a mood change.

"*Tusk* was very native, very African," Stevie Nicks said soon after its release. "Mick thinks he is a Watusi warrior and... he is! I would sit and wait for days. It was like these are the sacred steps back up to the top of the sacred mountain of this jungle. That's what *Tusk* was. Everything on *Tusk* was very warrior-esque, which is probably one of the reasons why 13 months didn't kill us all; we went to another

Continued on page 234

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The epitome of grace and opulence and a salute to enduring London sartorial splendour, with top notes of gin, bitter orange and aromatic pine, a contrasting rose bouquet at its heart and base accords of cedar.

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Tony PARSONS

London is the nightmare city of my dreams



The Big Smoke can drive even the hardiest soul into exile, but GQ's devoted Londoner says it is now the undisputed capital of the world – and living there is worth everything it throws his way

In 1942, Olaf Hambro, an Old Etonian merchant banker, was eating oysters alone at the bar of Wiltons, Jermyn Street, when the church at the other end of the road took a direct hit from a *Luftwaffe* bomb, killing everyone inside.

For Mrs Bessie Leal, who had owned Wiltons for 12 years, including the darkest days of the Blitz, this was the final straw. Mrs Leal folded her tea towel and apron, announcing that she was closing down Wiltons immediately. At the bar, Olaf Hambro finished his oysters and called for his bill, requesting that the cost of buying the restaurant be added to the total.

Olaf Hambro died in 1961, but to this day the Hambro family still owns Wiltons, the best seafood and game restaurant in London – which means the world. As for Mrs Bessie Leal, her fate after she sold Wiltons is lost in the mists of history. But the story of how Wiltons changed hands in 1942 perfectly illustrates the glory and the terror of London. For some, the city is a dangerous, difficult place, ultimately not worth the effort, while for others London presents opportunity, excitement – life itself. Yes, there will be bombs. Londoners have had someone attempting to kill them for the best part of 100 years – first the *Luftwaffe*, then the IRA and now Islamic terrorists. But London life goes on. And in the end London presents every man with the same choice. Does London make you want to fold your tea towel and apron and flee to the suburbs? Or are you going to finish your oysters when the bombs go off and ask them to put the restaurant on your bill?

Many bail out.

"The grievances are as familiar as old friends," sighed Janan Ganesh in the *Financial Times*. "House prices, inequality, foreign billionaires of negotiable virtue, the commodification of gritty neighbourhoods, the despoliation of the skyline, anything to do with banking." He was not sympathetic to the London leavers, mocking journalists who wrote tormented essays about becoming London exiles. "Writers chronicle their anguished decisions to leave the capital, as if the spectacle of middle-aged parents quitting a big city is scintillatingly novel."

And yet it *does* feel like there's a subtle difference to 21st-century flight from London. It is no longer simply the gruelling pace of life that is forcing some to throw in the towel. It is the cruel rule that, to live in London now, you must be prepared to compete with the rest of the planet. For the world has come to London. It feels like everyone wants to live here now, from Russian oligarchs to Romanian gypsies. They sleep rough in Hyde Park and they build palaces at Hyde Park Corner. When Londoners arrive home at Heathrow, we pass through exactly the same immigration channel as the citizens of 27 other EU nations. And the EU is just the start. It is only over the past few years that you have heard Chinese spoken on London streets – not the Hong Kong Cantonese of Chinatown, but real, mainland Putonghua.

> To live in London now, you must be prepared to compete with the rest of the planet. Everyone wants to live here

They come to London for many reasons – because of the booming black market economy, because of the great private schools, because London property is the reserve capital of the world and because we speak English.

The greatest single expansion of the European Union happened on 1 May 2004 when ten new nations, most of them Eastern European, joined the EU. Only a few member states allowed the new EU citizens to immediately work without restriction and the UK was one of them. But these ambitious, hard-grafting young Eastern Europeans were not interested in moving to Luton or Liverpool. In the greatest wave of migration in our nation's history, most of them came to London. >

Illustration Sam Kerr

In terms of population, London is widely reported to be the sixth biggest French city (270,000) and the second biggest Hungarian city (200,000). There are 150,000 Poles and, a decade since the big EU bang, many of them have grown up here. These figures are endlessly disputed, for the truth is that nobody really knows. The numbers are too great to count, the immigration churn too epic, the magnetic lure of London too strong to be quantified.

But if you are going to live in London, then you have to take on the world. You have to compete – and it doesn't matter if you are a self-made millionaire or a van driver. The long-term Londoners who work hard are now contending with newcomers who work seven days a week. Londoners who fly first class are suddenly vying – for houses, for school places, for restaurant tables – with people who fly in private planes. In this new London, there is always someone richer than you, there is always someone who is prepared to work harder than you do, there is always someone who wants it much more than you do. At least that is the way London feels today.

Like the undisputed capital of the world.

This new London is not for everyone. In the *FT,* Ganesh noted that the conservative right and the liberal left had joined forces in their hatred of modern London. "Both sides see the city as a stage for unbound individualism," he wrote. "When a conservative blanches at mass migration and a social democrat seethes at the cocooned mega-rich, they are both taking on varieties of personal freedom. There is nothing odd or shameful about some people flunking out – high-velocity social change is not for all stomachs."

In the *Guardian*, Rafael Behr wrote a goodbye letter to London, full of bitter regret. "London's bigness is transcendent," wrote Behr, who was Brighton-bound. "It sees only New York as a rival, with Paris respected as a veteran of the game, past its prime." But in the end – as with all London conversations – Behr's sign-off returned to the city's great subject. Where are we to live? It is the great London dilemma. "Ultra-affluence brings its own peculiar kind of dislocation, palpable in places like Chelsea and St John's Wood, that were always well-off but used to feel more securely woven into the fabric of the place," he added. "The gilded class is more segregated now, gazing out from behind tinted glass and security-coded gates."

What changed most about London at the end of the last century and the start of this is that property prices shot through the ozone layer. The influx of the rich and super-rich had a knock-on effect in every corner of the city. Demand for homes in London apocalyptically exceeds supply. The average London house cost £493,026 in the summer of 2015, and estate agent Savills predicts that prices in central London will increase by 26 per cent by the end of 2017. If you did not clamber on the London property ladder in the 20th century, then the smart money says that you never will. You either have to rent or move to Hove.

Zoopla reports there are now almost 250,000 property millionaires in London. There are 13 London streets with houses worth an average of £10 million or more. One of them, Frognal Way, NW3, is two streets from my home and the scary thing is that it doesn't look like much.

In *Capital*, his sprawling London novel, John Lanchester suggested that soaring property prices make London homes feel as if they have a life of their own. "The houses were now like people, and rich people at that, imperious, with needs of their own that they were not shy about having serviced," he wrote. "As the houses had got more expensive, it was as if they had come alive and had wishes and needs of their own. Vans from Berry Bros & Rudd brought wine; there were two or three different vans of dog-walkers; there were florists, Amazon parcels, personal trainers, cleaners, plumbers, yoga teachers, and all day long, all of them going up to the houses like supplicants and then being swallowed up by them…"

> The newcomers are not all cynical carpetbaggers… many fell in love with London. And there is a lot to love

This new London – full of modest homes worth £1m or more – is completely different from the London that many of us remember in our youth, the old grubby London of bedsits, squats, flat shares – the London where there was *always* somewhere to live. That London is gone forever. Now those who own London property don't talk about moving out. They talk about cashing in their chips.

Lanchester wrote, "Having a house in Pepys Road was like being in a casino in which you were guaranteed to be a winner. If you already lived there, you were rich. If you wanted to move there, you had to be rich."

This was all true enough – but it makes London sound like it is the private playground of foreign millionaires rather than a teeming metropolis where nine million souls live their life. And the newcomers were not all cynical carpetbaggers who simply saw London property as the best investment in the world. Something happened to those rich Russians and Chinese who came to London, and to the young Poles, Hungarians, French and Italians.

Many fell in love with London. And there is a lot to love.

One morning in autumn, early for a business breakfast at the Ham Yard Hotel, I stepped off Piccadilly into the courtyard of the Royal Academy and wandered into a hallucinogenic experience, a fairy-tale woodland of monumental dead trees. It was an installation by Ai Weiwei, but it felt like magic – that strange London magic that creeps up on you at unexpected moments, the magic that can ambush you in the course of a working day.

"Early rain and the pavement's glistening," sang Noël Coward, "all Park Lane in a shimmering gown."

You don't get that in Brighton.

This is what holds my heart to London – the moments of magic and mystery, the enduring romance of the place. For me it is a misty morning on Hampstead Heath and a triple espresso in the Bar Italia and getting two suits made on Savile Row and the Nash buildings that ring Regent's Park, as white as snow in heaven. And, yes, it is Dover sole and bone-dry Chablis in Wiltons, still owned by the descendants of the man who asked for the restaurant to be put on his bill. And my London is the starlit Thames and the two giant cannons that stand guard outside the Imperial War Museum, and Highgate cemetery and our ever-changing skyline, pierced now by the swaggering Shard.

Everything they say about London is true. To live here you must take on all comers. What they once sang about New York is actually truer of London today – if you can make it here then you can make it anywhere.

But scatter my ashes on Hampstead Heath. Let my dust blow across those green fields forever, may it be carried by the wind from the bathing ponds to Kenwood House to Parliament Hill. It will take everything you have, this city, this capital of the world, this centre of the universe, but London will be worth it.

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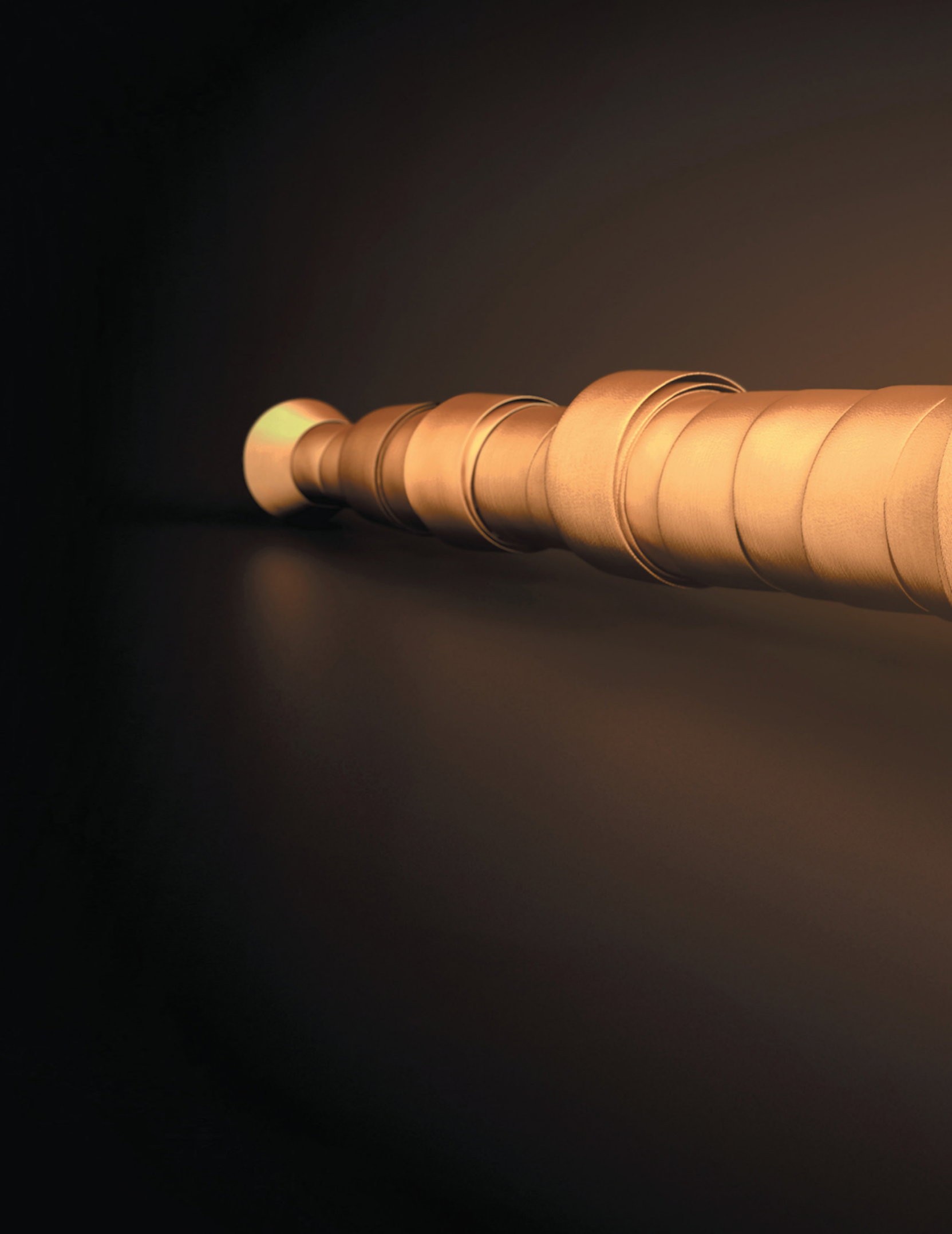
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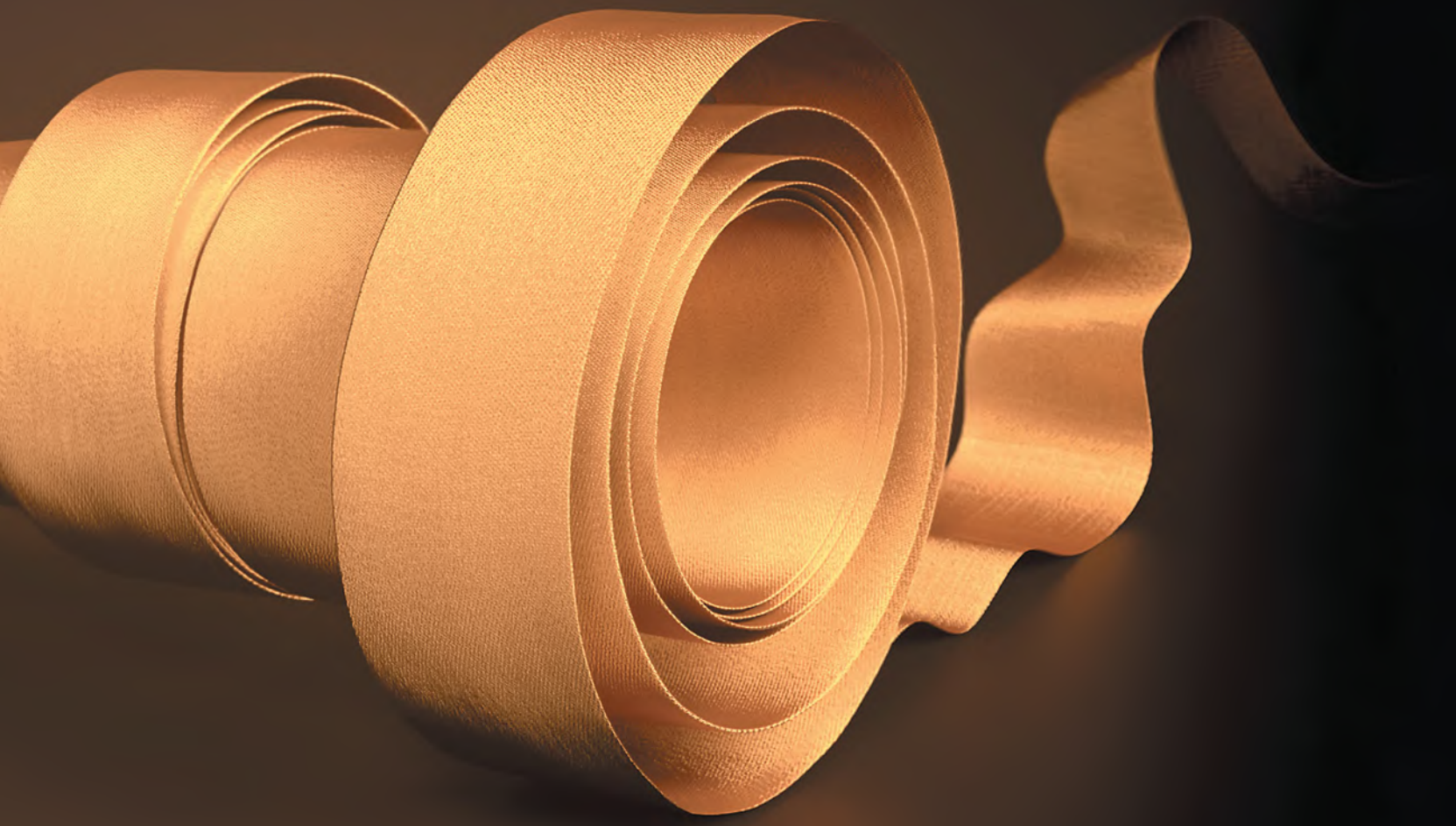
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The ARGUMENT

This month:

"We should go to the gym"

Don't let the war on fat become a battle of two halves, says **Hugo Rifkind**

She says, "We should go to the gym together."

He says, "I can't believe you'd say that to me – that I need to go to the gym."

"But you do," she says.

For a moment he says nothing. Then, "You're saying I'm fat."

"Yes," she says. "You are. A bit. You said so yourself. Just the other day."

"Listen," he says, "I agree with you. But think about what you just said. And imagine I'd said something like that to you. You'd have gone mental."

"Don't be ridiculous," she says.

"Think about it," he says.

"Anyway," she says, "I said 'we' should go to the gym. As in, both of us. I need to work on my abs."

"And your bottom," he says.

Then he says, "I didn't mean that."

Then he says, "Obviously. I was just making a point. Humorously. Your bottom is fine."

Then he says, "It's brilliant, in fact. Everybody says so."

Then he says, "Not that we all sit in the pub talking about your bottom."

Then he says, "How am I the bad guy here?"

"Why my bottom?" she says.

"No reason," he says. "It was just a completely random example."

She says, "Yes, but why that completely random example? You could have picked any completely random example. That's what 'completely random' means. You could have said my arms."

"Yes," he says. "I should have said your arms."

"My," she says, "aren't you the body-shamer? What's wrong with my arms?"

He says he thinks she is doing this on purpose.

She says, "Yes."

"Anyway," he says, "I didn't like the gym. I went for a while but my body went all weird. I had these massive, brilliant arms but my belly stayed all fat. I looked like Vin Diesel climbing out of Jonah Hill."

She says, "I wouldn't like you to look like Vin Diesel."

"That's a relief," he says.

"He's too small," she says.

"Wait," he says. "Who do you think Vin Diesel is?"

"The kung-fu Belgian," she says.

"That's Van Damme," he says. "Vin Diesel is the massive guy from *The Fast And The Furious*."

"Oh," she says.

Then she says, "But you didn't have arms like him at all. You were more like the little Belgian. Climbing out of Jonah Hill. Assuming he's the fat one."

"Yes," he says. "He's the fat one."

"Although not the really fat one," she says. "There are two, aren't there? Jonah Hill and Seth Whatsit. Both with big hair. And you were more like the slightly less fat one, to be fair."

"That's the nicest thing," he says, "that anybody has ever said to me."

"It's because you eat too much," she says.

"Seriously?" he says. "We're still doing this?"

She says, "That's why your body went weird. You also need to eat less. So we're going to go to the gym and we're going to eat less. Both of us."

He says, "You weigh seven stone!"

She says, "Yes, I know. And I already go to the gym. I'm just pretending that all of this stuff applies to me, too, so you don't feel under attack."

Then she says she thought this was clear.

"Fine," he says. "I get it. Let's be those people. Let's go to the gym together. Let's dress in Lycra and take gym selfies and put pictures of our lunch on Instagram. If that's what you want. In a way," he continues, "I wouldn't mind us going to the gym. Because you're basically obliged to perv over people, aren't you? You need to look at something while you're working out. Otherwise you just have to close your eyes. So it might as well be the girl who looks like Megan Fox, doing squats."

She asks if he knows he's talking out loud right now.

"But it's a compliment!" he says. "You'll be that girl!"

"Running," she says. "Forget the gym. We're going to start running." GQ



Bar hopping: Working out with your partner will put a strain on your relationship

'I looked like Vin Diesel climbing out of Jonah Hill'

Hugo Rifkind is a writer for the *Times*.

Illustration Ryan McAmis



GQ AGONY AUNT

Extravagant grooming, Christmas-party flings and the brutal truth about dadbods: **Victoria Coren Mitchell** has it covered

For a man, how much is too much for a haircut?

When I met my husband, he had never spent more than £10 on a haircut. Neither had he ever had one without queuing for it. To his mind, a man going to a "hairdresser", making a formal appointment or paying significant sums was just a bit... French. He might just as well wear a giant powdered wig and stockings.

Although I'm turned on by my husband's no-fuss, British masculinity – not to mention his hair - I persuaded him that he was looking at it the wrong way. It doesn't matter what a chap spends on his barnet: a £10 barber's trim is fine and a £100 salon coif is fine. The important thing is to have clean and nicely cut hair, whoever does it. The principles to live by are of appearance, not cost. These things matter.

It may be vain to care too much how you look, but it is impolite to care too little. You do a generous thing for the world when you present yourself properly. Don't go patting yourself on the back for a lack of vanity when you slope about in a shell suit with greasy, unkempt locks; that's a pose of its own, and depressing for passers-by. It shows far more humility, actually, to try and look attractive.

If you can do that for a tenner, terrific. If not, spend what you need to spend. When is it too much? When you can't afford it.

Do women really find "dadbods" sexy? (Please say yes.)

Yes.

Genuinely: many women are on the lookout for an older man with a distended belly, pigeon chest, receding hairline and lumpy, milk-white arms. The more dad-like, the better.

Of course, these women are profoundly psychologically damaged. There are dark, old reasons behind their quests, and what they are actually seeking is unattainable. So: swings and roundabouts. If you've gone to seed, you *will* be able to bed attractive women on the strength of your pallid tum and ear hair – but you'll be on the receiving end of a lot of tears and eating disorders.

You're better off getting in shape, my friend, before finding a partner. *Then* let yourself go, a few years later, when she's past caring.

How do I get out of seeing the new *Star Wars* movie? I hate everything about it. Can it be avoided?

I've never seen any *Star Wars* movie. Unfortunately, since the broadcast of Marcus Brigstocke's panel show *I've Never Seen Star Wars*, this has stopped seeming quirky or interesting. I'd go and see it if I were you. Otherwise people might suspect you of feigning idiosyncrasy. What the hell, you'll probably enjoy it. Indiana Jones is in it again, I hear. And that bear.

Every year, my company holds an early Christmas party. This year it took the form of a dinner at Claridge's where a lot of champagne was drunk. Afterwards, my (female) boss, who had taken a room there for the night, invited me to join her. I said yes, mainly because I was curious to see the bedrooms at Claridge's. It's not that I don't find her attractive, but she is ten years older than me. We had a perfectly enjoyable night but I'm not interested in taking it further. Having said that, I am interested in getting a promotion. So, what happens in January?

It's the bathrooms I like. I do hope you had sex in the bathroom. All that fabulous monochrome. Incredibly elegant, as long as you don't bang your head on the marble.

Anyway, January. I'll tell you what happens: she struggles to remember your name. To take it further or not take it further, eh? Bless you for thinking that you have a choice. Darling, you're like the man who turns his nose up at Eton when his son wouldn't pass the entrance exam, anyway.

If this affluent, stylish cougar had the slightest interest in a serious relationship with you, she would not be offering you a quickie at the office party. She doesn't give a toss what you do next; you were briefly exploited to allay her boredom. You are as meaningful as a mote of dust on her stiletto heel. Happy Christmas. GQ

SEND US *YOUR* LETTERS

For to-the-point answers to life's whys and wherefores, share your burning issues with *GQ*'s agony aunt at: **askvictoria@condenast.co.uk**

Illustration Magda Antoniuk

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MySTYLE

Dancer and style academic **Manrutt Wongkaew** takes a position on clashing chromatics and goes large with accessories

PHOTOGRAPH BY **SIMON WEBB**



WISH LIST

Sunglasses

"As you can see, I'm drawn to bright colours like a moth! All my sunglasses are from Cutler And Gross and I love to support them because they're British." *£310. cutlerandgross.com*



Jumper

"I get lots of my jumpers and T-shirts from Jonathan Saunders. He uses interesting colour clashes." *£53. jonathan-saunders.com*

WISH LIST

Pocket square

"I love prints and cartoons. I like it when clothing has a modern twist from popular culture." *By Turnbull & Asser, £85. turnbullandasser.co.uk*



Suit

"Most of my suits are from Paul Smith; I love his use of colour and print. I also have suits of his in electric blue, peach and turquoise." *£730. paulsmith.co.uk*



WISH LIST

Bag

"I love Liberty because it adds colourful twists to classic prints. I wear backpacks because, as a dancer, I know shoulder bags are bad for your posture." *£450. liberty.co.uk*

Hat

"I wear a hat because my hair's always a mess. I like wearing inflatable crowns and toys as fashion accessories." *£165. At A Child Of The Jago. achildofthejago.com*

Necklace

"All my necklaces are from Bitsch Kitsch, Saharat Eddy's stall on Brick Lane. I even have a pair of plastic false teeth as a necklace." *£85. The Backyard Market, 146 Brick Lane, E1*



WISH LIST

Fragrance

"I love leathery, tobacco notes in a scent. I think of scent in the same way as an outfit or a cocktail: it has several ingredients but it all blends together." *By Mona Di Orio, £120. monadiorio.com*

WISH LIST

Suit

"Vivienne Westwood injects attitude into her clothes. It's unusual to see tartan cut diagonally like this. I also have tartan skirts. I like to tease masculine norms." *£1,185. viviennewestwood.com*



Shoes

"I always choose colourful shoes. I'm lucky to have size seven feet, so I can fit into both women's and men's shoes." *By Vivienne Westwood, £400. viviennewestwood.com*

Story Eleanor Halls **Photographs** Full Stop Photography **Grooming** Terri Capon at Stella Creative Artists using Bumble And Bumble and Bobbi Brown



On Arrival

Johannes Huebl photographed over the Alps exclusively for Cîroc Vodka—Austria





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EDITED BY **PAUL HENDERSON**



The fast show: With an output of 661bhp, the Ferrari 488 Spider reaches 124mph in just 8.7 seconds

ALONG CAME A SPIDER

Ferrari faithful, rejoice: capable of a hair-raising 203mph, the new Spider 488 convertible has all the bite you've been praying for, says **Jason Barlow**

Enzo Ferrari may have been a man of few words, but the ones he did use were up there with Mark Twain or Martin Amis. "I am not the designer. Other people do that. I am an agitator of men," he once noted, a summary of a management style his many lieutenants would wearily have concurred with. Then there was this waspish gem aimed at his chauffeur, Peppino Verdelli, who worked for Enzo man and boy for 49 years, managing a solitary annual morning off every Easter: "When you need him, he's never here."

But perhaps the most famous relates to the day job. "I don't sell cars; I sell engines. The cars I throw in for free since something has to hold the engines in." Never mind that perhaps half of the most beautiful cars ever made wear the Ferrari name, many of them elegant convertibles. >

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Box clever: The 488 Spider convertible comes with an automatic dual-clutch transmission and a roof that retracts in 14 seconds





Indeed, Ferrari's very first car, 1947's 125 S, was a Spider, and extracted 118bhp from its 12 cylinders and 1.5 litres. At the time, this was sensational. Almost 70 years and hundreds of thoroughbreds later, the new 488 Spider showcases aerodynamic, electronic and technical innovation that would have been space-age voodoo to the main man back in the day. Yet it still has four wheels and an engine in the middle.

And what an engine it is. Even Ferrari, which is defiantly sticking to 12 cylinders for its most powerful models, has had to get radical with its V8 model line. The bureaucrats want cleaner engines, the customers more power, and the only way to square the circle is by adding turbochargers. The 488 Spider has two of them strapped to a 3.9-litre V8, which gives it a power output of 661bhp and 561lb ft of torque while reducing fuel consumption and CO_2 emissions. It'll hit 62mph in 3.0 seconds, 124mph in a breathtaking 8.7 seconds, and its top speed is 203mph. None of which sounds remotely like a bad thing.

But in the heady, overly emotional world of Italian high performance, some things are sacrosanct. Ferrari has already killed off the manual gearbox in its cars, and insists that it is only eccentric, incurably nostalgic Brits who still want it (guilty as charged). Now its linear, free-breathing, ultra high-revving V8 engines have bitten the dust, and to make life even harder for itself the 488 has to follow the 458 Speciale, the last normally aspirated V8 Ferrari, and a car that is already changing hands for upwards of £100,000 more than it cost new. Believe me, the Ferrari faithful could give those nutjobs in Opus Dei a run for their money when it comes to devotion.

This means that an odd mix of anticipation and trepidation hovers over the 488 Spider. The roof disappears in 14 seconds, and Ferrari's engineers have managed to maintain the GTB's fabulous structural integrity. The benefit of having a Formula One team across the road can be seen in the 488 Spider's sculpted body, which somehow reconciles competing mechanical and aerodynamic demands with the most fundamental requirement of all: that a Ferrari looks beautiful beyond mere words. This one does, deliciously so.

It also has to perform. Actually, the engine is only part of the matrix here. Driving the 488, to begin with anyway, means getting used to its unusually rapid steering responses, marvelling at the sublime way it rides bumps (its dampers contain fast-moving magnetic particles) and the speed at which its dual-clutch 'box changes gear. And, of course, the noise – previous Ferrari V8s have been high-revving screamers, but this one is more Barry White than Barry Gibb. It's not better or worse, just different. Turns out that a combination of clever exhaust design and an in-depth study of the system's harmonics can offset the muffling effect of the turbos.

Not that you'll care the first time you really open the taps. Ferrari's command of chassis technology – much of which is down to electronics and software algorithms – is now so absolute that the 488 is capable of moving down the road faster than your eyes, hands, feet and brain can process the information it throws at you. Obviously, the driver dictates the pace, and there's much to enjoy if you calm it down, but as an entertainment this thing is monumental.

Ferrari has just floated on the New York stock exchange, and a share price of $48-$52 (£31-£34) values the company at around $10bn (£6.5bn). This is pretty hot for a company that Wall Street positions somewhere between luxury and technology. The 488 Spider backs up the nebulous brand blarney with a tech story to rival Silicon Valley's biggest guns at their most blazing. Not bad for something that's basically four wheels and an engine, eh? GQ

NEED TO KNOW

Despite being a convertible, the new 488 Spider is as stiff as the coupé version. And compared to the 458 Spider model it replaces, it is actually 23 per cent more rigid.

ENGINE
661 bhp, 3.9-litre twin-turbocharged V8

PERFORMANCE
0-62mph in 3.0 seconds; top speed, 203mph

PRICE
£204,400

CONTACT
ferrari.com



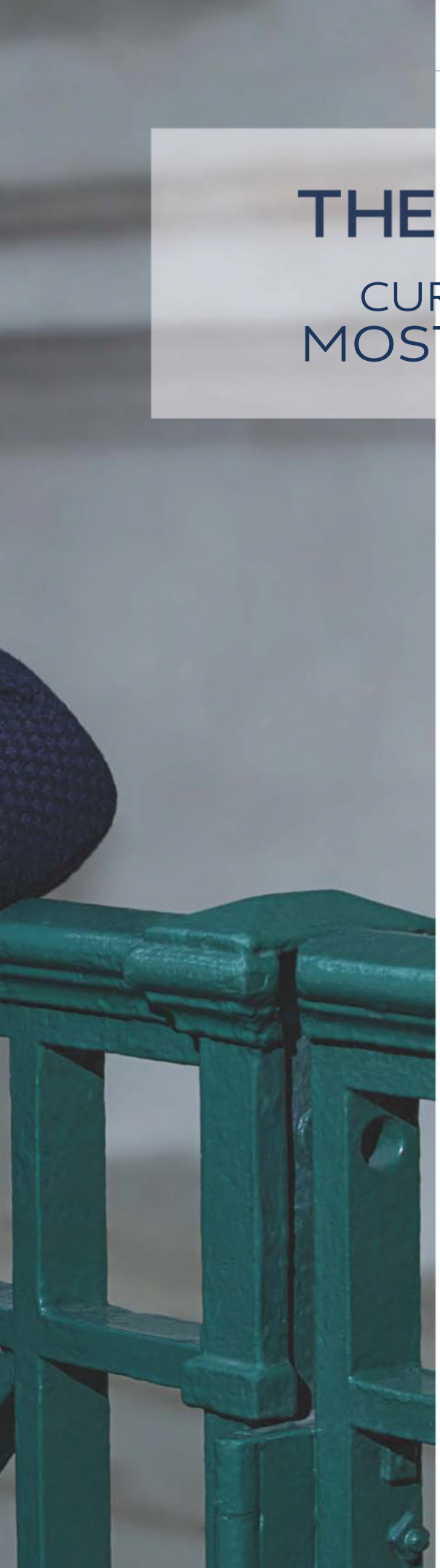
OLIVER SWEENEY'S STEPPING ON IT

There's a hint of **Alan Partridge** about the concept, but all serious drivers appreciate proper driving shoes. Basically, what you want is a glove for the foot. **Jaguar** and Oliver Sweeney's new collaboration – named the Sayer and the Weslake in honour of key figures in the marque's history – marries the classic gentleman's shoes with the **contour-hugging snugness** of racing boots. There's even a ridge and a cut on the heel at the front and rear to suit the car's footwell and the interaction of feet on pedals. Cobbler-in-chief Tim Cooper explains: "The upper and lower part of the shoe has a dip that allows for an **unusual degree of flex**." JB *£295. oliversweeney.com*



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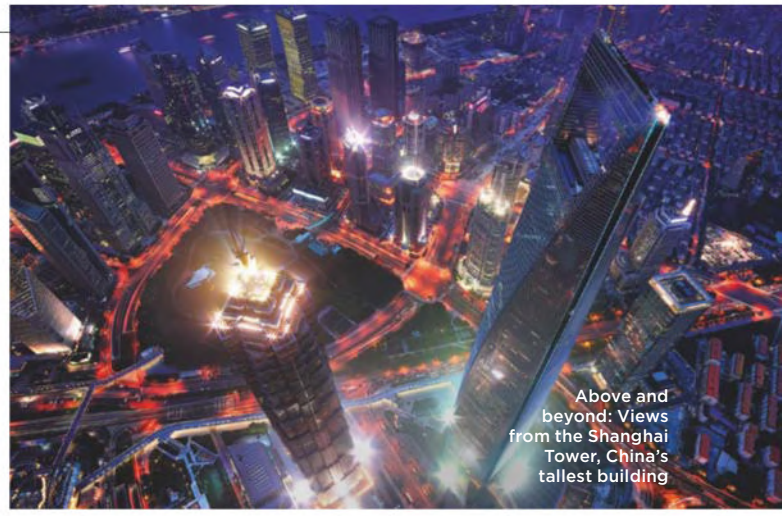


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Combining skyscraping ambition with vibrant street life, **Shanghai** is much more than a stopover city



Above and beyond: Views from the Shanghai Tower, China's tallest building

IT'S NO coincidence that the near-future LA depicted in Spike Jonze's oddball romance *Her* was shot in **SHANGHAI**'s Pudong district – the city is undergoing one of the fastest economic expansions the world has ever seen, creating a tangible sense of excitement. But what makes it most desirable is its location: it's a handily placed respite for travellers making their way to further-flung destinations in Australia and New Zealand. So before you book your next long haul, here's where to relax in the cool, confident centre of modern China.



Breathing space: PuLi Hotel & Spa's lobby (above); peaceful Jing'an Park (below); the M50 art district (bottom)

Where to stay The Shanghai hotel scene is dotted with boutique and design-led stays, including the **PuLi Hotel & Spa**, a smart urban retreat near the famous Jing'an Park. The concept? Being away from it all, in the heart of it all. So while the city buzzes, PuLi patrons can fight the jet lag with an array of ancient Chinese therapies in the wellness spa, swim in the infinity pool or grab a nightcap at the hotel's impressive 32-metre-long bar. Each of the 229 rooms has been designed to feel like a penthouse apartment – all black decor and dark mahogany wood – while the grander suites come with a kitchen, living room, walk-in closet, rainforest shower and sunken bath. *Corner Deluxe King rooms from £478. thepuli.com*







Brisket trade: One of Shanghai's lively markets (top); backstreet butchery (middle); beef and merlot at Hakkasan (above)

Eat like a local Shanghai is renowned for its street food – especially in the winding lanes of the city's French Concession (ask any local chef and they'll recommend the ramshackle takeaway huts on Xiangyang Road). **UnTour** runs walking tours of the best dumpling houses, followed by a cookery workshop to help you make these fried delicacies at home. Like all foodie destinations worth their salt, these modest-seeming establishments are steeped in tradition, with local restaurateurs dishing up recipes that have been passed down for generations, from aromatic bowls of Sichuan *malatang* (spicy broth) to crispy *guo tie* "potstickers" and delicious soup dumplings. *untourshanghai.com*

Feeling homesick? London favourite **Hakkasan** has an outpost that overlooks the Bund waterfront, where moneyed locals and visiting fans of Michelin-starred chef Tong Chee Hwee can sample inventive dishes such as cod with champagne and Chinese honey, and stir-fried black-pepper beef with merlot. Drink cocktails at the bar with the restaurant's fashionable clientele – city slickers with razor-sharp cheekbones as far as the eye can see – or splash out on one of the private dining rooms. *hakkasan.com*



What to Instagram Set your alarm early and make your way down to **Jing'an Park**, where you'll not only find an oasis of calm in one of the busiest areas of Shanghai, but also stumble upon locals practising t'ai chi within its grounds. Make a pit stop at the Yu Garden, a lush and extensive botanical treasure just northeast of the Old City, with picturesque pavilions, streams and courtyards as well as the beautiful City God Temple. As night falls, take a stroll along the Bund: this waterfront promenade lined with colonial-era buildings offers panoramic views of the financial district's skyline.



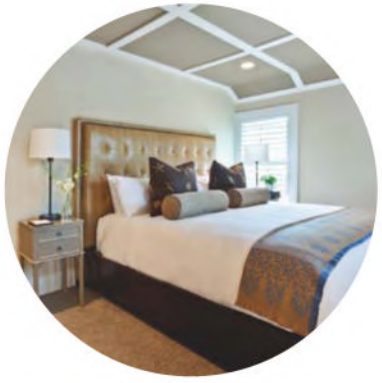
Where to get your cultural injection It may be much smaller than its Beijing equivalent, 798, but **M50** – dubbed the "Shoreditch of Shanghai" – is where you're most likely to stumble upon the next Bambi or Banksy. This former industrial area is now home to around 100 creative types, and it's the best place to view contemporary art in China's most forward-looking city. **Liz Connor** GQ

Air France flies to Shanghai via Paris from ten UK airports, from £446 return. airfrance.co.uk

Photographs @alainclement; @bennyinnyc; Paul Reiffer; Getty Images

HOTEL OF THE MONTH





NANTUCKET, the small and perfectly formed island off the coast of Cape Cod, is one of those places that you might only visit once in your life. Sure, you may fall in love with it – and if you did it would be with good reason – and decide to stay there every year; it's more likely, however, that the island will be somewhere you've decided to visit while on a road trip around New England, or indeed of Massachusetts itself. So if your visit really is a once-in-a-lifetime experience, then you need to treat it as such, and by that we mean you should stay at the very best hotel on the island. Which is undoubtedly the White Elephant.

GQ stayed at the White Elephant last summer, at one of its residential cottages, and we felt as though we had been ushered into a world fashioned by Ralph Lauren. Built in the traditional Nantucket style (the island's nickname is "The Little Grey Lady Of The Sea", and while this refers to the fog that sometimes surrounds the place, it could just as easily refer to the cedar the houses are made from), these cottages feel more like home than home often does, with the added advantage of having almost instantaneous room service, gas fireplaces and fully stocked bars.



Whale of a time: The White Elephant's Brant Point Grill restaurant; (left) the Nantucket Main Street loft and suite

Some unkind souls say that Nantucket is a little too twee for the modern world, yet the island manages to combine a cobbled traditional feel with a modern, escapist sensibility. And, in the case of the White Elephant, simply marvellous food.

A word of warning though: men who holiday here regularly are supposed to fit in by wearing lobster-coloured shorts and trousers (which can be bought in many of the shops here). If you do this, then we will simply not allow you to buy this magazine ever again.

Scott Dunn offers four nights at the **White Elephant**, Nantucket from £1,955 per person. This is based on two people sharing on a B&B basis and includes flights with British Airways, domestic flights and private transfers. *(020 8682 5030, scottdunn.com)*



Beyond the pale: Recliners overlook the harbour at the White Elephant, Nantucket, the New England island known as 'The Little Grey Lady Of The Sea'



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Our Stuff

From bank-robbing surfers to dinner at Heston's, GQ's hard-riding guru of body and soul brings us up to speed on his life choices





This month: PAUL HENDERSON, Health & Sport Editor, GQ

PORTRAIT BY
RHYS FRAMPTON

STIMULATION

To read: ***Leading*** by **Sir Alex Ferguson** (*above left*); ***Even Dogs In The Wild*** by **Ian Rankin**
To read again: ***The Black Dahlia*** by **James Ellroy**; ***The Road*** by **Cormac McCarthy**
Favourite authors: **Elmore Leonard**; **George Pelecanos**
Art: **"The Fighting Temeraire"** by **JMW Turner**
Last piece of art acquired: **"Pavement 1"** by **Marilyn Henderson**
Riding: **Epping Forest**
Museum: **Beaulieu Motor Museum, Hampshire**
View: **The Beach Hut, Watergate Bay Hotel, Cornwall; the ninth hole on The Ailsa, Turnberry**
Magazines: ***Lucky Peach***; ***Athletics Weekly***; ***The Ride Journal***
Websites: **outsideonline.com**; **thebikeshed.cc**; **caughtoffside.com**
Person last followed on Instagram: **@martial_9** (*left*)



GEAR

Motorbike: **Triumph Bonneville T120** (*pictured*)
Road bike: **Specialized Allez Elite**
Mountain bike: **Marin Edge**
Car: **Jaguar XF Sportbrake R-Sport Black** (*below*)
Watch: **Carrera Chronograph** by **TAG Heuer**
Helmet: **Vintage Carbon Star by Premier** (*below*)
App: **MapMyFitness**; **Spotify**; **TomTom MySports**
Golf clubs: **JPX 850 irons** by **Mizuno**; **R15 driver and Ghost Tour putter** by **Taylormade**
Stereo: **Zeppelin Wireless** by **Bowers & Wilkins**
TV: **49in Ultra HD 4K Smart TV** by **LG**
Kitchen: **Magnifica coffee machine** by **DeLonghi** (*above*)

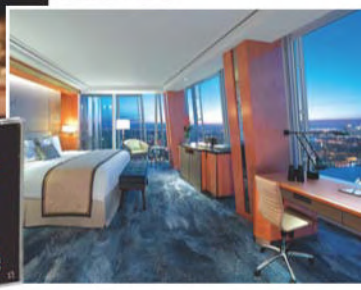












STYLE & GROOMING

Jacket: **Leather jacket** by **Belstaff** (*pictured*)
Jeans: **Darron Black** by **Diesel** (*pictured*)
Boots: By **G-Star Raw** (*pictured*)
Cycling gear: **Oliver Spencer cycling jacket** by **Vulpine** (*above*); **jersey and shorts** by **Rapha**
Trainers: **SpeedForm** by **Under Armour** (*above*)
Suit: **Kilgour**
Sunglasses: **Large Carlo Mossy Tortoiseshell** by **Serengeti** (*below*)
Barber: **Finn's, London E18**
Fragrance: **Allure Homme Sport** by **Chanel** (*above*)
Beard care: **Captain Fawcett's Beard Oil** (*right*)







CULTURE

On the night stand: ***Trampled Under Foot: The Power And Excess Of Led Zeppelin*** by **Barney Hoskyns**; **Bodyclock** by **Lumie**; **pen** by **Dunhill**; **notebook** by **The Stamford Notebook Co**
Looking forward to: ***The Revenant***; ***Better Call Saul*** **(series two)**
Restaurants: **L'Enclume, Cumbria**; **Dinner By Heston Blumenthal, London**
Pub: **The Hand And Flowers, Buckinghamshire**
Bars: **The Blind Pig at Social Eating House**; **Dandelyan at The Mondrian London at Sea Containers** (*left*)
Hotel, town: **Shangri-La at The Shard, London** (*above*)
Hotel, country: **St Moritz Hotel, Cornwall**
Drink: **Burn Cottage Pinot Noir, Central Otago, New Zealand**
Favourite album: ***Back In Black*** by **AC/DC**
Films: ***Goodfellas***; ***Point Break***; ***Pulp Fiction***
What's on the stereo: ***Yours, Dreamily*** by **The Arcs** (*above*)

Photographs Full Stop Photography **Grooming** Alice Howlett using Bumble And Bumble and Mac Cosmetics



Featured: Samsung Galaxy S6 edge+ in Black Sapphire.

SAMSUNG
Galaxy S6 edge+


SAMSUNG



Featured: Samsung Galaxy S6 edge+ in Gold Platinum.

SAMSUNG
Galaxy S6 edge+





Featured: Samsung Gear S2 with a Dark Grey case and Dark Grey band on him; Samsung Gear S2 with a Silver case and Red band on her.

SAMSUNG
Gear S2



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PENHALIGON'S
Sartorial or Endymion*
Penhaligon's has been crafting fine fragrances since 1872. Sartorial is a modern interpretation of a fougère (a classic structure in masculine perfumery) with notes of oakmoss, tonka bean, violet leaf and honey. Endymion cologne contains bergamot, mandarin and vetiver – with a surprise coffee note. Both are timeless day-to-night scents.
■ ***TIP:*** *Fragrances last longer on moisturised skin.*

ESCENTRIC MOLECULES
Escentric 03 Body Wash
Escentric Molecules has a reputation for unique scents. 03 is an uplifting blend of vetiver, grapefruit, fresh lime peel, ginger and green peppercorn. This full-size body wash is free from parabens and sulphates and will energise, moisturise and cleanse.

THE REFINERY
Shave Foam Gel
This rich shaving foam from the original men's grooming emporium contains soothing clove and peppermint and hydrating aloe vera for an ultra comfortable shave.

ELEMIS
Time For Men Energising Skin Scrub
Use this scrub as a weekly treatment to resurface the skin or as a shaving preparation to lift hairs for a closer shave. Contains natural exfoliating silica beads.

MALIN + GOETZ
Vitamin E Shaving Cream
This New York apothecary is famous for no-nonsense products. Use just a thin layer of the cooling shave cream – a little goes a long way. With calming chamomile and vitamin E.

TONI & GUY MEN
Styling Putty or Styling Fibre*
Our go-to brand for daily styling: the Styling Putty gives a casual, matt finish and the Styling Fibre (so good it scooped a *GQ* Grooming Award) gives reworkable everyday texture.
■ ***TIP:*** *Use the putty on wet or dry hair.*

PHILIP KINGSLEY
Flaky/Itchy Scalp Shampoo
Devised by expert trichologist Philip Kingsley, this highly effective shampoo will ensure your scalp is in a healthy condition.
■ ***TIP:*** *Use regularly to keep scalp irritation free.*

*not shown



Face time: The TAG Heuer Connected watch's subdials displays its extreme GolfShot Pro application; LVMH CEO Bernard Arnault and TAG Heuer CEO Jean-Claude Biver attend the watch's New York launch, 9 November 2015 (opposite, inset)



TAG Heuer – a timekeeping innovator since 1860 – has revolutionised 21st-century wearable tech with the launch of its first smartwatch. GQ charts the evolution of this groundbreaking device from Switzerland to Silicon Valley

IT'S TIME TO GET CONNECTED

STORY BY **BILL PRINCE**



Drive south from San Francisco along the 101, and no sooner are you clear of Downtown's sclerotic road system than the Bay is glistening off to your left and you become aware of a strange feature of this ferociously fast-forwarding city. Look up, and aircraft inbound to SFO appear to be stacked nose to tail with hardly space to sail a kite between them. You don't have to be a flappy flyer to feel nervy.

Still, the sight of all that airborne real estate careening into this corner of Northern California restates (as if it needs restating) the rapid-fire approach to life this teeming metropolis has come to enshrine: busy making money, busy making the future – or at least what investors' picks have deemed to be the future. Today, *GQ* is drifting south behind the early-morning commuters to visit that future: Palo Alto, settled 60 years ago by a hardware engineer tired of life on the East Coast and determined to create a start-up in his home state. Bill Shockley's business eventually grew up to become National Semiconductor, and its children and grandchildren are now scattered among the low-level sprawl that makes up the state of mind that is Silicon Valley.

Riding up front is Guy Semon, general manager of TAG Heuer – a former aerospace engineer who joined the Chaux-de-Fonds manufacture in 2004 to help create its revolutionary belt-driven Monaco V4. Whether it's his engineering background, the constant flow >





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of tailgating Boeings (he was once a military pilot) or simply our final destination, Semon is musing on the difference between his current occupation and the work going on inside the unmarked buildings we're passing. "In watchmaking, the last great improvement was the automatic chronograph, invented in 1969," he says. "It's a 50-year-old story. But in electronics you change the technology every six months…"

Case in point: Semon is overseeing the development of TAG Heuer's first smartwatch, announced at Baselworld this year as a groundbreaking partnership with two tech titans, Google and Intel and, in late June, nearly ready for trialling. According to TAG Heuer CEO Jean-Claude Biver, it's the first time two external partners will provide 99 per cent of the functionality of a Swiss watch, and it's been Semon's job to make sure it not only sits within the legacy of the 155-year-old company, but that it adds genuine value to a part of the "wearables" business that has so far been directed largely towards health and fitness features. And right now, in the summer of 2015, he's had barely a year in which to do it.

The project arose shortly after Mr Biver, who is also president of parent company LVMH's watch division, took control of TAG Heuer in 2014 – around the time Apple announced its Watch. In short order, several Swiss watch brands announced their own versions of a "smart" or, at least, communicable timepiece; Biver, however, envisioned something far more sophisticated: a watch that didn't serve simply as a "push" device delivering smartphone-based capabilities to the wrist, but would act as a computing device in its own right, while retaining all of the luxury elements – including longevity – enshrined in a Swiss-made mechanical timepiece.

The Connected retains all the luxury elements of a mechanical timepiece

The "why", then, was a no-brainer – the wearables market will be worth more than £35 billion by 2019 – and TAG Heuer's own background in innovation makes it a good fit for any tech company wishing to harness the allure of a luxury brand. What Semon was asked to establish was the how: which would involve bringing in two companies with no prior experience of working with the Swiss watch industry and establishing a proof-of-concept argument that would elevate it beyond the run-of-the-mill responses to the growing appetite for a "connected watch". As

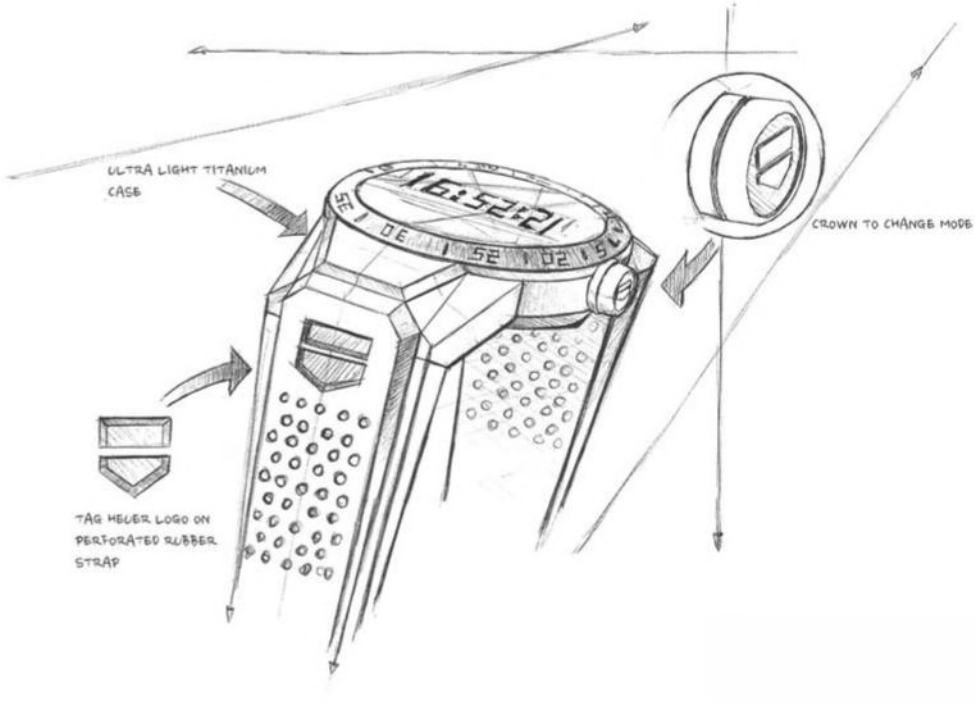




Clever cogs (from top): The Connected watch goes on sale at TAG Heuer's Fifth Avenue store, New York, 9 November; Google – whose headquarters are in Mountain View, California – has partnered with TAG Heuer and Intel on the watch; a design sketch of the Connected watch

Semon says, "A smart watch, yes, but what for? At the moment it's a trendy accessory. This is why I told Mr Biver the Connected watch is interesting, but we don't have the skills in-house. We have to find the right partners."

So Semon headed to Silicon Valley to recruit Intel – and, in particular, its new Atom microprocessor – and Google's mobile operating system Android Wear team to design the user experience. The choice of partners was entirely practical, says Semon. Intel is the leading chip manufacturer in the world and in deference to its clients has remained resolutely clear of entering into the end-user product category. And rather than spend several years and many more millions creating its own, Google represented the swiftest "next step" in creating the user experience.



Photographs Getty Images

Both Intel and Google were quick to recognise the potential of working with such an established brand. Personal computing has long since moved from the desktop to the tablet and smartphone, and from there it's hurriedly advancing on to the wrist. TAG Heuer – a highly decorated manufacture that has innovated in its own right with an historic series of ever-more-precise split-second chronographs – therefore represents an alluring proposition for anyone wishing to harness the relatively inaccessible (in tech terms) luxury consumer.

At Intel, its VP of New Devices, Ayse Ildeniz, underlines the benefit of partnering with not just any accessories brand: "Instead of making wearables from scratch, we want to go into wearables that are already here," she tells *GQ*. "And accessories makers who have been doing this for decades – and in the case of the Swiss watch industry, centuries – know their customers very well. So we hope companies like TAG Heuer will give us clues of how people want to wear something."

Back in the UK, Google's VP of engineering for Android, David Singleton, also recognises the potency of the relationship: "[Google] Glass was one of our moonshot projects, but it made us realise that devices that you already have in your life – a watch being a great example – are great places to have technology. Wearable technology is not about getting work done, it's about seeing something that's important to you, taking action on it and then getting on with the rest of what you're doing."

So what exactly is the TAG Connected watch capable of doing? Well, perhaps it's easier to start with what it most definitely isn't: it's not simply a piece of wearable tech. It's not intended to monitor your sleep, movement and other bodily functions, as is the case with the plethora of cheaper, less accomplished devices (none of which come clad in a sleek 46mm polished titanium and sapphire case derived from the iconic Carrera watch of the early Sixties). Nor, more importantly, is it designed to act merely as an adjunct to your smartphone. Yes, there's a phone app with which to streamline and personalise your watch's multi-functionality. But at its heart is the Intel chip, with its 4GB memory and all-day battery life which, coupled with on-board Wi-Fi, allows the watch to function even without a smartphone in the vicinity. "Normally with a connected watch, the phone is the master and the watch is the slave," explains Semon. "With the TAG Heuer Connected watch, the phone is just a switch to connect to the cloud. And the cloud for us is the brand, because you can go anywhere you want, meet our ambassadors and use our dedicated apps."

Headlining all that brand equity are the four pillars by which TAG Heuer's own contribution to the watch will be made manifest: its history (handily referenced in its three dial designs) and – each linking to experiences and exemplars of the brand – sport, lifestyle and the arts.

Of these, the most interesting arena to be mined is in sport. A long-held area of expertise for TAG Heuer, in the era of the Connected watch it allows owners to marshal their own updates, whether it's around football, Formula One, basketball or the NFL (it's no coincidence that New England Patriots quarterback Tom Brady is the brand's most recent signing).

Whatever the vicissitudes of the Swiss watch industry, TAG Heuer has survived by producing watches that have rarely relinquished their desirability. But what of a connected watch that, even allowing for periodic upgrades, must face tech's inevitable built-in obsolescence? Aside from the Herculean effort involved in bringing the Connected watch to market in a little under 18 months, future-proofing it has posed perhaps the biggest challenge. As Biver put it at the watch's launch in New York in November: "We had to find a solution. Because if the watch has to be thrown away after ten years then it is not possible – it's against 150 years of history."

Biver's solution is a telling one. Buy a Connected watch, and at the end of its two-year warranty you will become eligible to purchase an identical replacement that offers – in place of its potentially outmoded circuitry – a conventional (ie, everlasting) mechanical movement. It's a bid to add what Biver dubs "eternity" to the long list of attributes contained within the TAG Heuer Connected, but it's also a way of attracting a younger consumer who might not yet have considered a traditional timepiece, but could be persuaded to try one once his Connected watch has come to the end of its useful life.

It's a novel idea (certainly no other smartwatch-producing brand is in a position to offer a similar trade-in deal), but it's also a wise move. As the internet changes the marketplace, so there's been a shift from "peer" (ie, established influencers) to "sphere" (aka the power of the crowd) in guiding consumer choice. And as a member of our watchmaking cohort in Silicon Valley put it over dinner one evening: "The world is becoming social. So anything that doesn't aid that sociability – why have it?"

TAG Heuer's solution has been to tackle the potential threat to its very existence head on, by developing a connected device that talks not only to its universe but about it – thereby creating an audience that could come to see the brand not only as a trusted supplier of highly accurate timepieces, but as a companion in the wider world as well. In this context, its decision to go it alone with the first luxury Swiss-engineered connected watch appears both timely and entirely in keeping with its own history of game-changing innovation.

Does the Connected watch have a future?



GUY SEMON
General director, TAG Heuer

"The fundamental question is: a connected watch, yes... but to do what? Our product is not just a connected device. My colleagues want to know which apps are different to, say, Apple's. And it's a logical question, because it's hard for them to appreciate the level of difference when the only metric is the app. My angle is: it's not just about the device and the apps."



DAVID SINGLETON
VP of engineering for Android, Google

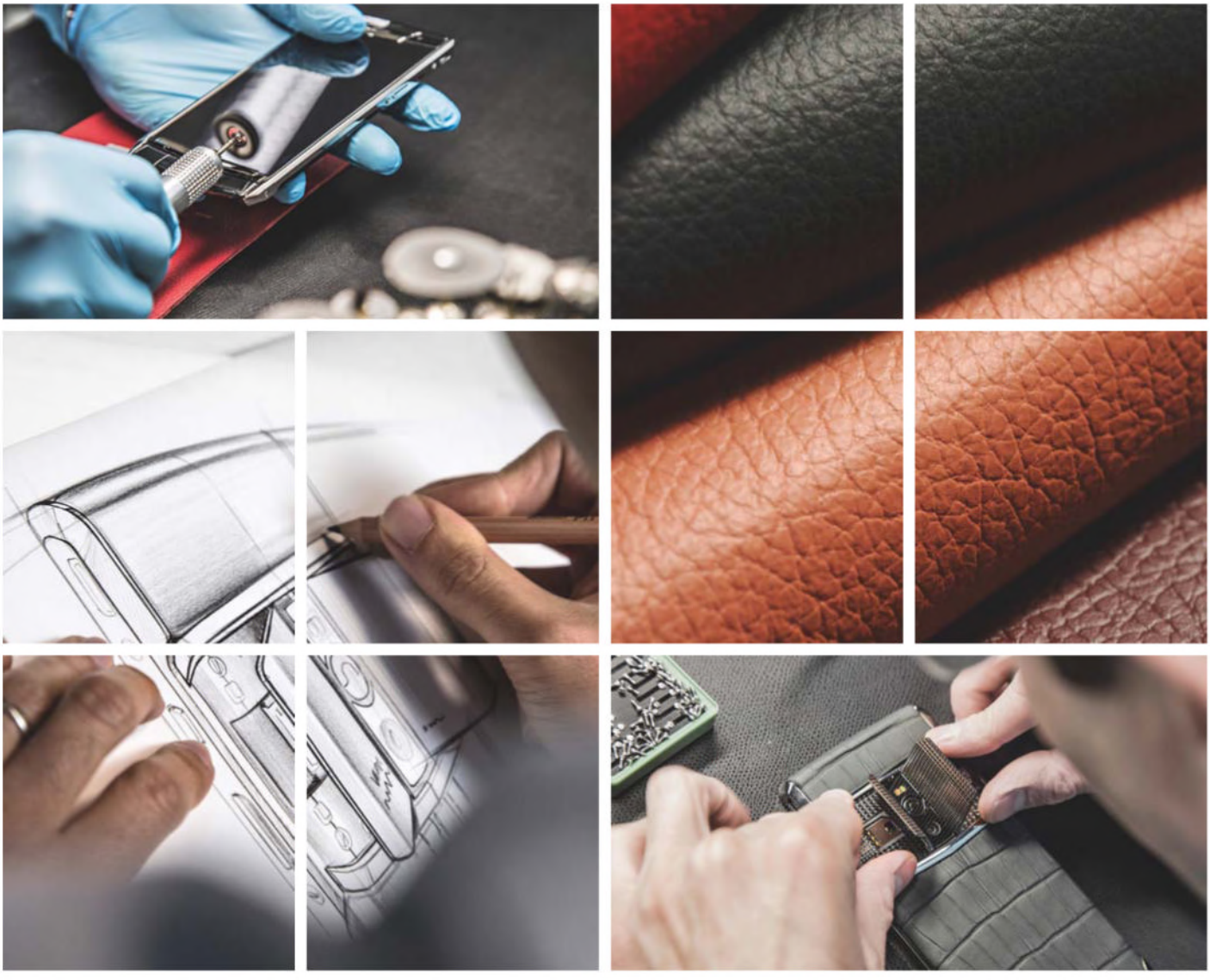
"If you look way out, 50 years hence, it would be surprising if many watches don't have smart elements. There will still be a place for the top end of the mechanical watch business, but I think 80 per cent of the watches sold are to both express your style and also to have a watch, and eventually [there will be] elements of computing technology in all of those."



AYSE ILDENIZ
VP, New Devices Group, Intel

"By 2020-25 there will be 50 billion connected things. That can't just be electronic stuff; it has to be normal everyday things, and there must be a way for people to communicate with the stuff around them. Whether it's a watch or the desk you're sitting at, it will have to be connected and enrich what you do."

Photograph James Dimmock



YOUR PERSONAL STATEMENT

The creator of the world's most luxurious phones is putting self-expression at the heart of everything it does. Here, **Vertu** showcases its Made To Order service, where two million combinations await to give you your very own world exclusive

In the worlds of fashion and technology, to express individuality is to thrive. From smaller, subtler details such as monogramming and engraving, to the signs of self expression found in a tailored Savile Row suit, the desire to stand out from the crowd is an enduring one.

This need became the philosophy behind Vertu's Made To Order service, a completely personal take on the process of choosing your next Vertu. With a name now associated with pioneering the world's most luxurious phones, Vertu – by helping its customers to express their individuality through Made To Order – is on the frontline of the fight against mobile monotony. The Signature, New Signature Touch and Aster are all totally customisable through the service, where the first step is a choice of leather casings, followed by a personalisation of each of the model's features, including monogramming (Aster only), backplate engraving, key colouring and more – all guaranteeing any Made To Order customer their own stamp of individuality. The mindset is one focused on exclusivity and makes Made To Order perfect for those looking to personalise their own Vertu or on the hunt for a stunning gift.

A proudly British brand that is constantly pushing the boundaries of what's possible, Vertu – with it's Made To Order service available in Vertu boutiques and online – continues to innovate and has earned its prominent place in the world of high-end mobile tech. Personal and luxurious, Made To Order fulfils the dream of any committed shopper: to own something that no one else has. *vertu.com*



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GQ Taste

Inner child: Chef Heston Blumenthal (not actual size) 'inside' his £150,000 sweet trolley

Coming home to roost

In a demonstration of reverse migration, The Fat Duck has returned to the English village of Bray after its six-month "winter" in Australia, with owner Heston Blumenthal launching a new menu and a ground-breaking bespoke dining concept. *GQ* sits down with the chef who no longer calls himself a chef to hear about his gastronomic revolution...

THE CONCEPT

"On one side of the dolls' house is a tiny sweetshop complete with a counter and an electric light bulb. We wanted to make our guests feel like kids in a sweetshop."

THE TROLLEY

"The design of the sweet trolley is based on the dolls' houses commissioned by the royal family. It's mechanical, smoke puffs out of the chimney and, yes, it did cost £150,000."

THE DETAILS

"The jars are all handmade and hold mini confectionary. Guests bring a Fat Duck coin with them and, when they use it, a drawer opens containing their favourite sweets."

Photographs Nick Wilson **Grooming** Alice Howlett using Chanel Le Lift and Chanel Body Excellence

THE RESTAURANT

The Fat Duck

First he changed the way we think about food, now Heston Blumenthal wants to revolutionise the restaurant

THIS was supposed to be a story about the return of The Fat Duck. Having relocated to Australia for six months while the original in Bray received a £2.7 million makeover, the restaurant formerly known as the best in the world is back: grand re-opening, mind-blowing new dishes, the gastronomic nutty professor reclaiming his throne as the country's top chef. But, typically, when it comes to Heston Blumenthal, it pays to expect the unexpected.

"At this point in time, I don't actually consider myself a chef any more," he says.

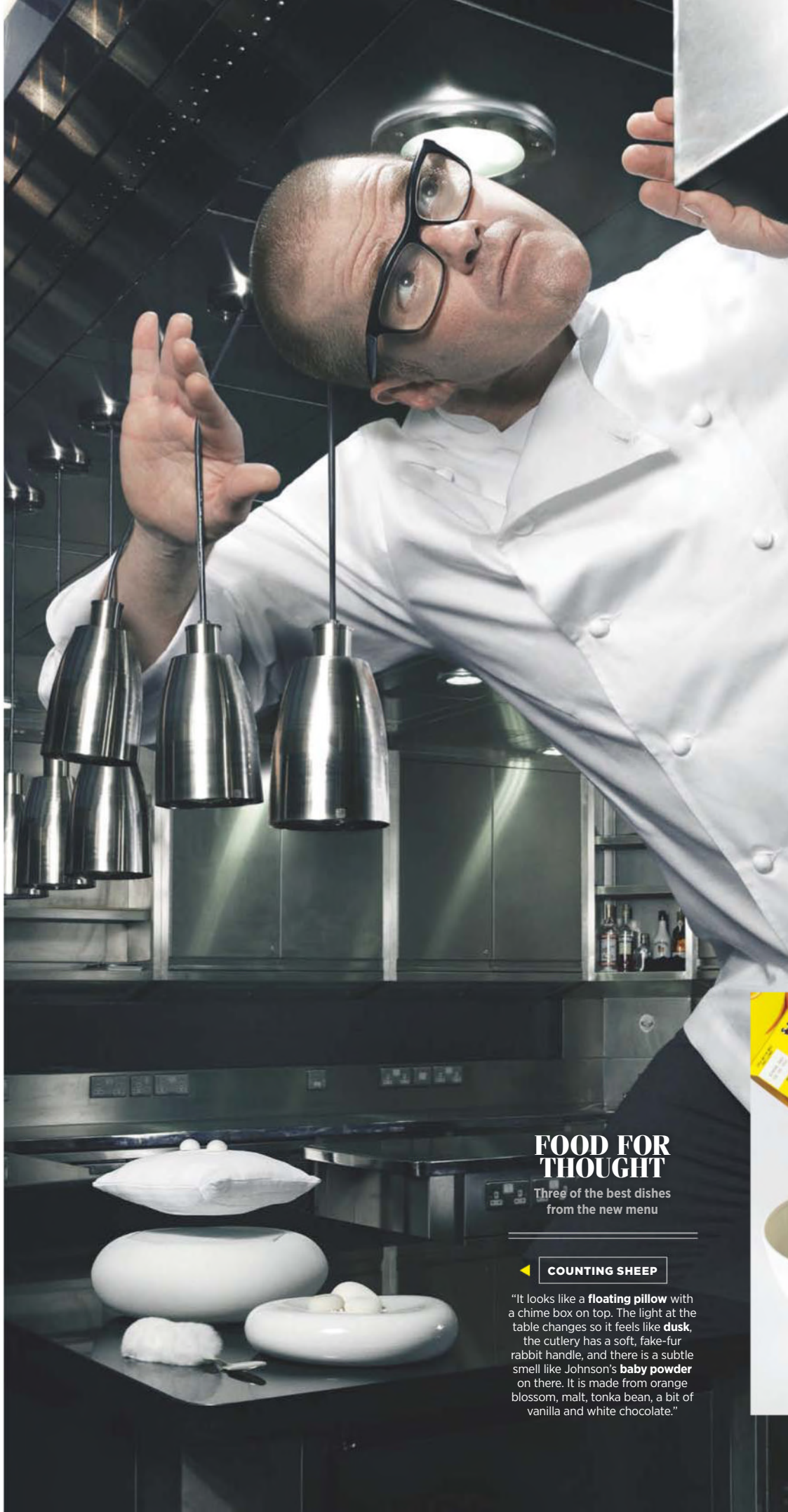
OK... so what are you?

There is a long pause. "I don't know... I mean, I can look at a recipe and understand every component of it. And by virtue of the fact that I have a few of them, I'm a restaurateur. But those things aren't my driving force, or what defines me. So, I'm not really sure what I am any more."

After two hours of wide-ranging and often brilliantly baffling chat over tea and Tim Tam biscuits (an Australian delicacy, since you ask), it is clear that what Blumenthal is, is actually not as relevant as what he is trying to achieve at the revamped Fat Duck. From what we can gather, he is attempting to revolutionise and re-invent the modern dining experience, while simultaneously helping his guests recapture their childhood innocence and, in turn, rediscover their humanity.

So he's probably right. The word "chef" doesn't quite cover it. "We have wanted to change The Fat Duck for more than 15 years, so when the opportunity arose to take it to Melbourne, it was too good to miss, purely from a refurbishing point of view," he explains. "But the biggest thing that came out of the move was the clearing of my mind... to work on all the ideas that have been rushing around my head."

Instead of travelling down under with the team, Blumenthal spent his time in the development kitchen with a small brigade deciphering all his thoughts, theories, concepts and creations in an attempt to understand



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Three of the best dishes from the new menu

COUNTING SHEEP

"It looks like a **floating pillow** with a chime box on top. The light at the table changes so it feels like **dusk**, the cutlery has a soft, fake-fur rabbit handle, and there is a subtle smell like Johnson's **baby powder** on there. It is made from orange blossom, malt, tonka bean, a bit of vanilla and white chocolate."

Lateral thinking: Heston Blumenthal aims to turn traditional dining on its head

Photographs Nick Wilson; Full Stop Photography; Rex **Grooming** Alice Howlett using Chanel Le Lift and Chanel Body Excellence

what he was really trying to achieve with his restaurant. The end result is a menu as a journey: a gastronomic, playful, multisensory and nostalgic trip based on Heston's childhood memories of family holidays.

The story begins the moment you make your £255 booking (payable in advance, no refunds) and finishes when you leave, past the hologram floating in the fireplace by the door. Along the way you will choose cereal for breakfast, go for an ice cream, discover the Mock Turtle picnic, sit down for a silver-service three-course evening meal and end with bedtime and confectionary from the £150,000 sweetshop. But if Blumenthal has his way, it won't end there. And that is where his most ambitious, career-defining concept comes in...

"What finally dawned on me is that the only way to truly evoke the feelings and emotions I want to elicit from my guests is to personalise the dining experience," he says. "The problem, of course, is that as a restaurant that concept is impossible. You can't do a menu from scratch for every person who comes in, can you? Of course you can't... but the theory is right. And it took me the best part of a year and a half to convince people that we could do it somehow. I think they thought I was mad."

The idea works like this: every interaction you have with Fat Duck staff (from confirming the booking by phone to small talk with the waiters) will help establish your tastes, plug into your memories and "nudge" you into recalling emotions from your past. These will then be used to establish your unique guest profile and be added into your dining experience. For instance, the classic Sound Of The Sea dish, during which guests listen to the noise of the beach, could be edited to feature the tune from your favourite ice-cream van, include more seagulls or the sound of pebbles underfoot rather than sand. Every diner who visits – and revisits – The Duck will have a profile that can be added to, building up a unique set of personalised criteria.

"The thing is, there is no blueprint for what we are doing because no one has ever done it before," he admits. "The only way we can do it is live, trial and error. We just have to jump in with both feet and see what happens. But personally I believe this is the biggest change in restaurants... possibly ever. And the thing is, if it works – when it works, it won't be just isolated to restaurants. It could redefine bespoke modern luxury across the board and ultimately make people happier."

Can Britain's most famous non-chef fulfil such an incredibly tall order? There's only one way to find out. **PH**

● **The Fat Duck, High Street, Bray, West Berkshire SL6 2AQ. 01628 580333, thefatduck.co.uk**

DUCK TALES

Three people that helped shape the new Fat Duck



DERREN BROWN

Mind control **artist** who advised on the use of **multisensory** prompts to evoke memories.



NICK MASON

The Pink Floyd **drummer** helped with developing the **Sound Of The Sea** recording.



MARC QUINN

Sculptor and **visual artist** who advised on the designs featured in the **interior** and on the menu.



WHY DO I HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN A VARIETY PACK AND A FULL ENGLISH?

"Guests are offered a choice from a **selection** box of cereals. You choose and inside the box is a packet of cereal, but it also comes with a little toy to assemble. There are things like **Pillow Puffs** and **Quispy Quackers**."



DAMPING THROUGH THE BOROUGHGROVES

"This looks like the **forest floor**, and there is a log you lift up with slugs underneath. It tastes **earthy**, with **truffle**, dehydrated mushrooms and blackcurrants served on a black plate that looks like wood."



THE BOTTLE

Glenmorangie Signet

ASK Glenmorangie's director of distilling, Dr Bill Lumsden, which is his **favourite malt**, and he'll say The Original – a light, floral ten-year-old that expresses the peculiarities of its terroir perfectly. Qualities inherent in its barley (much of it harvested on the Black Isle, just across the Cromarty Firth from Glenmorangie's home on the Cadboll estate), its very own spring water (which rises a few hundred yards away) and its **one-of-a-kind stills**, formerly used to make gin and the tallest in Scotland (accounting for the lightness of its spirit).

But even allowing for The Original's undoubted popularity, Dr Bill would agree his "magnum opus" is Signet, a dark, spicy malt with **aromas of espresso**. It undoes the conventional wisdom that most of the flavour in a whisky comes from its barrel-ageing by combining 30-year-old whisky with heavily roasted **malted barley** to create a unique, chocolatey flavour.

Signet's barrel-ageing is still important – using a combination of old and new American **white oak**. But it's the way in which its unique flavours have been "baked in" rather than applied that sets Signet apart. That, and the striking bottle design showing a detail of the Pictish Cadboll Stone from which it takes its name. **BP**

£145. moethennessy-selection.co.uk



ANGELS TEARS VODKA

www.angelstearsvodka.co.uk



Farm from the madding crowd: Soho Farmhouse's deli; (below) the main barn

THE HOTEL

Soho Farmhouse

Staying at Soho House's luxe Cotswolds outpost? Here's all you need to know

Book early Nick Jones' highly anticipated rural retreat opened in the summer, and has become a must-visit for townies and locals alike. So if you're planning on staying (and making use of the otherwise members-only facilities), make sure you reserve your cabin.
Cabin?! Where have you been? Jones has used upcycled wood and clad them in a variety of finishes (including corrugated iron) to create 40 standalone, individually appointed one- two- and three-bed lodges, each with a big bathroom, a wood-burning stove and all the kit needed to enjoy a few days in the country (including wellies). Plus, everything you covet in your cabin is for sale in the on-site store.
Bring the family. Or friends. Given its village-like atmosphere, and the fact the largest lodges can house a clan with ease (if not, there's a four-bed farm cottage and a seven double-bedroomed farm house), Soho Farmhouse is designed to be shared; dogs are welcome (except in the numerous food outlets) and children over two get their own Teeny Camp & Barn play area. But if you do go for the romance, book No8: a large studio set at the end of a track, nestling amongst mature woodland. It's seriously private, and perfectly suited to a weekend of "do not disturb" action.
Otherwise, get amongst it. Besides its rightly fêted food and drink, Soho House is known for getting the blood racing, so use the indoor/outdoor pool, check out the gym (including its own take on SoulCycle, called House Ride), head off on a horse ride, go to the cinema, or just mooch around the 100-acre site.
Just make sure you don't miss breakfast. Head for the main barn, pick up a takeaway at the deli or, best of all, order the mobile kitchen: your personal chef and server – aboard a converted milk float – will whip up a locally sourced fry-up and deliver it to your table. Now, that's how to do the "great outdoors". **BP**

● **Soho Farmhouse, Great Tew, Chipping Norton OX7 4JS. In December, cabins start at £330 for nonmembers, £25 for members. sohofarmhouse.com**

THE ROUNDUP

Roasts with the most: Three upscale Sunday lunches





Bob Bob Ricard
1 Upper James Street, London W1
bobbobricard.com

The setup: Soho's French/Russian hangout now serves (in their words) "London's most glamorous" roast.
Eat this: There's just one: a 16oz rump cap of pink Arkansas beef (*£29.50*), with truffle gravy. The tender Black Angus is the show-off superstar and the tiny slivers of honey-glazed root vegetables mere bit-parts.
Drink that: Can you resist that famous "press for champagne" button (*from £13.50*)?





The Anchor & Hope
36 The Cut, London SE1
anchorandhopepub.co.uk

The setup: Here's a tip to easily get a table at one of the capital's old-wave no-reservations venues: The Anchor & Hope takes bookings for its excellent Sunday lunch.
Eat this: The menu changes regularly, but look for the seven-hour Swaledale lamb shoulder and gratin dauphinois (*£51 for, peculiarly, three people*).
Drink that: Pair it with a bottle of the Cahors Malbec (*£35*), served in stubby tumblers, naturally.





Roast
Borough Market, London SE1
roast-restaurant.com

The setup: New head chef Stuart Cauldwell is making his mark on the Sunday menu at this smart Borough Market mainstay.
Eat this: Roast sirloin of Galloway beef with beef-dripping roasties (the best in the business), veg from Borough Market and a Yorkshire pudding the size of a child (*£37.50 as part of the three-course menu*).
Drink that: One of Roast's eight Bloody Marys (*£12*). **Jennifer Bradly**

Photographs Sim Canetty

• SMALL BITES •

Where GQ has been eating this month...



SEXY FISH

Jaw-droppingly glamorous Asian destination restaurant delivers works of art on the wall and on the plates.

STANDOUT DISHES

Sashimi to start, Ora King salmon for main, and chocolate tofu for dessert

Berkeley Square House, London W1. 020 3764 2000. sexyfish.com



BLANCHETTE

A French bistro with a strong whiff of Brooklynite cool – Gallic cooking in the capital just got seriously hip.

STANDOUT DISH

Grilled chicken with puy lentils, *jambon sec* and sautéed wild mushrooms

9 D'Arblay Street, London W1. 020 7439 8100. blanchettesoho.co.uk



MA' PLUCKER

The Deep South arrives in the West End with Ma' Plucker's finger lickin' fried, pulled and roast chicken.

STANDOUT DISH

Buttermilk-dipped breast with chicken-skin gravy in a house bun, plus collard greens on the side

75 Beak Street, London W1. 020 7096 2046. maplucker.com

THE RECIPE

Scallops with dried garlic by Bao

If you know *GQ* well enough, you'll know we don't like to queue for food. The no-reservation thing may be fashionably egalitarian, but this isn't Communist Russia in 1981. For Bao, however, we'll make an exception. Why? Because this tiny Taiwanese street-food joint serves small plates and steamed buns (pork, lamb, fried chicken and daikon) that are so deliciously addictive, it might be better to describe the staff as dealers rather than waiters. The menu is sensibly short, the prices refreshingly small and the beer ice cold... this is fast food at its very best. We don't say this very often, but you really should join the queue...

FOR THE SCALLOPS
Ingredients (serves 4)
- 4 scallops on the half shell
- Half a bulb of garlic
- 4 tbsp rapeseed oil
- 1/8 tsp salt
- 1/8 tsp sugar
- Coriander to garnish

FOR THE DRESSING
Ingredients
- 4 tsp of red chilli oil
- 2 tsp light soya sauce
- 1 tsp black vinegar
- ¼ tsp sugar
- 6 tsp water

Method
- For the dressing, mix all the ingredients together in a bowl.
- To make the dried garlic, finely chop it. Heat up a saucepan with just enough oil to cover the garlic. Fry it in the oil on a very low heat for 10 minutes until soft. Season with salt and sugar.
- Remove the scallops from their shells. Pan fry on a high heat for 1 minute and 30 seconds on each side.
- Place back onto the shell. Dress liberally with the dressing, add the dried garlic on top and garnish with coriander.

Bao, 53 Lexington Street, London W1. baolondon.com





THE CLUB

Tape London

With A$AP Rocky, Haim and Rudimental all performing within four weeks of its launch, this place clearly means business. But what it has to offer goes well beyond the bookings...

What was the site before? You may have visited when it was Jalouse. The new incarnation accommodates 300 people with a VIP area (£2,000 minimum spend per table) but, really, it's all about Little Tape.

Which is? The separate 150-capacity members' room (£450 p/a, plus a £350 joining fee), adorned in music memorabilia such as Sir Paul McCartney's contract for "Live And Let Die" and with its own recording studio.

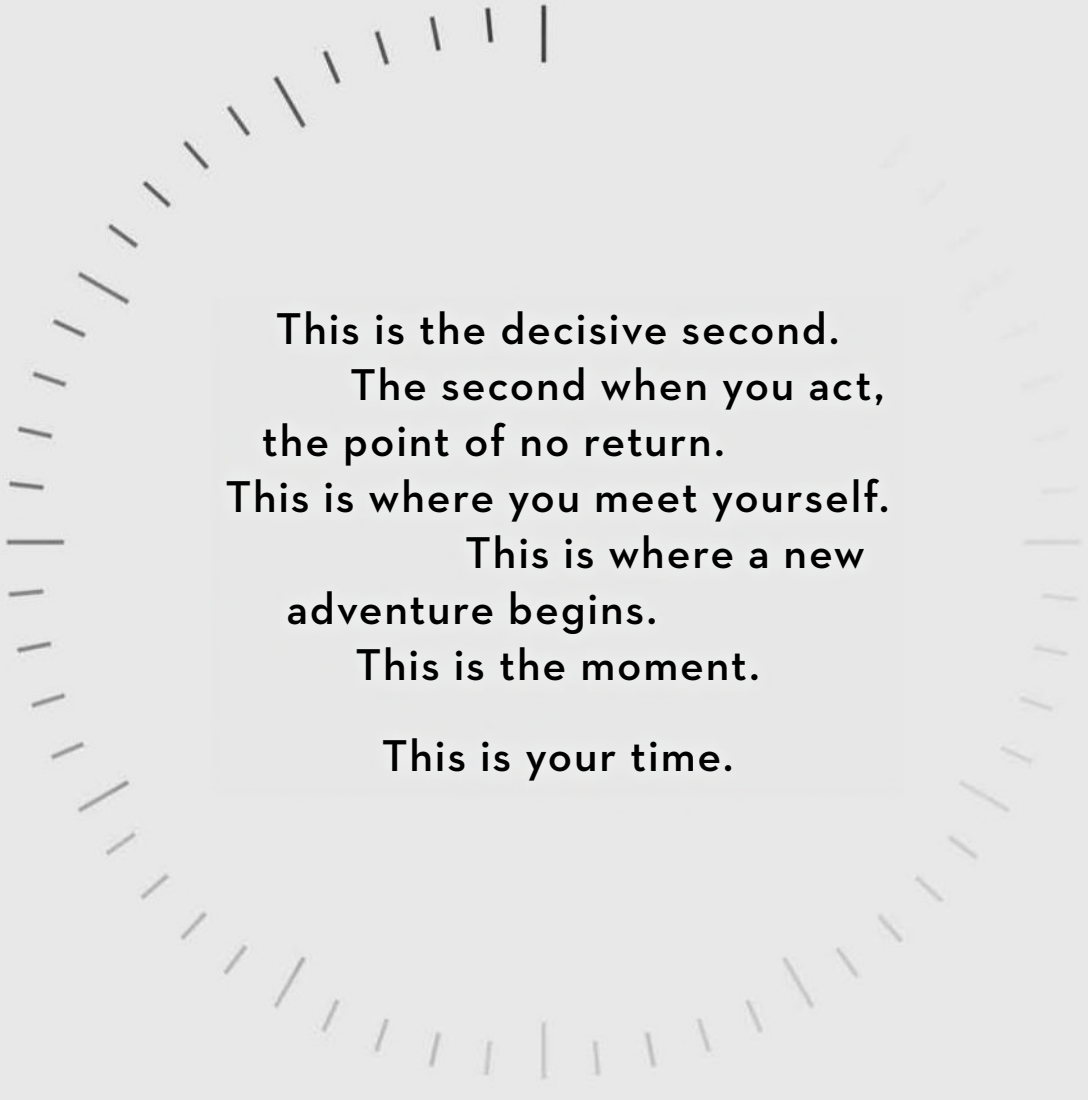
A proper recording studio? Yup, a fully equipped, industrially soundproofed suite designed by Munro Acoustics, whose client list includes Abbey Road. Members can peer in through a barside window.

Speaking of the bar, what's my order? A Bitter Tape: Woodford Reserve, lemongrass and sugar.

Back to the main club – what are the different nights? Wednesday features live acts, Thursday is hip hop and Friday is deep house and techno. Expect regular appearances from Cressida Bonas' half-brother Jacobi Anstruther-Gough-Calthorpe (co-owner, alongside music manager Zues Sherlock and producer Dallas Austin). **Charlie Burton**

- **Tape London, 17 Hanover Square, W1. No entry fee but guest list advised. tapelondon.com**

Photographs Nicholas Kay



This is the decisive second.
The second when you act,
the point of no return.
This is where you meet yourself.
This is where a new
adventure begins.
This is the moment.

This is your time.

THE BOOKS

TWO seasonal snifters from new cocktail books. Ryan (White Lyan) Chetiyawardana's **NY Nap** is a colourful cockle warmer. The ECC's **Minus et Cortex** is a twist on that classic Christmas cocktail the Tom & Jerry.

Good Things To Drink



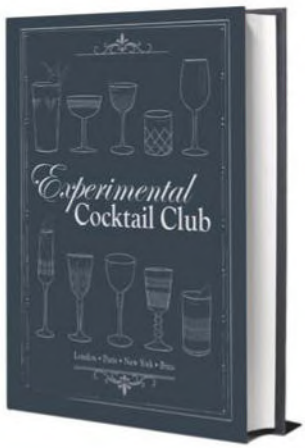
NY Nap
by Ryan Chetiyawardana

Ingredients
- 30ml Cognac
- 2 tsp golden rum
- 1 clove
- 50ml pineapple juice
- 1 tbsp sugar syrup
- 2 tsp lemon juice
- 2 tsp red wine
- 2 dashes Angostura Bitters

Method
- Shake all but the last two ingredients with ice, and double strain into a flute. Mix the wine and bitters in a small jug and pour slowly over the back of a teaspoon to float on top of the drink.

- **Good Things To Drink (Frances Lincoln, £20) is out now.**

Experimental Cocktail Club



Minus et Cortex
by The ECC

Ingredients
- 30ml spiced rum
- 10ml dark rum
- 1 egg, beaten
- 1 dash of Angostura Bitters
- 10ml sugar syrup (1 part sugar dissolved in 1 part warm water, allow to cool)
- 30ml chocolate milk

Method
- Place all of the ingredients in to a cocktail shaker (without ice) and shake vigorously until well combined.
- Add some large cubes of ice in to the mix and shake again.
- Strain into a coupette and garnish with grated nutmeg.

- **Experimental Cocktail Club (Octopus, £20) is out now.**





Raising the bar: Mr Fogg's Tavern in Mayfair is Inception Group's eighth project

THE BAR

Mr Fogg's Tavern

Beat a path to this cosy West End watering hole inspired by Jules Verne's globetrotting gent

"FANNY McGee? There's a fanny in me!" bellowed a buxom wench as *GQ* entered Mr Fogg's Tavern – the sister venue to Mayfair bar Mr Fogg's, and the eighth project from Charlie Gilkes and Duncan Stirling's Inception Group, whose venues are well loved for their conceptual themes. Serenaded by violins and armed with a garishly green but tasty glass of Phileas Fogg's Elocution Solution (Tanqueray No. Ten shaken with Chartreuse, basil syrup, lemon and egg white), we began to take in this dimly lit Victorian tavern, ornate with an aviary full of stuffed plants and birds, and former home to the fictional Phileas Fogg's beloved aunt. You can well imagine yourself as a weary traveller tucking into a hearty pie (beef, bacon and cheddar, £9.50) at the bar on a cold winter's night.

The upstairs is more refined, with a beautifully decorated gin parlour and salon that can be reserved for larger groups. Antlers, hats and oil paintings line the walls, a tarot reader lurks in a corner and curtains block out all light other than that from the quirky lanterns and glass chandeliers. The next drink, Gerty's Ginger Elixir (Tanqueray No. Ten shaken with apple juice, spice syrup and lemon juice, then topped with ginger beer and freshly grated nutmeg) was the tipple of choice, as Mr Fogg's Special Reserve (Hennessy VS cognac married with spiced claret syrup and bitters) proved too much for a weeknight. Mr Fogg's Tavern is a visual delight, and hugely entertaining, too; but only if you're willing to play along. **Eleanor Halls**

- **Mr Fogg's Tavern, 58 St Martin's Lane, London WC2. 020 7581 3992, mr-foggs.com/tavern**

Photograph Nicholas Kay

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EDITED BY **AARON CALLOW**
PHOTOGRAPH BY **MATTHEW BEEDLE**



1 Clock by **Vitra**, £322. At The Home. thehomeonline.co.uk **2** Prints by **Mapiful**, £40 each. mapiful.com. Frames, £20 each. At Amazon. amazon.co.uk **3** Coat stand by **Ligne Roset**, £388. ligne-roset-westend.co.uk **4** Lamp by **Ebb & Flow**, £276. At Amara. amara.com **5** Console table by **Noble & Wood**, £755. nobleandwood.com **6** Vide poche, £240. Memo pad, £320. Both by **Asprey**. asprey.com **7** Telephone by **iDect**, £80. At Amazon. amazon.co.uk **8** Terrarium by **The Urban Botanist**, from £50. theurbanbotanist.co.uk **9** Magazine rack by **Noble & Wood**, £995. nobleandwood.com **10** Flooring by **Ikea**, £10 a sq m. ikea.com **11** Vintage chair, £150. At Push/Pull. pushpullvintage.com **12** Umbrella stand by **Tom Dixon**, £750. At Harrods. harrods.com

Senior Fashion Assistant Holly Roberts **Grooming** Alice Howlett using YSL Beauty and Bumble And Bumble **Model** Elliot Conway at Models 1. Coat by **Jaeger**, £399. jaeger.co.uk. Jacket, £425. Trousers, £225. Both by **J Crew**. jcrew.com. Rollneck by **Reiss**, £85. reiss.com. Boots by **Coach**, £325. uk.coach.com. Socks by **London Sock Company**, £12. londonsockcompany.com. Hats by **Christys'**, £125 each. christys-hats.com. Umbrellas by **London Undercover**, £95. londonundercover.co.uk

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STORY BY **MICHAEL WOLFF**

Jeremy Corbyn is a genius.

No, really. Here's a man who, by fully embracing 'outsiderdom', has finally laid to rest the death wish of the Left. His tribal audience is louder and prouder than any other in politics – and yet, he's totally unelectable. But that was the plan all along, right?

ILLUSTRATION BY **PHILL FIELDS**

It may be that the most forward political act, the highest political ambition and the most astute management of a political career is not getting elected. This means that all the Conservative delight, and schadenfreude and genuine stupefaction about Labour's elevation of Jeremy Corbyn would have been misplaced. Being prime minister is beside the Corbyn point.

In the United States, with Corbyn-like fever, 74-year-old Bernie Sanders, an independent senator from Vermont who describes himself as a socialist, has become the standard-bearer of the ever-growing left wing of the Democratic party – that is, the unelectable standard-bearer.

This can seem like a further chapter in the long, stubborn death-wish story of the Left – a Left that has died so many times before. But that may be a flawed or at least very literal understanding of how modern politics works. Certainly in the US, the most significant political faction for the past generation, recasting policies and debate and national character, has been the unelectable far Right.

Two distinct and parallel political stratagems, career trajectories and world-views seem to have emerged – and they are not, foremost, Right and Left.

Rather, put it like this:

The centre, holding tight, seeks to maintain institutions that have long been successful and to shape incremental policy moves that, while wholly pleasing to few, are likely to cause the least amount of harm or disturbance.

The margin, which is fundamentally rejectionist, attacks institutional behaviour and grows by expressing a clear set of goals wholly pleasing to a few that will have far-reaching disruptive consequences if ever implemented.

Or you might express it in a more contemporary, organisational view:

The centre, trying to maintain its equity, remains fully committed to managing an installed base of ageing systems, no matter their inefficiencies, and long-time customer relationships, no matter the obvious dissatisfaction.

The margin, as an effective start-up, seeks to disrupt the market, encourage new behaviours, and create a distinctive and exemplary brand that belies its relative size and penetration.

It's easy to see this merely as majority and opposition, or standard two-party politics acting out. But the crucial difference is that the margin derives its standing, influence and ability to strategically manoeuvre not from the ultimate possibility of its election but precisely by standing for things that will never get it elected. In some sense, the more unelectable the margin becomes, the more distinctive and powerful and "branded" it is. Indeed, the less fettered you are by wanting to actually get elected, the more freedom you have to fully express yourself and to >



MICHAEL WOLFF



Real talk: Jeremy Corbyn's awareness of his own unelectability means his Labour brand can have a more expressive voice

motivate the passions of your base – further assuring the impossibility of your election.

Or, to put it another way, elective office, once the symmetrical goal of all political interests, has become asymmetrical.

In the 20th century, a more-or-less strong central government became the most powerful and efficient lever for moving political and ideological interests, be they reform, economic growth, protectionism or other social reorganisation. Government had an effective monopoly on societal change.

Against much evidence, the centre still believes this, or at least assumes that substantial advantages yet lie with this system – and, really, all systems. (In a choice, say, between taking over a major, albeit low-growth, corporation or plunging into a start-up, the centre chooses the corporate job.)

The multi-platform view of the world, on the other hand, would reasonably see government as having lost significant powers and leverage. At the very least, governmental powers compete, often not too effectively, with media, technology, finance, the wealth of the super rich and the organisational talents of myriad special interests. Indeed, in the view of the Left (and, as well, the Right), government has become a pawn to those interests.

If that is true – that there are other stronger forces and that the government is by definition compromised anyway – why, then, aspire to be in the government?

To reform it is the centrist view, one that seems increasingly stalled by competing interests – or at least seems stalled next to the fast pace of nongovernmental social change. (It's hard to find a legislative accomplishment that's as quickly transformed the social dynamic as a smartphone.)

To disrupt it, or challenge it, or bedevil it, or triangulate it, or embarrass it, or shame it, or upstage it, is the outsider's view. Or, put another way, government is highly "disruptable". It's rather a sitting duck to disruption.

The Sixties, Seventies, even the Reagan and Thatcher Eighties, and then the Clinton Nineties saw in the US, for instance, an ever-greater expansion of polymorphous liberal culture. The demographic and political direction seemed sure – to the young and the urban. Except that, by some cultural inversion or zeitgeist warp or cultural jiu jitsu, suddenly, against the popular and demographic tide, an expressive and implacable reactionary voice emerged. By most reasonable measures, it was radically Quixotic in nature. It was categorically opposed to abortion in a nation that, by its evident behaviour, embraced that right. It was fervent in its orthodox religious values in a nation that was ever-more secular. It was militantly anti-gay in a nation of free-form sexuality. It was anti-big government in an age of bigness. It was older in a more youthful time. It was more rural in an ever-more urbanised world.





Cutting edge: A Jeremy Corbyn supporter at the Labour party annual conference, 29 September 2015; (top) Corbyn with David Cameron, 21 October 2015

The less fettered you are by wanting to actually get elected, the more freedom you have to fully express yourself

And, yet, it became a media phenomenon. It was first heard on talk radio and then found its niche, in a brilliant triangulation of the television market, on Fox News.

The point, particularly confounding in liberal political circles, was that opposition became a media expression rather than a political expression – and that media power was not reflective of political power but quite competitive with it.

Media and political power were achieved in fundamentally different ways. Politics was about softening, or thinning out, or watering down, or at least subtly crafting a set of policies that might find a working majority. Media-modern, fractured, noise-to-signal media – was about amping up, hardening, hyping and dramatising views that might attract a passionate, self-identifying, tribal audience. Indeed, the fracturing of media made it harder to build a national consensus, but easier to address and inspire a well-defined niche.

In the US, with more than 300 million people and more than 100 million television households, Fox News was able to become the most attention-getting – and arguably disruptive – political voice in the nation with an average nightly audience of little more than one million.

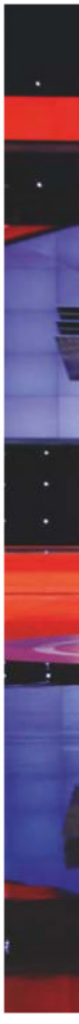
In a sense, the surprising thing is that it took the Left so long to catch on.

The Left has long been hobbled by its success. The march of cultural liberalism and the rising incomes of an urban left-leaning elite merged with the canny PR readjustments of New Labour in the UK and of Clinton-Obama politics in the US. In the UK, this consensus and self-satisfaction would further merge or be co-opted by the Tory centre-right. In the US, the Left would be trapped by a surprisingly ambivalent Obama and seemingly fated to another corporate-centrist Clinton era.

Meanwhile, the internet. While talk radio became the ideal medium of the Right, social media turns out to nurture the Left. The politesse and currency of social media was an official egalitarian, mutual approval, all-inclusive, saccharine communal bath that, if disturbed, brought down sweeping condemnation and public shaming. The Left, as the Right before it, found its voice in implacability, lockstep opinions and, if challenged, quite a feverish aggressiveness.

This is not so much a political view, but a behavioural matrix and, it turns out, a powerful branding position.

The Left, emerging from a generation of unhappy coexistence with an aspirational centre, had suddenly found its self-motivating, moral reason for being. Having lost its soul or at least its brand by making friends, the Left woke up to the power of making enemies.



Photographs Eyevine; Photoshot; Rex

The rich. The racists – that is, any deviation from inclusiveness. The misogynists – not all men, but all men were on notice. The financial system. Mainstream economic thinking. And, in the UK, Tony Blair and, in the US, the Clintons.

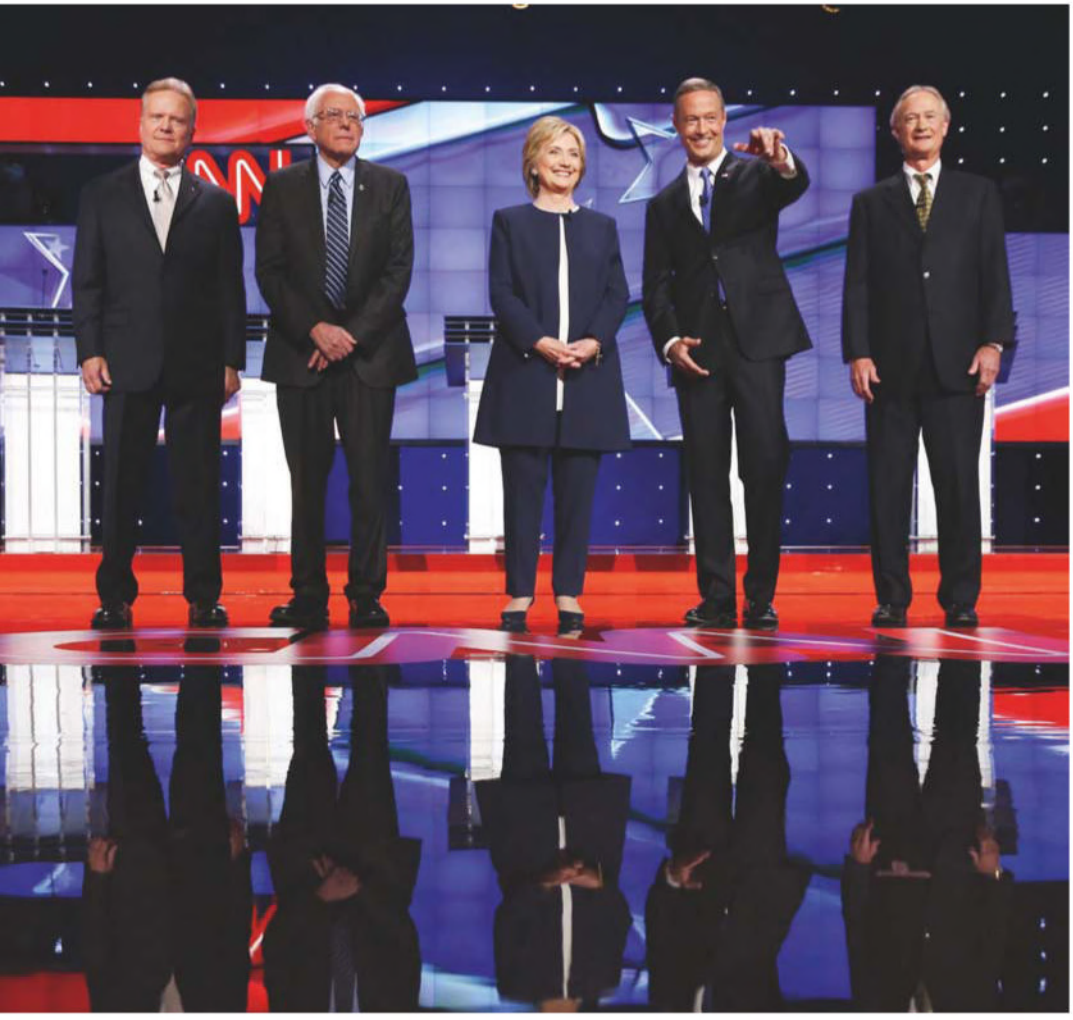
The Left are militant goodies, the non-Left corrupt baddies. Insiders are shits, outsiders, pretty pure and worthy.

That's quite a set of alienating positions and attitudes that both the centre-left and centre-right find, to say the least, inexplicably self-defeating. And yet, obviously, the Left – like the Right before it – in its angry self-expression, continues to emerge, even blossom, to an extent that would have been unimaginable even half a decade ago.

A recent *New York Times*/CBS poll spelled out the acute division of both the Republican and Democratic parties, each housing an increasingly implacable minority (ie, we are restructuring political life around de facto permanent minority parties).

The rub, and the incomprehension, is again about numbers. Even if the Left is growing, Corbyn will never be elected. Labour will be out of power for a generation. Sanders, in the US, will be overwhelmed by Clinton organisation and money. All of course true, but missing the point. The heretofore depleted and demoralised Left suddenly exists as a righteous moral minority, with litmus-test views the more extreme, or even whacko, the more appealing. No discussion or jokes allowed. Pan-human egalitarianism is wholly owned by the Left – that is, goodness itself. (Try explaining that there might be nuances to egalitarianism!)

Corbyn does not just stand for different things to Cameron. He stands for not being the kind of phoney-baloney guy who gets elected



Making a stand: Democratic presidential hopefuls Jim Webb, Bernie Sanders, Hillary Clinton, Martin O'Malley and Lincoln Chafee, 13 October 2015

Identity politics is different from politics. But in the scheme of social change it may be no less effective – actually it can seem a lot more effective.

Successful politics is about the lessening of conflict, the embrace of consensus. Identity politics is about Promethean drama, about drawing the line in the sand, about circling the wagons, about martyrdom and a long, epochal, Palestinian-like struggle that cuts off any return to the centre (or even co-existence), and that builds its own revenue streams and permanent bureaucratic infrastructure. Representing a point of view becomes the well-paid job – not getting elected.

Actually getting elected is the antithesis of identity politics. Because your identity, your reason for being, your credibility, is that you will never turn into that person who gets elected. Jeremy Corbyn does not just stand for different things from David Cameron. He stands for not being a person like David Cameron who has fashioned himself into exactly the kind of phoney-baloney guy who gets elected.

So where does not getting elected leave you, exactly? Certainly in the past there have not been a lot of places for marginal political players with no hope of achieving office to go.

But that, of course, supposes that political sound and fury is a means to a position, rather than an end in itself.

For the Right in the US, permanent outsiderdom has yielded a lucrative media industry, of books, radio, TV and speaking programmes which itself sustains the Right's view and, indeed, encourages it to be ever-more unbending. Corbyn might not yet fully appreciate that he's building a growth industry and high-value franchise, but success (or the success of failure) will tutor him.

In this, the centre reasonably notes that at this level of self-aggrandisement – plus grievance, resentment, victimhood and permanent outsiderness – there is hardly any difference between Right and Left. But try making that argument and see how far you get.

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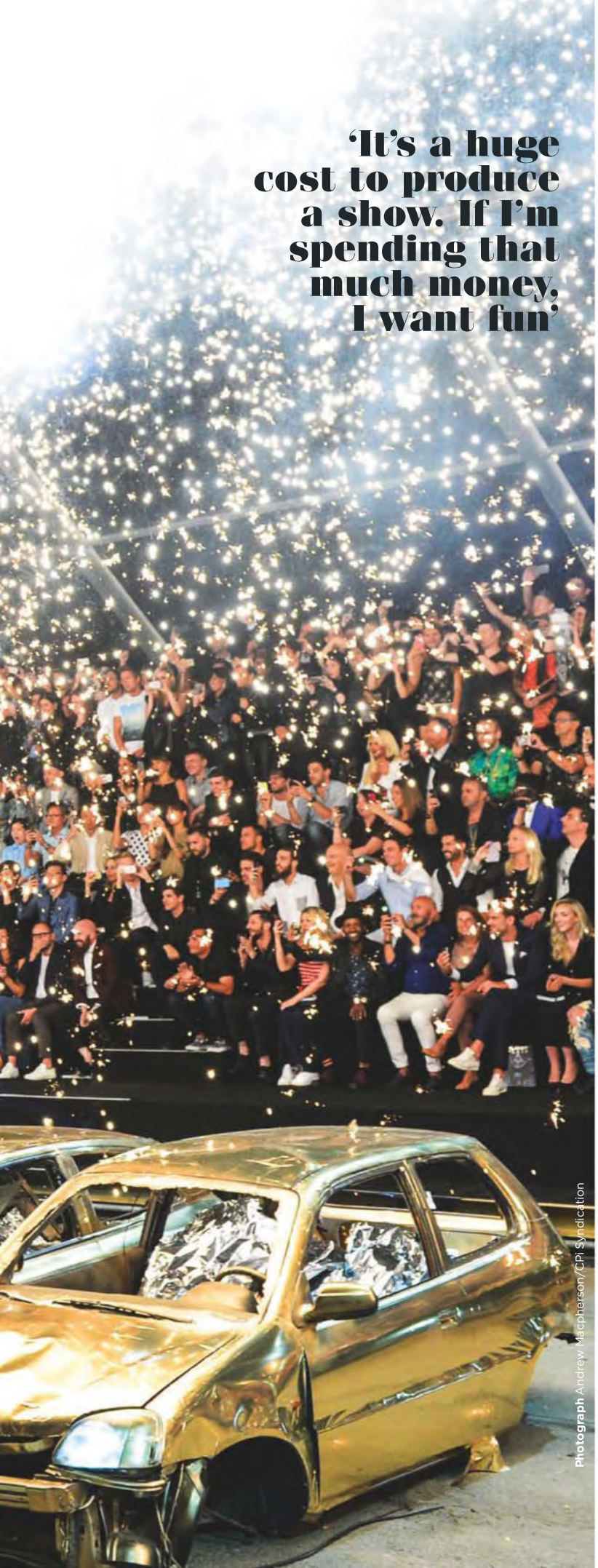
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Crush hour: The **Philipp Plein** show, Milan, June 2015; **(right, above) Philipp Plein, 2014**

Right: Cap by **Philipp Plein**, £105. At Harrods. harrods.com



‘It’s a huge cost to produce a show. If I’m spending that much money, I want fun’

Photograph Andrew Macpherson/CPI Syndication



From the start, designer Philipp Plein has been a rebel and a rabble-rouser. Here, GQ meets the fashion firebrand whose take on menswear has ignited the industry, not least for his legendary shows, which feature rappers, pyrotechnics and anything that’s very, very noisy…

LOUDER THAN BOMBS



STORY BY **ROBERT JOHNSTON**



All the world's a cage: Snoop Dogg at Philipp Plein's Milan event, January 2015; (centre) Plein shows for AW2015 and SS2016







'The Philipp Plein man is me, so I design for myself'



Nautical by nature: For the SS15 Milan show in June 2014, Theophilus London performed on the back of a Jet Ski

Exploding monster trucks, tuxedoed dudes riding on Jet Skis with rapper Theophilus London performing on the back, Snoop Dogg rapping "Drop It Like It's Hot" while Paris Hilton sings along in the audience... Welcome to the high-octane world of Philipp Plein. What's not to love?

Until around two years ago, if you mentioned the name of this German designer, you would most likely have been greeted with blank looks, but in what feels like the blink of an eye, his name has rocketed into the fashion pack's consciousness like one of his models wearing a jet pack. Meanwhile, his shows have become one of the hottest tickets during Milan's men's fashion week. And with all the previously mentioned attractions to be surpassed (no doubt), we can't wait for the next one.

Plein, now 37, was born in Munich, where his father was a doctor. It was a conventional upbringing and he attended the elite Schloss Salem school, alma mater of Prince Philip. He started to study law but, finding it unfulfilling, he decided to become a furniture designer. "I wanted to do something that made me happy and maybe even eventually rich."

His big thing was stainless steel; his designs were very graphic and he quickly built a successful business. Alongside luxury dog beds and the like, his biggest seller was a crocodile-skin-covered steel table and it was this piece that – unwittingly – took Plein down a path that led to fashion. "I was producing so many that I had to buy a lot of leather," he explains, "and there was so much left over that I was selling it back to Italy by the kilo." So he decided to have some of the leftover leather made into bags to dress his stands at the seven or so trade fairs he would attend each year. Pretty soon, people were asking if they could buy the bags.

By 2007, Plein was also making cushions; his bestseller was decorated with a crystal skull. And to dress the stainless-steel clothes rails on his stands, he bought a load of old military jackets and decorated them with a crystal skull too. Soon, it was the jacket that people were asking for, rather than the rail.





From top: Jacket, £1,434. Jacket, £5,038. Trainers, £828. Bracelet, £179. Blazer, £1,075. T-shirt, £198. Bag, £695. Shorts, £532. All by **Philipp Plein**. At Harrods. harrods.com

"So after a few days, I said, 'OK, let's sell this stupid jacket.' I made up a stupidly high price and assumed that no one would buy it. But people started to buy it and they bought a lot. It was a unisex piece and everybody was asking for it. I sold so many of them that I made at least a million [dollars] in a few months." The Philipp Plein fashion monster truck had got itself into gear.

One of his first shows was actually a presentation in a brothel but soon he had opened his first store in Monaco. And the rest, as they say, is history – he now has more than 40 stores worldwide, from Baku to Beverly Hills. He is one of the most successful brands in Harrods and next year he is opening a store on Bond Street. His early advertising campaigns were all about Hollywood bad girls and featured Mischa Barton and Lindsay Lohan. The DJs at his afterparties have included the likes of ex-French president's son Pierre Sarkozy (DJ name: Mosey) and Peaches Geldof. Along with Snoop Dogg, Grace Jones, Rita Ora and Iggy Azalea have also performed at his events. The women's show in February 2015 featured a spectacular, full-size roller coaster that the models climbed aboard after strutting down the catwalk. But then, extravagance has become his calling card.

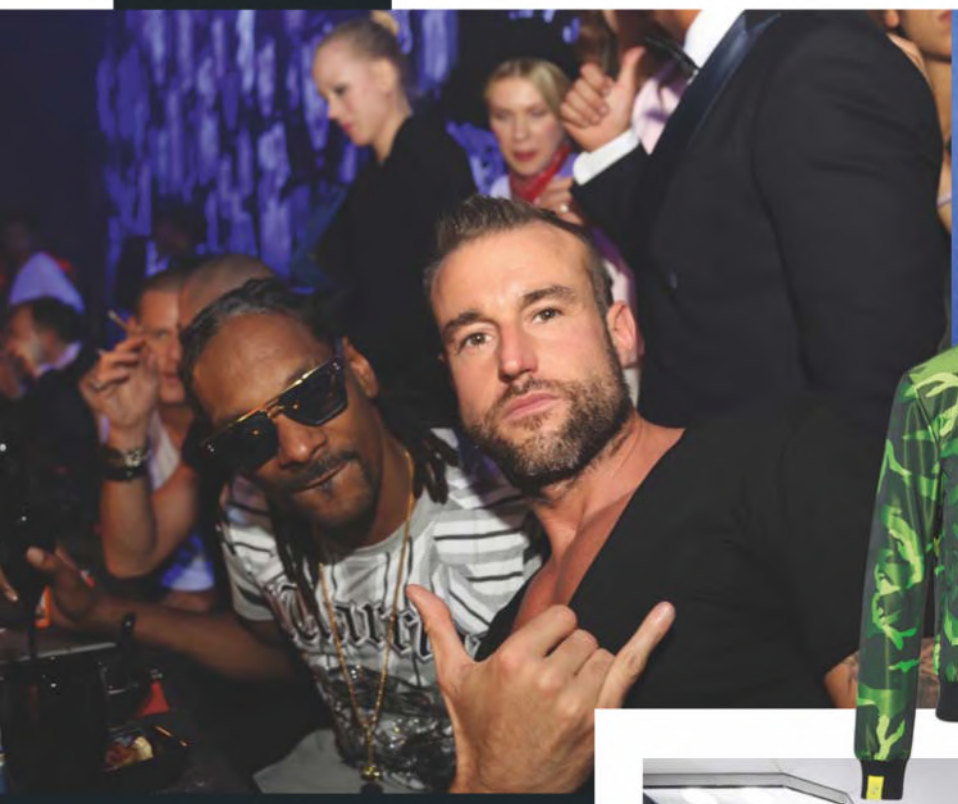
'We have all the soccer players in the world. They're young, good-looking and have money'

"When I started, it was the hype of bling and people seemed to like the concept. My clothes were extremely expensive but I didn't want to sell cheap. It was part of my strategy. I thought that if I made a T-shirt that cost €500, then automatically only the best shops would buy it. And the product had to stand out. The label would never have worked if I had started off doing, say, simple cashmere sweaters. Nobody would have bought them. They would just go and buy the same thing at Loro Piana."

Perhaps the most attractive thing about Plein is that he so obviously enjoys his success. Today, his headquarters are in Lugano – the Swiss answer to Monaco overlooking the lake of the same name in the Alps. Just 15 minutes from the Italian border, it is a favourite bolt hole for the more tax-conscious among the Milanese fashion pack.

The building itself could be described as a backstreet Bond baddie HQ. The marble-lined reception boasts enormous black glass >

Photographs Getty Images











That's a rap (far left): Snoop Dogg and Philipp Plein at the Milan show afterparty, January 2015; (above left) with Theophilus London, June 2014; (below) Philipp Plein boutique, Harrods

From top: Trainers, £358. Bracelet, £179. Jacket, £875. All by **Philipp Plein**. At Harrods. harrods.com



'I made up a high price and assumed that no one would buy it. But they bought a lot'

chandeliers adorned with skulls. Plein's glass eyrie is part office, part bachelor pad and boasts stunning views of the surrounding Alps. It's the most hackneyed expression in the book, but Plein is plainly living the dream. "The Philipp Plein man is me – I am the customer so I design for myself, more or less. We also have a lot of soccer players. I can really say I think we have all the soccer players in the world right now, from Lionel Messi to Cristiano Ronaldo. They're young, they're good looking and they have money. If I didn't sell, I wouldn't be here. The only reason we exist is because people buy our clothes."

Today, he has homes in Cannes, Bel Air, New York and Switzerland. He crackles with energy – though many people would argue that this has a lot to do with his prestigious intake of Red Bull. Plein doesn't drink himself but serves guests what he calls "champlein" – champagne and Red Bull. Interviewing him is easy – you merely ask him the first question and off he goes and does all the work for you. He is larger than life in every way and knows that his success is based on standing out from the rest of the fashion crowd.

"I found myself in this industry by mistake," he laughs, "and found myself in an industry where everything already seemed to exist. Everything. And I understood that if I wanted to be successful I had to do something different otherwise no one would recognise me. I'm not Coca-Cola; I'm not for everybody. I'm for one per cent of the people. I'm Coca-Cola with whisky. That's the difference. Anybody can sell a Ferrari because it is such a well-known brand. Not everybody can create and build a brand from scratch."

Not everyone is a fan, of course. The Camera Nazionale Della Moda Italiana – the organisation that controls the Milan fashion weeks – obviously finds him a little hard to handle. "In the beginning they wouldn't let me go on the schedule. They didn't give me a slot. They told me they didn't like me and they didn't want me." When he was finally admitted, he was given the last slot of the day. "When I saw this huge cost to produce a show that would be over in ten minutes, I thought, 'That's crazy!' If I am spending that much money, I want to have fun. All you need is a crate of vodka and everybody has fun afterwards." And now his shows are among the most eagerly anticipated events on the fashion calendar.

For Plein, the only sin is to become boring. "As you get old, you lose clients – this is why brands try to stay young. I compare them to the ladies who lunch and arrive at the restaurant completely redone with new boobs, new lips and lifted faces. They look artificial. But right now, we are the 20-year-old girl walking in the room that everybody wants to f***."

Photographs Courtesy of Philipp Plein; Getty Images

ELECTRIC QATAR

Perched on the Arabian Peninsula, **Qatar** is the new kid on the block for those venturing to the Middle East. The city boasts far more than just a pretty face, with a plethora of luxurious pursuits on hand



A state of art: Qatar's capital, Doha, is becoming one of the Middle East's highlights



Souk it in: Doha's financial district, as viewed from the port

You would be forgiven for assuming that Dubai is the byword for the pinnacle of Middle Eastern luxury. With thousands flocking to the hyper-modern city every year, the headline act of the UAE remains in a state of metamorphosis while it works towards the construction deadline for the World Expo in 2020.

But across the Arabian Gulf is the UAE's neighbour, Qatar, forming part of the largest peninsula in the world, with the Gulf of Bahrain to the west. Qatar is often just seen as a business destination (and the home of the 2022 FIFA World Cup), but there's more to the Gulf's cultural capital than meets the eye. For those seeking the next up-and-coming vacation destination, Qatar sits in waiting with its royal flush of holiday must-haves. Year-round sunshine? Check. Extensive beaches across the peninsula? Check. Culture, art and high-end hotels? Check, check, check.

Once you have landed in the irrefutably luxurious Hamad International Airport, make sure to take in the view of the Qatari capital, Doha. Sky-scraping financial complexes surround the renovated inner-city souks, and the best view of Doha's impressive (and Dubai-rivalling) silhouette is from a dhow boat in the port. The sharp contrast between the ultra-modern feel of the city and the traditional dhow can also be seen in Doha's hotels *(see sidebar, right)* and even in the desert – the perfect blend of old-world hospitality and cosmopolitan sophistication.

The sun shines on Qatar all year round, but to make the most of this jewel in the Middle East, it's best to travel between November and March, when the summer humidity has left (or hasn't arrived yet) and the relentless desert sun is yet to peak. Temperatures range from a comfortable 26C to the radiant mid-thirties. Of course, sartorial discretion is advised for both cultural and meteorological reasons in Qatar. Swimwear is acceptable at a hotel's private beach, but shoulders, upper arms and knees should be covered up when venturing further afield.







STAY

LIVING IT UP

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Sharq Village & Spa
WHY: It boasts a private coastline, traditional Middle Eastern architecture and unrivalled spa facilities. *ritzcarlton.com*

W Doha
WHY: A favourite spot in Doha for many travellers, W combines a futuristic approach with top-class restaurants in the heart of the city. *wdoha.com*

Marsa Malaz Kempinski The Pearl
WHY: Perched on its own island, The Pearl blends European architecture with Arabian hospitality. *kempinski.com*









Name that dune (clockwise, from main): Dune bashing in the outer-city desert; Katara Cultural Village; falconry – one of Qatar's most popular sports; the Marsa Malaz Kempinski The Pearl hotel



While Doha's skyline is stunning, to gain a more grounded view of Qatar head to the outer-city sand dunes. The Inland Sea (Khor Al-Adaid), about 80km southeast of Doha, is a particular highlight. It shares a border with Saudi Arabia and was given its English nickname thanks to the seawater found between the undulating desert dunes. With a shoreline that mimics a lake, Khor Al Adaid is the perfect setting for a post-desert-safari barbecue. A spot of "dune-bashing" (desert off-roading) is recommended, as well as other alternative sports including sand-skiing, sand-boarding and falconry. What's more, 563km of sandy coastline fringes the country, making it ideal for both lounging beach-side and exploring the depths when scuba diving. Al Ghariya beach, a popular spot for camping on the shoreline, is a great spot for a weekend getaway, and if you travel 80km north from Doha, you'll find Maroona, a 42km beach famous for its soft sand and unrivalled water quality.

There is also, of course, the Qatar Masters Tournament. Played at the Doha Golf Club, the home of golf in the Gulf, this is a regular fixture in every discerning Qatari sports fan's calendar – as is the ExxonMobil ATP tennis tournament, which



The coast is clear: Doha's famous skyline; the Museum of Islamic Art (below, left) and the Qatar Racing and Equestrian Club





has been frequented by tennis titans Novak Djokovic and Rafael Nadal.

With a mission to deliver a broader understanding of Islamic art to the masses, Doha's Museum Of Islamic Art showcases a staggering 14 centuries-worth of exhibitions in a space that is purpose-built for exploration and discussion. There is Mathaf: Arab Museum Of Modern Art, too, which houses more than 9,000 works. It shares a historical (and cultural) relationship with North Africa, Asia and Turkey, creating an inspiring space that reflects the Middle East's contribution to art over the centuries.

Middle Eastern shopping culture thrives throughout Doha's labyrinthine souks – illuminated in a golden glow once the sun sets across the bay – but, for more luxurious retail therapy, you can hone in on the Villaggio Mall for menswear heavyweights such as Ralph Lauren, Tom Ford, Lanvin and Valentino.

Combining new-age thinking and centuries of history, Qatar will soon doubtlessly surpass its neighbours as one of the Middle East's most attractive spots.

For more information, visit qatartourism.gov.qa

Ready, jet set, go: Plan your holiday to Qatar with **Dial-A-Flight** and discover some of the best holiday prices to Qatar. *dialaflight.com*

Case essentials

Master the Middle Eastern heat from sunrise to sunset with this effortlessly urbane approach from **House Of Fraser**



1 Sunglasses by **Gucci**, £209. **2** Eau de toilette by **Tom Ford**, £145 for 50ml. **3** Shirt by **Only & Sons**, £26. **4** Trousers by **Howick**, £55. **5** Belt by **Linea**, £22. **6** Sandals by **Ted Baker**, £22. All available at **House Of Fraser**. houseoffraser.co.uk



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2014 FPA **Feature Of The Year**
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2014 PPA **Editor Of The Year**
2014 FMJA **Online Fashion Journalist Of The Year**
2013 EICA **Media Commentator Of The Year**
2013 DMA **Men's Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year**
2013 BSME **Editor Of The Year**
2013 FMJA **Outstanding Contribution To London Collections Men**
2013 PPA **Magazine Writer Of The Year**
2012 Mark Boxer Award
2012 BSME **Editor Of The Year**
2012 DMA **Lifestyle Magazine Of The Year**
2012 Help For Heroes **Outstanding Contribution**
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2011 Foreign Press Association Media Awards, Sports
2011 Amnesty International Media Award
2010 Amnesty International Media Award
2010 One World Media Press Award
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2010 P&G Awards **Best Styling (GQ Style)**
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2008 BSME **Editor Of The Year**
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2007 P&G Awards **Best Styling (GQ Style)**
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2006 MDA/MJA Press Gazette Awards **Subbing Team Of The Year**
2006 PPA **Writer Of The Year**
2005 PPA **Writer Of The Year**
2005 Magazine Design Awards **Best Cover**
2004 Association Of Online Publishers Awards **Best Website**
2004 BSME **Magazine Of The Year**
2003 PPA **Writer Of The Year**
2002 BSME **Magazine Of The Year**
2002 PPA **Writer Of The Year**
2001 BSME **Magazine Of The Year**
2001 PPA **Designer Of The Year**
2001 Printing World Award
2000 Total Design Award
2000 Jasmine Award Winner
1999 Printing World Award
1999 Jasmine Award Winner
1999 PPA **Designer Of The Year**
1995 Ace Press Award **Circulation**
1995 Ace Press Award **Promotion**
1995 PPA **Columnist Of The Year**
1994 PPA **Publisher Of The Year**
1991 British Press Circulation Award **Best Promotion Of A Consumer Magazine**



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EDITED BY **JESSICA PUNTER**

On the scent of new ideas

Boss went the extra mile (9,000, actually) to create its seductively fresh fragrance



Fruit of their labours: The Scent is made from the rare South African maninka fruit, which is also an aphrodisiac

DESPITE the time and effort that goes into marketing grooming products, at the heart of fragrance-making you'll still find a "bunch of funny, geeky scientists who go out searching for new ideas". So says Will Andrews of Boss' fragrance design team. In this case, the idea behind the latest offering, The Scent, lies some 9,000 miles away.

Four years ago the team set out on an expedition to explore the outstanding botanical diversity of South Africa's Cape Floral Region: a Unesco world heritage site that's home to a staggering 20 per cent of the continent's flora and fauna. It was here they came across the maninka fruit.

"Maninka is the backbone of The Scent," says Andrews, "It has an interesting dry-fruit aroma. We talk about chocolate and strawberries; some people smell raisins. It has a vanilla, woody base to it." To harvest the ingredient they employed "headspace chromatography", which uses a special instrument to read the aroma, like a "scent camera". The plant sample is placed in a bell jar with polymer beads to absorb the odour. The beads are analysed in the lab and the components re-created using synthetics. It widens the perfumer's palette to include just about every smell in the world.

"The locals say the maninka fruit is also an aphrodisiac," says Andrews, which explains The Scent's seductive quality. "But, don't think this is the magic bullet. A man still has to make an effort." JP GQ

£85 for 200ml. hugoboss.com

Photograph Matthew Beedle

GQ EDITED BY **GIORGINA WALTIER**

PORTFOLIO

FASHION • EXCLUSIVE EVENTS • GROOMING • NEWS • COMPETITIONS • WATCHES



1 Check mate

This winter, **Ben Sherman** has teamed up with US heritage brand Pendleton Woolen Mills to create a three-piece, capsule shirt collection. With a slim, modern fit and a traditional button-down collar, all three shirts are crafted using 100 per cent virgin wool woven in the original Pendleton Mill in Washington.
£145. bensherman.com



2 Boot ready

A winter wardrobe is not truly complete without a good pair of leather lace-up boots. Wear this mahogany pair by British brand **Crockett & Jones** with jeans, cords or even a tweed trouser.
£440. crockettandjones.com



3 Festive fancy

The holiday season doesn't feel quite so festive without the addition of a nice glass of bubbly, but as it's Christmas make sure you go for the good stuff and pick up a bottle or two of **Laurent Perrier** – nobody likes a Scrooge.
£38.99. Available at harrods.com

4 Winter wool

This season **Timberland** has focused its attentions on the wonders of wool with the launch of The Winter Wool Collection. Featuring updated versions of faithful menswear classics, the collection includes a waterproof duffle coat, a Fair Isle cardigan, crew knit sweater, Harris Tweed vest – the list goes on...
Duffle coat, £300. Trousers, £70. Boots, £175. timberlandonline.co.uk



5 Happy as can be

If you are looking for a spot of self indulgence then look no further. Including a cologne, aftershave balm and hair and body wash, the His Happiness gift set from **Clinique** is the perfect pick-me-up.
£88. clinique.co.uk





6 Bombers away

When it comes to outerwear you really can't go wrong with a bomber jacket and this version by denim brand **Replay** is certainly ticking all the right boxes. With a forest-green body and black sleeves, this quilted, zip-up will look great teamed with black jeans and sneakers – keep it simple.
£205. replayjeans.com



7 Arm candy

Available in brown, black or dark red leather with an 18k rose gold clasp, **Tateossians** Fetuccinne Bracelets are both chic and understated. Each bracelet is triple-wrapped and will look great either stacked with other bracelets or worn on its own.
£750. tateossian.com

8 Buckle up

If you are looking for a smart shoe but you're bored of brogues and don't fancy the idea of a loafer, then a monk strap design should be your first port of call. High-street label **Aldo** does a cracking pair available in black or brown leather. *£100. aldoshoes.com*





9 Pocket size

If you're a card-slip type of guy but you're sick of your coins clanging around your coat pockets then **Ettinger** has the solution with its exceptionally trim bridle hide wallet. Available in brown, navy and tan, the curved zip-around wallet is small and thin enough to slip nicely into your pocket without you even noticing.
£170. ettinger.com



10 Handsome head gear

Crafted in soft black leather with an even softer shearling lining, this brimmed, flying hat by luxury brand **Billionaire Italian Couture** is the ultimate winter headwear. The hat can be worn with the sides up and buckled over the head or with the sides down to protect you from that icy wind. Finish off the winter look with an aviator jacket, jeans and some sturdy black leather boots. *£315. billionairecouture.com*



Holst Steel Mesh, £165.



Holst Slim Leather, £165.



Holst Slim Leather, £175.



Ancher, £175. skagen.com

TIME TO STRAP IN

Scandinavians are the masters of the minimalist mindset and Danish timepiece superpower **Skagen** is taking it to the next level



Ancher Mono, £155.



Balder Titanium Chronograph , £229.



Ancher Chronograph, £209.

The great Danes

More than just a watch brand, **Skagen**'s accessories share the same and undeniably cool philosophy



Ancher Leather, £175.



Ancher Leather, £145.



Ancher Leather Chronograph, £175.

All watches by **Skagen**. *skagen.com*



Vandricks briefcase, £219.



Nicolai Bifold Wallet, £55.



Rasmus Steel Link Bracelet, £69.



Krøyer Felt Backpack, £219. All items by **Skagen**. *skagen.com*



Hagen, £185.

At the northernmost tip of Denmark, a point at which the North and Baltic Seas meet and breach upon the shoreline, lies the town of Skagen. It is here under the dramatic northern skies and among its rugged landscape that Denmark's most inspirational lifestyle brand was born. As you would expect, **Skagen** reflects the nation's love of contemporary style by fusing high functionality with an impressively simple design. The outcome is as desirable as it is stylish, too: from the metallic Ancher *(centre)*, with a face and date setting that echoes the earth's orbit, to the sophisticated Hagen *(left)* that is inspired by the horizon of the brand's hometown. For a touch of subtlety, there's the Holst, with a slim 7mm casing and soft leather strap – the perfect companion for a more casual occasion. In true Scandi-style, the clean lines of the bezel, hands and dial of each Skagen watch will add an impeccable elegance to any look. *skagen.com*


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Cloak and swagger

Idris Elba gets his feet wet as a designer with a gritty new range for Superdry

IDRIS ELBA is that rare animal, the bona fide British superstar. With a career that spans gutsy American cop dramas and playing Nelson Mandela to voicing the villainous tiger Shere Khan in Disney's upcoming reboot of *The Jungle Book*, his range is astonishing – who else could possibly be mentioned as a potential first black Bond?

But as befits a renaissance man, his talents are not restricted to stage and screen. He has also had a music career, rapping alongside the likes of Noel Fielding, Sergio Pizzorno and British grime star Skepta. No wonder he has described himself as being part of the "slash culture" – "actor-slash-director-slash-DJ".

And now he has been trying his hand at fashion. And guess what? As befits one of the fixtures on our annual *GQ* Best-Dressed List he ain't half bad at it.

Joining forces with Superdry, Elba has produced a menswear collection that many full-time designers would be proud of. But then Elba was >



ESSENTIAL BUY

Hoodie by **Idris Elba + Superdry**, £85. superdry.com



Elba – who was named Idrissa but shortened this to Idris when at school in Canning Town – used to act in murder reconstructions for *Crimewatch* when he started in his career. This initialled hoodie might have given the game away, however.

Coat, £325. T-shirt, £30. Jeans, £85. All by **Idris Elba + Superdry**. superdry.com



Shirt by **Idris Elba + Superdry**, £75. superdry.com

never going to be like one of those micro-talents who will put their name to any old tat pushed by a cheap chain. He has, of course, far too much credibility for that.

His first introduction to the label came when he wore a Superdry + Timothy Everest coat for an advert he filmed for Sky. He fell in love with it and it became one of his wardrobe staples. So when the possibility of a collaboration came up it seemed a natural fit – pun intended.

The rather-more-than-a-capsule result is a 250-piece collection, and it is intended to become a permanent part of Superdry's offer. It is perhaps rather more sophisticated and stripped back than the brand's more normal fun-time frat-boy aesthetic and consists of leather biker jackets and classic trench coats in a gritty, monochrome palette – but with a nod to the man himself in knitwear emblazoned with a graphic "IE". In other words, initials any British man can wear with pride. **RJ** GQ



Jacket, £450. Shirt, £125. Jeans, £85. All by **Idris Elba + Superdry**. superdry.com



Jacket by **Idris Elba + Superdry**. £250. superdry.com



Jacket, £250. Jeans, £85. Both by **Idris Elba + Superdry**. superdry.com. Sunglasses, Idris' own.

Wired in: Elba oversees the creation of his 250-piece Superdry collection

Photographs Rankin

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ernestjones.co.uk

Style SHRINK

BY ROBERT JOHNSTON

Follow Style Shrink on Instagram **@roberttjohnston**



Bracelets by **Miansai**, from £305. miansai.com

LETTER of the MONTH

What is your take on bracelets and chokers for men (the kind that might come under the description "surfer attire", made out of wood, leather, etc)? Are they something to wear on the beach rather than in towns?
Giles, via email

An American fashion journalist recently told me that there is no such thing as dressing age-appropriately any more. This is fine as far as I am concerned, as I think people get too hung up about such things and I am a great believer that men should wear what they want, whatever their age. I bring this up as I think surfie jewellery on men is a minefield. If you are 20 and hanging around Chiang Mai drinking Mekong whiskey and coke then fine, you can deck yourself in every thong and piece of bone, wood or metal you fancy. But fast-forward a few years to your office job and even if you do spend weekends kite-surfing at Camber, the sound of ageing sheep can already be heard in the distance if you're still decking yourself out as you did on your gap year. Put it this way, I recently sat behind one of the characters from *Made In Chelsea* who was sporting a shirt open to his navel and matching jewellery. He was also bright red from what I imagine was a tanning booth and I fear the overall effect was rather more chip shop than Chelsea. I have to admit to being partial to some wrist action and am sitting here with six bracelets on my right wrist and two (plus Rolex) on the left. My swan-like neck, however, is clear of clutter. Women, in my experience, tend to be keener on men in jewellery than men are, but that doesn't make it right.

If you go for a job interview in an office with an informal dress code, should you dress in a similar fashion or is it better to wear a suit and tie?
John, via email

As I have often said in the past, how you dress for most occasions is a matter of courtesy. Whatever you wear it will be assumed that you have chosen your wardrobe with a purpose and will be judged accordingly. Because of this, however, there are two answers to this question that may seem contradictory. First, if in doubt it is better to overdress than under. I once cut an interview short because the trainers the candidate was wearing were so revolting I took personal offence. And I would never employ someone who turns up in shorts. However, it is most important that you feel comfortable and if you walk in wearing a suit and everyone is wearing ripped jeans then you probably won't. And when it comes to casual, in our office I am sometimes relieved people wear anything at all. Indeed, one of our juniors once wore a string vest and almost took my eye out with one of his nipples. So, as long as you ensure you haven't turned up for an interview wearing the sartorial equivalent of two fingers, there is no reason why a great pair of **Red Wing** boots shouldn't look every bit as good as highly polished black **Oxfords**.

Quick question: striped shirt with a striped suit, yes or no?
John Wicks, via email

Many years ago, during a period of my life when I must have been borderline deranged, I decided to express what a fun guy I was by dressing fun. The thought of it even today makes me want to hold my head in my hands and weep. The look could be best described as "Mr Toad on acid" – or, indeed, Charlie Higson as Colin Hunt – and was achieved with the help of **Richard James**. This is the **Savile Row** tailor hailed as the man who is famous for having helped British men get over their fear of colour. Unfortunately I don't think he intended that British men should do what I did, which was to wear them all at once. I was a veritable migraine of spots, stripes and plaids. I was the sartorial equivalent of that sad little man from accounts who tells people at office parties that he is really "wacky". So that will be Colin Hunt. The point is that I am now rather conservative in my approach to mixing patterns, so my initial advice to John would be to be cautious – especially if he was thinking about throwing a striped tie into the equation, too. He doesn't want to look too "City wide boy". However, the trend for mixing and matching clashing stripes and checks is growing. And as I am all for experimentation, I am loathe to reject a particular combination out of hand, so if the suit and shirt (and, indeed, tie) are in complementary colours then all should be fine.



Shoes by **Red Wing**, £269. redwingheritage.com



Shirt, £115. Tie, £69. Both by **Thomas Pink**. thomaspink.com

I am looking for a navy corduroy blazer, but my girlfriend says I'll look like a geography teacher. Is she right?
Chris, via email

In answering this question I learned a new word. The ridges on corduroy are known as "wales" from an

Photographs Full Stop Photography

Old English word meaning "stripe". The wale number is the number of ridges per inch, so the lower the number the thicker the ridge – needle cord will typically have a wale count of 16 and above, while jumbo could be as low as four. The most usual count is around 12. So there you go. I am a big fan of corduroy (though not jumbo, which always feels a little like you are wearing a DFS sofa). But to avoid being mistaken for someone with a fascination for drumlins and oxbow lakes my advice would be to stick to navy – although I also think cord works well in what might be described as Air Force blue. Dunhill does a really beautiful blazer called the Fitzrovia, which has a bit of a Fifties vibe going on. For a more laid-back version, check out Boglioli. This Italian brand is a *GQ* favourite for its signature lightweight tailoring and it does a great slim-fit corduroy blazer. While corduroy blazers do tend to be on the more casual side, funnily enough, a navy-blue corduroy suit is very cool (though you should keep to a high wale count). Indeed, on the basis of this observation I am tempted to coin a brand-new rule – that is, if you are going to wear casual make sure you dress it up to within an inch of its life.



Blazer by **Dunhill**, £1,590. At Mr Porter. mrporter.com

Submit your questions to our style guru: styleshrink@condenast.co.uk



The author of our Letter Of The Month will receive a stylish black and rhodium Townsend fountain pen worth £190 from Cross. Cross is the maker of quality writing instruments and has a range of distinctive lifestyle accessories. *cross.com*



Best foot forward: Berluti's creative director Alessandro Sartori (left)

Shoes by **Berluti**, from £5,300. berluti.com

GQ *LUXURY*

Feet of engineering

Forget fuss – Berluti's new stripped-back 120th anniversary shoe collection allows the materials and craftsmanship to speak for themselves, says **Nick Foulkes**

"SOMETIMES we have to explain it is not about what you add but what you remove." Alessandro Sartori, the creative director of Berluti, is elucidating the rationale behind what the maison is calling the new "bespoke collection" of shoes he is bringing out to celebrate the Parisian *bottier deluxe*'s 120th anniversary.

I have an issue with the relationship between the words "bespoke" and "collection". They are oxymoronic, bespeaking an item is about the creation of a piece that is yours and yours alone, whereas "collection" implies the intervention of a mediating design vision. I would argue that the approach is closer to couture, but syntactical niceties aside, the important thing is that, as they are made in the bespoke ateliers of Berluti on the Rue Marbeuf, they will be the best things that you will have ever placed at the end of your legs.

It was a little over 20 years ago that I discovered Berluti. Back then, before it was owned by LVMH, it was just one shop, run by the eccentric Olga Berluti, high priestess of patina. For Olga, shoes were stories; she would tell you how she left shoes out in the light of a full moon to patinate – apparently sunlight burns the leather. Her shoes had leather bearing scars that had been stitched closed or with snatches of poems inscribed upon the surfaces. And there was colour: not just shades of brown, but blues, greens, yellows, aubergines and everything else.

And more than noticed they were imitated: hand-applied colour, patination, glissage and all the other razzmatazz entered the mainstream. From being an accent and a cosmetic highlight, the visual effect was in danger of obscuring the exquisite workmanship that had made the name of Berluti in the first place, attracting some of the most stylish men of the 20th century, among them the Duke of Windsor, Visconti, Warhol and – of course – Bernard Arnault.

And it is to showcase this workmanship that Sartori has come up with a collection of shoes that presents the subtlety of the shoemaker's art. Sartori did not impose his vision upon the craftsmen, but worked with them to create designs that allowed the skills and the beauty of the materials to speak for themselves.

Thus, the most glamorous shoe is also the least ornamental. Known simply as the B3, it is an updated Derby that is made without conventional eyelets and opts instead for a tab system through which the laces are threaded, giving the option of a high or low bow. As clever as it is simple, it is a true example of less being more.

And it is the theme that runs through the collection. For instance, the ankle boot seems to form itself around the foot like a second skin, an impression enhanced by the zip on the inner side of the ankle. The shoe that looks like a double-strap monk is in fact a clever bit of sleight of hand that, fitted to the contours of the foot, needs just one strap to fasten. The wing tip mimics a brogue but without perforations and with the traditional elements of the shoe indicated by lines of stitching. Even the Andy loafer, the most celebrated of Berluti designs, finds its customary angularity and statement seams rendered soft and subtle with *trompe l'oeil* stitching.

And if great artists are defined by the confidence to pare their work back to essentials rather than rely on show-stopping effect, then Sartori's choice of the Picasso Museum as the place to show his most recent collection takes on a special significance.

HIGH STREET HEADLINERS

British fashion favourite **Debenhams** is reconfirming its position as a destination for on-trend and high-quality collections

Few household names in British fashion manage to marry affordable pricing with high-quality, covetable pieces. However, Debenhams, a familiar brand on the British high street since 1813, continues to earn its sartorial stripes with a wide range of designers under its roof.

Patrick Grant's **Hammond & Co** should be your first port of call; its collection of herringbone blazers, cotton shirts, checked jackets, Fair Isle knits and super-luxe wool exudes the exclusivity of Savile Row tailoring, but comes with a very attractive price tag. **J by Jasper Conran's** myriad wardrobe must-haves – essential blazers, bomber jackets and window-pane checks – offer a more minimalist approach, alongside Italian contemporary suiting. Accessories add a notable finishing touch too, with tan and chestnut brown brogues, leather monk shoes and napa leather weekend holdalls.

The recent Seventies boom can be seen in the latest collection from **Jeff Banks**, where archetypal tailored suits are brought to life by lavish linings, and purple and blue velvet blazers add welcome splashes of colour.

Finally, **RJR.John Rocha's** parkas, overcoats and knitwear confirm your position at the top of the style stakes, even when the mercury drops. *debenhams.com*



THE SHOPPING LIST



Striped blazer by **Jeff Banks**, £150



Mac by **RJR.John Rocha**, £145



Checked shirt by **J by Jasper Conran**, £36



Chelsea boots by **Jeff Banks**, £75



Backpack by **J by Jasper Conran**, £55



Above: Cardigan by **RJR.John Rocha**, £50. Jumper by **Red Herring**, £30. Shirt by **Hammond & Co. by Patrick Grant**, £38. Trousers by **RJR.John Rocha**, £45. Brogues by **Hammond & Co. by Patrick Grant**, £95

Right: Jumper by **J by Jasper Conran**, £45. Rollneck by **RJR.John Rocha**, £38. Trousers by **Red Herring**, £30

Left: Jacket by **Hammond & Co. by Patrick Grant**, £99. Shirt by **J by Jasper Conran**, £36. Trousers by **Red Herring** £40. Watch by **Hammond & Co. by Patrick Grant**, £90

All available at **Debenhams**. debenhams.com



Grooming Michael Gray at David Artists using Dermalogica and Aveda **Model** Oli Lacey at Next Models



Portofino Automatic by **IWC**, £4,850. iwc.com. Love ring by **Cartier**, £1,210. cartier.co.uk



Jewel personality

Jim Chapman reveals his most treasured possessions

I've always been a less-is-more person and, with the exception of a questionable period during university when Pete Doherty was my main style icon and I experimented with rosary beads, I've never really worn jewellery. But now it's my new hobby and, at this moment, I have four tabs open on various webpages of rings, cufflinks and bracelets.

I blame my wife. I had been perfectly happy living my life, naive to the lure of all things shiny but, shortly after proposing to her, she presented me with my first watch and I felt something shift. Since then I have not been able to pass a jewellery or watch shop without lusting.

My engagement watch has a rather delicate leather strap and isn't really for everyday use; the wear and tear quickly became obvious. As a result, I decided to upgrade to something more robust.

Cue six months of relentlessly searching for the right watch. I tried so many on and did my research to find what brand I related to most. I genuinely enjoyed the journey, which made the actual purchase even more sweet. My chosen timepiece is a stainless-steel IWC Portofino with a Milanese strap and a dark face. As with most of my jewellery, it's clean and minimalist and can be worn with a suit or jeans and T-shirt.

After that, I decided I needed to go cold turkey for a while. That is until it came to choosing my wedding ring. I went for a platinum band with a milgrain edge, but I really struggled with the delay between making the purchase and finally getting to wear it. This blow was softened somewhat by a surprise wedding present from my wife in the shape of a Cartier bracelet that I can't (and have no desire to) remove. It has screw-head detail running along it and two of them are actual screws, meaning it's literally fastened onto my wrist (not into my wrist, as I have to keep explaining). I'm not sure if she knows it yet, but that bracelet has reopened the floodgates.

My advice to you, when looking for jewellery, is to take your time. There is a lot to consider: material, price, longevity, how skinny or chunky your wrists and fingers are and the aesthetic you want to achieve, which is why I have yet to make a decision on which of the open tabs on my laptop to close. It's also the reason why it took me six months to find my watch and why waiting for my wedding ring was such a pain in the neck. This may seem a little overkill, but I've begun to liken jewellery to tattoos. Yes, I know removing a necklace is much easier than removing a mermaid from your bicep, but in my experience a man's jewellery is something you have for a long time. GQ

Watch Jim Chapman's everyday grooming routine at youtube.com/gqrecommends

Photograph Michael Hedge

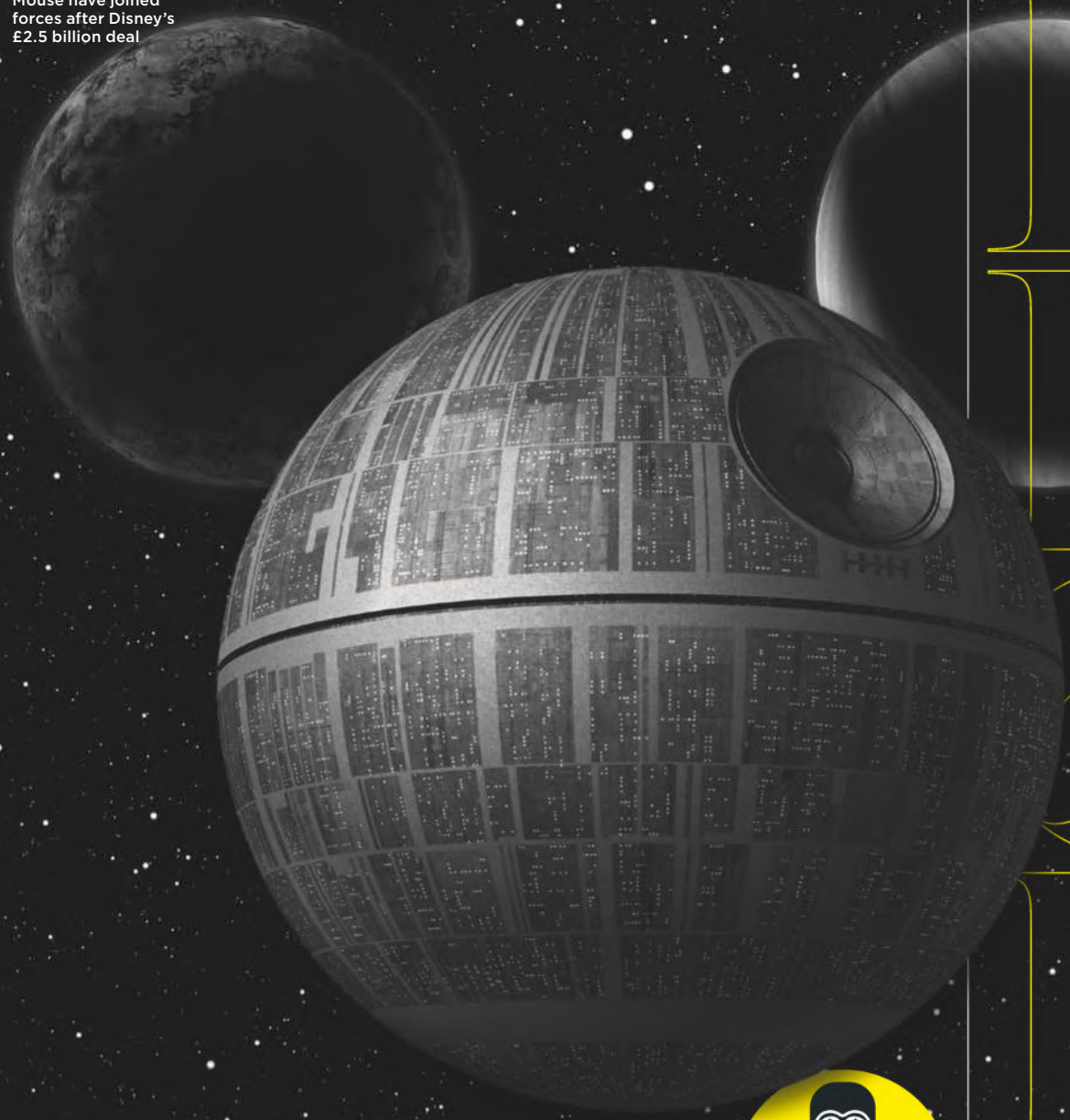


From top: Blue graphic by **London Undercover**, £135. At Selfridges. selfridges.co.uk. Check by **Marks & Spencer**, £25. marksandspencer.com. Orange by **London Undercover**, £95. At matchesfashion.com. Brown print by **Hermès**, £570. hermes.com. Multicoloured by **Next**, £20. next.co.uk. Light blue by **Turnbull & Asser**, £150. turnbullandasser.co.uk. Green by **Richard James**, £185. richardjames.co.uk

Brolly mixture

Once, when French schoolchildren learnt about life in the UK, they understood that every man carried a black umbrella. Luckily, such days have gone, so when the sky turns grey, you can be anything but.


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That's no moon: The worlds of Darth Vader and Mickey Mouse have joined forces after Disney's £2.5 billion deal

IS DISNEY TAKING THE MICKEY?

IT'S A (TOURIST) TRAP! "Star Wars World" is being built across **14 acres** of Disney World Florida.

With the new Star Wars epic the first of a planned 12 – plus spin-offs, merchandise and a theme park – the house the mouse built is going into hyperdrive

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**

Illustration Taylor Light



The happiest place in space: Star Wars creator George Lucas at Disney World, Orlando, 2010

FILM

'LIGHTSABER, ACTION!'

There's nothing Mickey Mouse about Disney's plans for the Star Wars universe

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**

When Disney bought the *Star Wars* rights from Lucasfilm for a little over £2.5 billion back in 2012, it was clear they weren't just buying it for a film sequel or two, before packing it back in posterity's drawer. But the scale on which they are now planning for *Star Wars*' expansion says a lot about Hollywood today: they weren't buying a few Jedis and a wookiee. They were buying, in a literal sense, a universe.

Here's one example: between September this year and mid-December, when *Star Wars: The Force Awakens* hits the cinemas (wheee!), Disney will publish more than 20 comics and novels set solely in the 30-year gap since the events of *Return Of The Jedi*. Twenty. That's a story for every one and a half years of *Star Wars* time. At least one is probably a workplace comedy set on the Death Star. Beyond that, two *Force Awakens* sequels have been announced and three spin-off film trilogies (one, for instance, will follow a young Han Solo). The plan: one *Star Wars* film a year. And that's without mentioning *Star Wars Rebels*, a kids' animation which began last year, or the three rumoured *Star Wars* Netflix shows.

Of course, spin-offs are nothing new, but this is different. Much as when Disney bought Marvel in 2010, also for £2.5bn, and set about not only creating franchises (*Iron Man*, *Captain America* etc) but joining them together (*Avengers*), then expanding even further with five Netflix TV shows that all inhabit the same world (the second of which, *Jessica Jones*, just began), the *Star Wars* spin-offs will now slot rigidly into one reality.

Before now, each spin-off was its own, often contradictory, reality, causing nerd-fights to break out online about what was "real" (this ranges from the fate of major characters, including who Luke Skywalker married, to genuine disagreements by grown men on whether Jabba the Hut was an hermaphrodite).



ATTACK OF THE MERCHANDISE

In 2014, sales of *Star Wars* merchandise made **£1bn** in revenue. That's the same as the combined box office takings of *Episodes II* and *III*. Clearly, George Lucas' legacy is as much concerned with licensing deals as it is with a galaxy far, far away. September's **"Force Friday"** saw die-hard fans queueing at midnight to buy the latest releases, including a remote controlled **BB-8** (*above*).

Hence, Disney's formation of a *Star Wars* "story group" – essentially an arbitration council that approves or tweaks the story line of every film, comic book, novel, TV show, video game and even toy, making sure they all line up. They keep an in-house database of every current story line and overlap called "The Holocron" (it's named after a Jedi crystal-lattice device from the... never mind).

Now, every story will be what "really" happened, at least in terms of the *Star Wars* world. Next year's *Rogue One*, for instance, starring Felicity Jones, is an entire film that springs from a passing comment in 1977's *A New Hope*, set in the gap between that film and the last prequel *Revenge Of The Sith*, which follows a group of rebels attempting to obtain the Death Star plans.

And that, of course, is the point. If Disney's reinvention of Marvel was their attempt to ape the success of long-form TV drama on the big screen – *Iron Man 2* was just another episode in a multi-episode *Iron Man* series, which also continues in *The Avengers* series and his appearances in other Marvel films, such as next year's third *Captain America* film – then this is more like their attempt to ape an open-world video game, allowing fans to spread out in any direction in the *Star Wars* world they choose.

It means one thing for certain: there's a lot of *Star Wars* to come. "Do you think the story will ever end?" one fan asked hopefully at a recent Star Wars event.

"There's always more story to tell," senior Holocroner Jennifer Heddle replied. "Will we ever finish? I hope not." May the stamina be with you. GQ

Star Wars: The Force Awakens is out on 17 December.

Photograph Rex

POLITICS

A NEW STORM WARNING

Electoral wipeouts, regime changes and the return of Karl Marx: this new era of political upheaval is not going to stop in 2016

STORY BY **MATTHEW D'ANCONA**

At this time of year, political pundits experience a seasonal itch to look back on the preceding 12 months, hoping to extract a stockingful of profound trends, smoking-gun drama and moments of epic significance.

Rarely does a year prove neatly revolutionary, a 12-month burst of upheaval wrapped and sealed with a red ribbon bow. But 2015 was all of that – and more. It was a year in which the political landscape was transformed and the headlines grew bigger and bolder, confounding the pollsters and burning through their forecasts like the flame on a Christmas pud doused in brandy.

To start with, the most obvious upset: in May, David Cameron, hoping at best to renew his coalition vows with Nick Clegg's Liberal Democrats, won what he called "the sweetest victory". In gaining seats and shifting from coalition to outright single-party government, Cameron broke all the supposed rules of incumbency.

It was on the road with Cameron in April that I had the first intimation that he might, after all, pull it off. Aptly enough, it was at an O_2 call centre in what was still Ed Balls' seat, Morley and Outwood: a wall of faces curled round the staircase, oozing collective suspicion and a morose lack of trust. Yet, as I wrote at the time, "In the space of a few minutes, the wall of death had changed quite dramatically. The faces softened, the laughter churned agreeably… Confronted with an audience that could easily have reacted with outright hostility, he had won their respect." Three weeks later, that respect translated into the fall of the seat to the Tory candidate, Andrea Jenkyns, and an outright national majority of 12 to free Cameron from his dependency upon the Liberal Democrats.

Not that there were many Lib Dems left to be dependent upon. In a political slaughter of unqualified brutality, the party's tally of MPs fell from 57 to eight. Those expelled from the Commons included Charles Kennedy, former leader of the Lib Dems and the party's conscience, who died at the age of 55 only three weeks after the election.

Politically, Kennedy was a victim of this election's most remarkable surge – the Scottish Nationalist landslide north of the border. Nicola Sturgeon was the breakout political star this year – though not a candidate herself – catching her male counterparts off guard with a combination of straight talk, Thatcheresque confidence and *Braveheart* nationalism.

Her party swept the board, winning 56 out of 59 seats. A mere eight months after the Scots had apparently rejected independence in a bitterly contested referendum, it was already clear that the issue was far from settled.

5 May
…is a big day in 2016, with polls for the Scottish Parliament, Welsh Assembly, London mayor and English councils.



> Corbyn and his cohort want control over Labour more than they want to govern

Ed Miliband had expected to become prime minister in May and was shocked to discover that his analysis of the British electoral landscape was faulty. He believed that the centre-ground of politics had shifted appreciably to the left since the financial crash and that the voters were ready for a quite different kind of government.

All along, the red dots of Lynton Crosby's political snipers were clustering on Ed's sweaty forehead. The Tory campaign chief believed that Cameron and co needed to say only two things and to say them again and again… and again. First, that Miliband was not fit to be prime minister. Second, that the hard-won gains of the 2010-15 Parliament would be squandered if Labour returned to office. Miliband's team did not think that this tabloid message would be enough. They miscalculated.

Scroll forward four-and-a-half months to the Labour conference in Brighton. What ought to have been a wake and a sombre audit of a terrible defeat turned out to be no such thing. Instead, the party had turned inward, sealed its portals and become an echo chamber of the Left. Unbelievably, it elected Jeremy Corbyn as its leader: a man so far left that, as in the old joke, he had left Britain. After the years of New Labour discipline, here was a tribal chief who was not afraid to acknowledge his debt to Marx, who opposed Trident, who disliked Nato. Gone was the bipartisan consensus on national security. For the first time since the Eighties, Labour was challenging the foundations of the Western security alliance.

It was also having a blast. That conference was one of the strangest I have ever attended. The members were so much happier than they had been when the party was in office. They could indulge themselves at last, throw off the political chastity belt of the New Labour era and revert to the party's old posture as a rainbow coalition of interest groups, trade unions and the otherwise aggrieved. It was conspicuous how little time was devoted to the small matter of winning – and losing. Corbyn and his cohort want to establish control of Labour more than they want to govern Britain.

This is such a spectacular cultural shift since the Blair-Brown-Mandelson years that its potential impact upon British politics is only now becoming clear. As Labour covers its ears and banishes reality, the Tories embark upon painful cuts, unpopular welfare reform and an EU referendum campaign that will test the party's unity as never before. Could 2016 conceivably be more dramatic than this year? I wouldn't bet against it. GQ

Illustration Ben Jennings

MUSIC

HAS GREED KILLED THE STREAM DREAM?

Streaming created the ideal of a 'universal jukebox', but corporate competition has led to a paradise lost of divided artists and audiences

STORY BY **DORIAN LYNSKEY**

Dorian Lynskey's ten best albums of 2015



Father John Misty
I LOVE YOU, HONEYBEAR
Funny, moving and honest, a multi-layered masterpiece from the former Fleet Foxes drummer about trying to be a better man.



Kendrick Lamar
TO PIMP A BUTTERFLY
On one level, a personal story of grappling with success; on another, a panoramic tour de force about race in the US.



Courtney Barnett
SOMETIMES I SIT AND THINK, AND SOMETIMES I JUST SIT
The Melbourne singer turns the base metal of everyday life into songwriting gold.

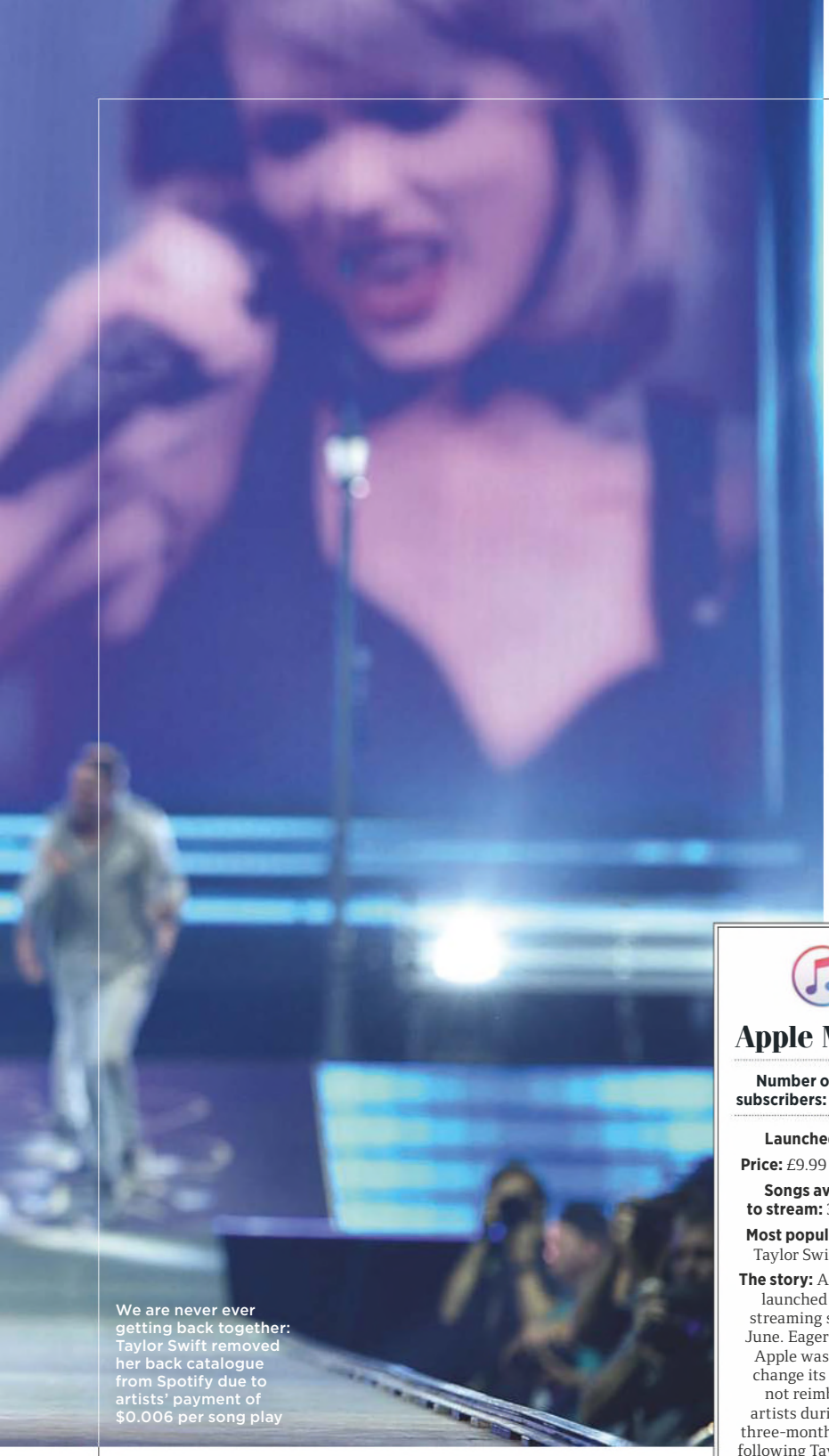


Joanna Newsom
DIVERS
Newsom's discipline catches up to her genius as she channels her outrageous gifts into her most irresistible album yet.



New Order
MUSIC COMPLETE
Most "returns to form" are wishful thinking, so a great band genuinely reconnecting with brilliance is a wonderful thing.

Photographs Getty Images; Rex



We are never ever getting back together: Taylor Swift removed her back catalogue from Spotify due to artists' payment of $0.006 per song play

In October, Jay Z appeared in a Los Angeles courtroom to testify in a copyright case concerning his 1999 hit "Big Pimpin'" and experienced an embarrassing memory lapse. Asked to list his various roles, he mentioned his music, clothing line, restaurants and sports agency. "You have a music-streaming service, don't you?" his lawyer prompted. "Yeah, yeah," said the rapper. "Forgot about that." It's an ominous sign when even the man who launched Tidal lets it slip his mind.

Perhaps he'd like to forget about it. As soon as Tidal relaunched with all-star hubris in March – Alicia Keys called it "a moment that will forever change the course of music history" – the knives were out. Pretty soon, Bloomberg Business declared it "a complete disaster". Jay Z bought the service from its Scandinavian owners for £36m as a way to make streaming benefit artists rather than tech companies, but it lost two CEOs in quick succession and struggled for subscribers. Jay Z, Beyoncé and Nicki Minaj recently headlined a special show in New York to celebrate passing the one-million users mark, but after seven months that's an underwhelming milestone. The streaming war that has convulsed the music industry this year is not for the faint-hearted.

Two years ago, I visited Spotify's head office in Stockholm, where I was told of its ambition to make available every song ever recorded. Spotify dominated streaming. Its rivals, including Deezer, Rdio, Google Play Music and Beats Music, offered similar features: a library of 20-30 million songs plus a "radio" station programmed by algorithms to suit each listener's tastes, though Spotify had also introduced human-curated playlists. None of them waged star wars or bid for exclusives.

Things have changed with the arrival of Tidal and, in May, Apple Music, whose celebrity front bench includes Dr Dre, Trent Reznor, Drake and Pharrell. Taylor Swift has pulled her music from Spotify, only licensing it to Apple Music after going public about her reservations, while Prince has yanked his catalogue and confined it to Tidal. Already, the Balkanisation of the music-streaming world makes Spotify's "universal jukebox" impossible. In order to hear all the same artists that I could stream on Spotify for £10 a month when I visited Stockholm, I would now have to subscribe to three competing services at triple the cost (or, of course, resort to the piracy that streaming was designed to combat).

Each streaming service claims it cares more about music than the rest and the rhetoric is increasingly bitter. Apple's Jimmy Iovine dismissed rival services as "utilities" and accused Spotify in particular of "building an audience on >

Apple Music

Number of paying subscribers: 6.5 million

Launched: 2015

Price: £9.99 per month

Songs available to stream: 37 million

Most popular artists: Taylor Swift, Adele

The story: Apple Music launched its own streaming service in June. Eager to please, Apple was quick to change its policy of not reimbursing artists during users' three-month free trial, following Taylor Swift's open letter of complaint.



6

Laura Marling
SHORT MOVIE
Marling's fifth and best album was born from an identity crisis. She's emerged wiser, stronger and more compelling.



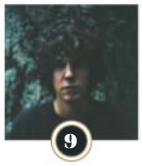
7

Chvrches
EVERY OPEN EYE
The Glasgow trio make most recent synth-pop look small and grey on a confident second album that hits peak after peak..



8

Vince Staples
SUMMERTIME '06
The Californian rapper becomes a hip-hop heavyweight with an hour of tense inner-city blues that grips from start to finish.



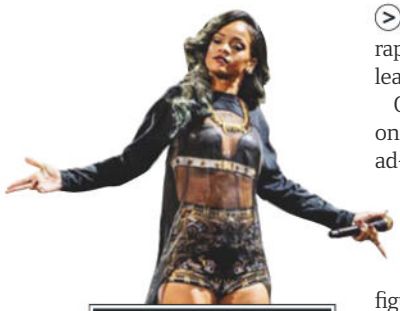
9

Tobias Jesso Jr
GOON
Jesso is a 30-year-old who writes piano-rock weepies that sound like lost classics and sings like an old friend.



10

Tame Impala
CURRENTS
Frontman and mastermind Kevin Parker trades psych-rock for soul and synths, creating his own version of heartbreak pop.



Spotify

Number of paying subscribers: 20 million

Launched: 2006

Price: £9.99 per month

Songs available to stream: 30 million

Most popular artists: Rihanna (*above*), Ed Sheeran

The story: It might be a giant, but it's had its share of bad press. Spotify clashed with Taylor Swift over royalties, prompting her to remove her catalogue from the service.

the back of the artist". Jay Z laid into the tech giants in a combative rap during an invite-only Tidal show in May. (Whether fans want to hear leading MCs rap about stock valuations is another matter.)

Of course, nothing speaks louder than numbers. Spotify remains the one to beat, with 75 million subscribers, of whom 20 million pay for the ad-free premium membership that makes streaming remotely viable for artists and labels. Apple Music, which has no free tier, reported that 6.5 million subscribers had stuck around after the free trial lapsed. Pandora, Rhapsody and Deezer all have three or four million paying subscribers, while Google Play Music and Rdio have yet to release figures. Tidal, for all its star power, is the underdog, gambling on listeners suddenly caring about two things – lossless sound quality and artists' rights – that had never bothered them before. Its exclusive content so far has been weak. Lil' Wayne gave them a *Free Weezy Album*, a half-baked stopgap release, while Prince delivered *HitNRun: Phase One*, a mixed bag of leftovers and quasi-EDM club jams. Even if those albums had been ten times better, exclusives alone won't make listeners switch services.

The challenge for newcomers is to give something valuable that Spotify hasn't already delivered. Of Apple Music's five distinct strands, the real masterstroke is its 24/7 digital radio station Beats 1. Try as Spotify might to take a curatorial role with playlists and recommendation algorithms, it's basically a vast, impersonal library. Dreamt up by Trent Reznor and steered by its pathologically hyperbolic creative director, Zane Lowe, Beats 1 enables Apple to be a tastemaker. "It's got a point of view," Reznor told *Rolling Stone*.

The station's core sound is representative of a hybridising era in which hip hop, pop, indie, R&B and dance are melting into one another. The most played artists during its first month may have different genre tags on iTunes but they overlap in so many ways, from sharing influences to actively collaborating, that you can construct a logical chain from Tame Impala to Jamie xx to Drake to The Weeknd to Disclosure and so on. This philosophy is echoed in Beats 1's initial raft of guest DJs, which includes rappers (Dre, Q-Tip), pop-minded indie stars (St Vincent), well-connected enthusiasts (Pharrell, Sir Elton John) and my favourite, Vampire Weekend frontman Ezra Koenig, the droll host of *Time Crisis*.

Already, Beats 1 is shaping hits. One song the station pushed hard was Beck's "Dreams", a moreish mash-up of Prince, Britpop and every Beck single you've ever loved. The station's most popular song in its first month, The Weeknd's "Can't Feel My Face", was premiered at the same conference as Apple Music itself. Then there's Halsey's "New Americana", a strained generational anthem that smushes together Lana Del Rey and Lorde. Halsey, a 21-year-old "tri-bi" (biracial, bisexual, bipolar) social-media star, might as well have been created in a test tube labelled "Pop 2015". Beats 1 didn't manufacture her but it played her as if she were already a big deal ("a new icon", Zane Lowe gasped after playing "New Americana" twice in a row).

Apple has also played the exclusives game wisely. While Tidal hopes you'll stump up the subscription fee to hear a weak Prince album, Apple premiered Dr Dre's first album in 16 years, the surprisingly sharp and substantial *Compton* – a no-brainer given that Dre joined Apple when he sold Beats Music. On its release, it became a legitimate hit album buoyed by the blockbuster success of the NWA biopic *Straight Outta Compton*. You still can't hear it on Spotify though.

It looks as if Apple Music's USP won't be tech but personality. Thanks to Beats 1 it has a voice, making its streaming rivals look like passive databanks. It wants to be your friend. It also wants to leave its fingerprints on rising stars so that you know (and they know) you heard it here first. For consumers, however, the streaming war represents paradise lost. Until this year, streaming was a fan's dream come true: almost everything you could want, all in one place. Now key albums, even entire back catalogues, are pawns in a battle for market share. If more big names follow Swift and Prince in taking a side, the universal jukebox will be gutted piece by piece. It's not just Jay Z who's in for a bumpy ride.



Tidal

Number of paying subscribers: One million

Launched: 2014

Price: Premium service costs £19.99 per month

Songs available to stream: 25 million

Most popular artists: Beyoncé (*above*), Jay Z, Prince

The story: Tidal may be the fairest streaming site, paying the highest percentage of royalties to artists, but it's struggling. Jay Z bought the company for £36m. Several executives have walked away; Jay Z may follow.

THE STAGE ISN'T SET

London and New York are booming global capitals, but as their basements and dives disappear, their music is withering away

STORY BY **EDWIN HEATHCOTE**

The music business is a cruel and shallow money trench, a long plastic hallway where thieves and pimps run free and good men die like dogs. There is also a negative side." No one captured the toxic cocktail of superficiality, exploitation and existential darkness that underlies the music industry like Hunter S Thompson. A long plastic hallway. A money trench. They're meaningless as spaces yet perfect as metaphors. The real spaces of music, though, present a fascinating conundrum. From scuzzy Seventies New York to the abandoned warehouses of Nineties Detroit and from the musty basement dives that spawned everything from bebop to punk, the real creative landscape of music is the total dump, the armpit of the world. It is sticky carpets and walls plastered with playbills and classifieds. It is a realm of gruesome, graffitied toilets and subterranean studios thick with the musty smell of weed and rancid sweat.

Music thrives in leftover space, the dark interstices between the success of the city and the bin-stacked back alleys and fire escapes of skid row. The great creative moments in popular music don't emerge from a landscape of wealth, but from within the forgotten cracks. But those spaces can only exist when a city has some slack. When all space is monetised, when every inch of every interior is hoovered up as real estate, music is slowly squeezed out or sanitised so that the venues either disappear or are tarted up to become nostalgia gigs on the tourist circuit, theme-park memories of their one-time selves.

This matters to the two cities that suggest they lead the way in creativity, the two cities that vie for

Photographs Hayes Davidson/Orms; The Artist, David Zwirner, New York/London and Victoria Miro, London © Stan Douglas



global gig status. The insane explosion in property prices in London and New York has rendered even the roughest venues vehicles for investment. Every lease up for renewal is a potential goldmine. The two cities' most subversive venues, crappy interiors that had somehow managed to survive the abuse of punks, disappeared in the flash of an eye. CBGB in the Bowery, a dive below a flophouse and once the premier punk sinkhole went in 2006. London's 100 Club on Oxford Street, the city's own repository of sweaty, saliva-soaked punk history almost went in 2010 but was saved by the skin of its teeth. New York's Palladium on East 14th Street was demolished in 1998. This was the theatre where photographer Pennie Smith snatched the memorable photo of Paul Simonon, legs apart, heads down, bass held high in the air by its neck, ready to be smashed into the stage, the photo that was used on the cover of the Clash's *London Calling*.

Most recently, London's Astoria was demolished, making way for a new Crossrail station. London's newest rail line has been sold to the city as indispensable infrastructure, but as it worms its way beneath the streets it destroys entire neighbourhoods above ground. Denmark Street, once home to London's music agencies and songwriting partnerships – and still the centre for music shops – is about to be rebranded as a themed location while the stores are forced out by high rents – just as the bluesy, grimy 12 Bar Club has been.

PLACES

On the other side of Charing Cross Road, Central St Martins once provided the venue for the Sex Pistols to launch their live career. The condensed claustrophobia of the underground space acted as a sweatbox, its slippery floor the perfect pogo pit. Bits of the floor survive in a rebuilt and super-sanitised Foyles bookshop.

It is, in a way, difficult to be sentimental about spaces as rancid and unpleasant as these. They are gaps after all, and all will, eventually, be swallowed by something else. But they are not being replaced. As each layer of London and New York is stripped away, the creases in the city where music, like cockroaches, survives in the sweaty darkness are being ironed out.

The great creative moments, London in the Sixties, then again in the Seventies and early Eighties, New York in the Fifties and the Seventies, the moments which spawned bebop, beat, punk, new wave, disco and art rock all emerged from cities where success was measured not in financial uplift but in the pleasure of immersion in an otherwise anonymous interior with the sounds of newness ringing in your ears. GQ

> It is difficult to be sentimental about spaces as rancid and unpleasant as these



Sound of the crowd: The development of St Giles Circus, which will gentrify London's historic Denmark Street



In the loop: Political thriller The Secret Agent by Stan Douglas, 2015

ART

VERY MOVING PICTURES

Stan Douglas' videos create immersive and disturbing portraits of history's turning points

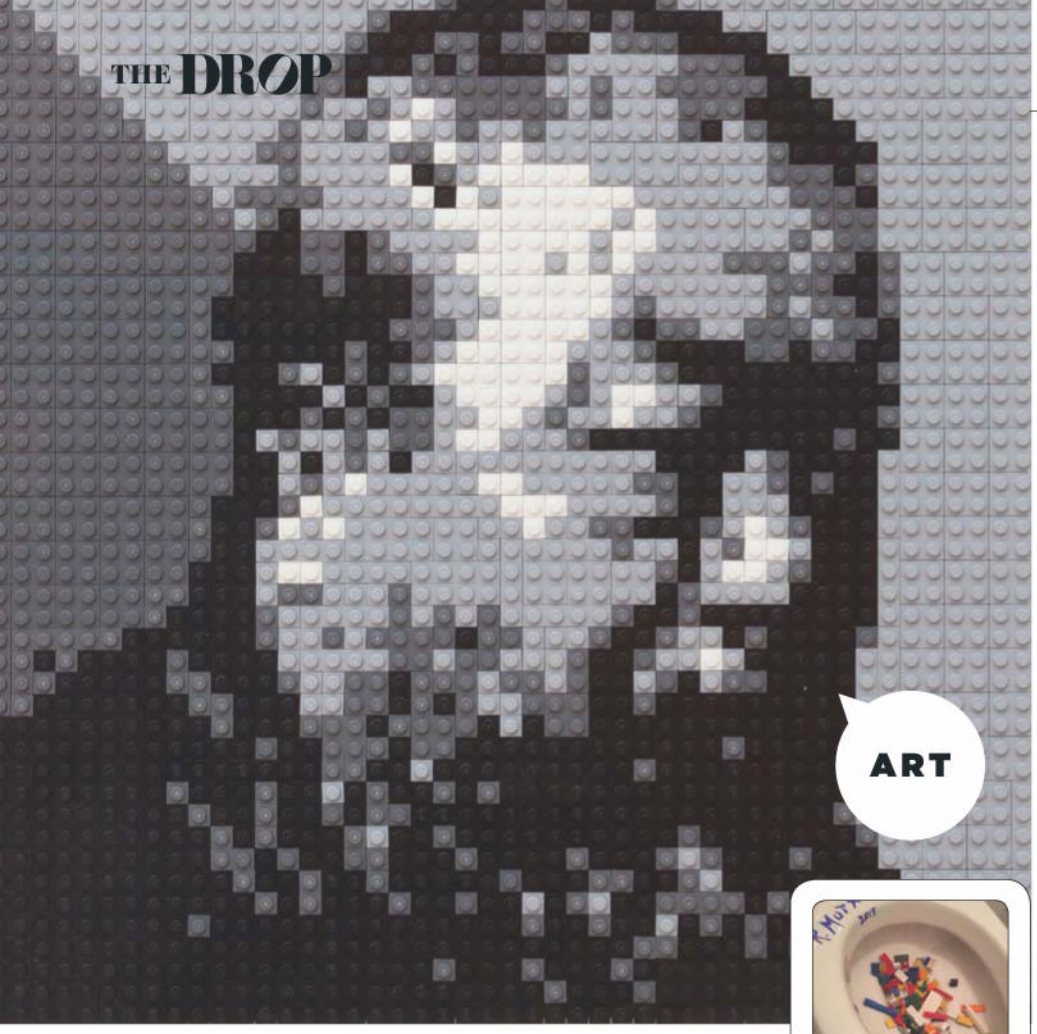
STORY BY **SOPHIE HASTINGS**

Stan Douglas is a Canadian artist known for installations that reinvent the filmic process with imagination and technological ingenuity, while toying with narratives and hinting at alternative outcomes. Next month, Victoria Miro is hosting the UK premiere of his six-screen video installation *The Secret Agent*, an adaptation of Joseph Conrad's novel moved to Portugal during the summer of 1975. Notorious as the "hot summer" that followed the military coup that overthrew Marcello Caetano's authoritarian Estado Novo regime in 1974, this was a time of numerous terrorist attacks from left- and right-wing groups who were hostile to the Portuguese Communist Party's attempt to take power. A political thriller interlaced with cultural references that include *Last Tango In Paris* and Georges Bataille's *L'Erotisme*, *The Secret Agent* is hot on period detail, with brilliantly researched Seventies sets and costumes, cool, minimalist acting and evocative colour saturation.

Born in 1960 in Vancouver, Douglas achieved huge acclaim with his six-hour jazz-jam film, *Luanda-Kinshasa* (2013). The title references the origins and history of jazz in Africa, but Douglas played with context, re-creating as his set the Seventies New York studio "the Church" (aka CBS 30th Street Studio), where contemporary musicians including Senegalese drummer Abdou Mboup, Indian tabla player Nitin Mitta and American drummer Kimberly Thompson engaged in a mind-blowing jazz marathon in the same "space" once used by Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Aretha Franklin and Glenn Gould. "I'm always looking at transitional moments in history," Douglas has said of his work, "events with a capital E."

Douglas' *The Secret Agent* offers the same immersive yet destabilising effect: his use of six screens, mixing loops, repetitions and reconstructions merge fact and fiction, evoking the kind of stress and suspense that we find in great espionage novels as well as the media's coverage of global events. Douglas invents memory, simulates time, and questions official truths with a virtuosity that is thrilling to behold. GQ

The Secret Agent is at Victoria Miro, 16 Wharf Road, London N1, on 28 January - 19 March 2016. victoria-miro.com



ART

EVERYTHING IS *NOT* AWESOME

After Ai Weiwei insults Lego-making Denmark, GQ asks is no country safe from his tyranny?

STORY BY **DR THORSTEN PATTBERG**

We are already in *Orwellian hell* and suffer under the *tyranny of a mass media*, and it is not the Chinese one. The world's leading toy maker, Lego, has been hijacked in a nasty Western "shame the Dane" campaign [Lego is from Denmark] initiated by Chinese "regime critic" Ai Weiwei. The "Master" is so full of himself he has decided to strike at Christmas to get the greatest possible attention. Lego said, "No politics, please." But we all know what happens if a superstar doesn't get his own way.

Of course, Ai Weiwei accused Lego immediately of "censorship." If the Danes don't give Ai Weiwei what he wants, that must be because they have issues with democracy. Or freedom of expression. Or Lego collaborates secretly with the Chinese government, who knows?

We recall how the Master treated the British government earlier this year when officers (allegedly) refused to issue him the visa dates he wanted. Even the German media called the British a bunch of idiots. So in the end the Master got his UK visa – no problem.

Denying the Master his Lego bricks to build his next political statement is considered high treason to "Western values". Mr Ai is getting his bricks anyway, in the form of donations from his fans. Question is, how long will this Western smear campaign against Lego last, and will there be boycotts?

To be fair, Ai Weiwei is a beneficiary of Washington's foreign policy to find and promote Chinese dissidents. Even if the Master appears "neutral", there are 10,000 journalists, bloggers and fan boys who will politicise his each and every step.

In fact, every Western press soldier dispatched to the Middle Kingdom must report about Ai's struggle against the evil Chinese government. Abroad, Ai Weiwei is a demigod. Debunking his wisdom or denying him authority is considered "harassment" and "persecution".

Since the Master personifies freedom of expression, naturally, the US and Europe must now fulfil his every wish, or else they could be accused of double standards and hypocrisy.

Lego is experienced in stonewalling against the vainglorious, the greedy and the social-justice warriors. The toy maker has been accused of sexism, misogyny and racism before. The business is family-owned, thus vulnerable to personal attacks and shaming campaigns. Its headquarters lie in Denmark, a country of no importance. Lego is all the Danish really have going for them. Still, the US cannot invade the country easily. It is part of the EU.

Ai Weiwei is not legally entitled to political Lego, but it should be possible to persuade the 5.6 million or so Danes via media humiliation to increase the pressure on the company.

For Denmark, this is serious. We are living in an age in which entire countries can be disenfranchised and trashed at any time, thanks to "the internet" – which really is just US companies dressed as global public services (Twitter, YouTube, etc). Your US licences from Disney could be easily revoked based on the grounds of gross human rights violations. Master Ai said you are "censoring" his voice.

It is true that Lego is making tens of millions of children and adults happy, retailing at about the same price everywhere and without discrimination. But Ai Weiwei is special; you must treat the Master preferentially. The Master wants to win another art prize. Could you send him the damn Lego bricks already!?

Besides, where is Lego's loyalty to the Western cause? Without European imperialism and colonialism, we would now all be playing Le-guo bricks with "Monkey King" themes. So perhaps the Danish house should show a little bit of respect for the Western mission.

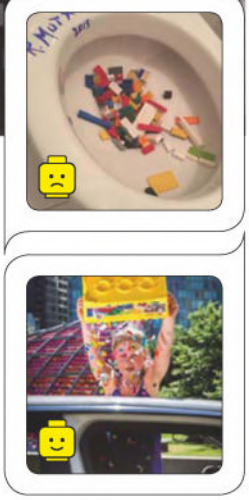
Do not take this the wrong way: Ai Weiwei makes China-sized art. Criticising art is pointless. Art always wins. But this political propaganda – and the sensational press – stinks. Western media transformed this formerly nude artist into a living Buddha. Naturally, he invites himself to every table.

The Master may build with Lego bricks whatever political statement he likes. But Lego should not yield to our agenda-driven media corporations, nor should it endorse or legitimise the Master's political activism.

#nolegosforweiwei

Dr Thorsten Pattberg is a philosopher and critic. east-west-dichotomy.com

> Lego's headquarters lie in Denmark, a country of no importance



WEIWEI VS LEGO

In October, Ai Weiwei took to social media to **harangue** Lego for not fulfilling a bulk order he'd placed for an exhibition on the subject of **free speech**. Weiwei fans offered bricks of their own, while the Danish company was accused of **censorship**. A Legoland amusement park planned for Shanghai is not connected with the company.

Stumbling blocks: Ai Weiwei's single-panel, Lego-built self portrait, 2014

Photograph The For-Site Foundation

IN SEARCH OF AN EQUALISER...

SPORT

Women's sport should be more than a battle for parity – it actually has to excel on its own terms

STORY BY **MARTIN SAMUEL**



Baseline figures: Serena Williams' talents ought to earn higher sums but other women's sports are simply not in the same league

Reanne Evans was, for a long time, the best female snooker player in the world. Between 2005 and 2014 she won ten world titles, for what it was worth, which wasn't much. Her total career earnings stand at £3,375.

Cue outrage. A single win in a qualifying match at the men's World Championship would be close to double that sum. Evans feels strongly about this. "You'd expect to earn a bit of a living for being top in your sport," she said, earlier this year. Well, yes and no, really. The Olympics are full of leaders in their field who cannot make a living professionally. Not much money in archery, for instance, since Robin Hood called it a day. That's the difference between a job and a hobby. A hobby is what you like doing. A job is what people will pay you to do. Evans likes snooker and is extremely good at it: but even the finals at major women's snooker tournaments do not attract crowds of more than 25. There is no money in women's snooker for the simple reason that it is not popular. In March this year, Evans attempted to reach the World Championship at The Crucible, but lost the first qualifying game 10-8. She played as the only woman on the circuit in 2010-11 but lost all 18 of her matches. A man beaten 18 straight wouldn't have a profitable career in snooker either. He would lose his wild card entry, as Evans did. To believe that she then merits parity with Ronnie O'Sullivan is daft. The gulf is in ability as well as earning potential.

The argument most frequently advanced is that women's sport would thrive commercially if only it was afforded a higher profile. There is a Twitter account dedicated solely to the column inches devoted to women's sport in the media. It is permanently disapproving. "Zero women's sport in seven pages of *Standard Sport* today," it will sniff. Yet last summer one branch of women's sport got its moment in the sun and may have set its cause back several years. Every ball of the women's Ashes was featured on Sky. It wasn't pretty, or fun.

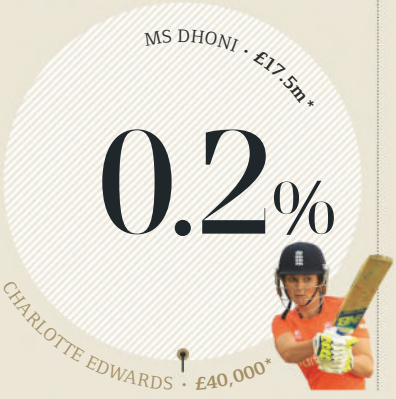
The lone Test match, in particular, must have been watched with horror by those charged with growing the game. The first England innings included 436 dot balls in a total of 168. The second lasted 59.1 overs, at a rate of 1.7 runs per over. One dismissal summed up the poor fare. Ellyse Perry of Australia bowled a tame long hop which was moving from middle to leg and England's Lydia Greenway somehow misjudged this as a bouncer.

She ducked and turned her head, at which point the ball began its downward trajectory, passing over her right shoulder and clipping the top of the stumps. Greenway had faced 137 balls and scored from ten of them. She was out for 16 having batted for two hours and 28 minutes. One report cited her "heroic resistance". To most of those watching it was simply stupefying.

Women's cricket was perfectly suited to the ethical battleground; it just wasn't ready for primetime.

Female sport stars' earnings as a percentage of men's





During his career as sports minister, Andy Burnham – a politician so sharp he recently contrived to lose the Labour leadership to a bloke who stood by accident – said women's cricketers should get as much coverage as the men. It was only when asked to name a single current female cricketer that his argument fell apart. He couldn't.

Women's cricket needs to develop, to evolve, before it can command an audience. There is a reason Serena Williams is as famous as any male athlete worldwide. It concerns excellence, not the overthrow of sexism, or misogyny. The demand that all women's sport deserves profile simply for existing does a disservice to some truly great athletes and events. Williams, the Solheim Cup, Lizzy Yarnold, Jessica Ennis-Hill, great sport and sports people do not have to be forced upon the crowd. They find their place in the market on merit. The 36 per cent of female British medallists at the 2012 Olympics would not have felt overlooked. And Williams, certainly, is a marvel.

Not just for what she has won, but for the way she redefined her sport. Overnight, a generation of rivals such as Martina Hingis became redundant, blown away by a champion whose ferocity and power remain unmatched even now. She needs one more singles title to equal Steffi Graf's record. Hingis, who Williams defeated for her first grand slam, has not played at a major singles event since 2007 despite being only a year older. When Williams won her first grand slam, Ashley Cole was yet to make his Arsenal debut and Rory McIlroy was ten. Add Williams' doubles titles to her singles wins and she passed Graf in 2010. She currently leads her by 36-23 in grand slam titles.

And there is the nub of it. It is patronising in the extreme to regard all women's sport as equally compelling or worthy. For women to be good, they must also be allowed to be bad, mediocre or just plain boring. Only then, can they stand out.

Photographs Getty Images * Estimated 2015 earnings

NAVIGATOR

Set your cultural compass to this month's pole stars

SEE

John Hoyland: Power Stations at Newport Street Gallery, London

UNTIL 3 APRIL

The late John Hoyland's vast, vibrant canvases fill all six galleries of Damien Hirst's new 3,400 sq m arts complex in Lambeth. A traditional start for the one-time *enfant terrible* turned sober gallery owner, but Hirst loves to promote underrated artists, especially his friends, and Hoyland was both. SOPHIE HASTINGS

NEWPORTSTREETGALLERY.COM

WATCH

In The Heart Of The Sea

OUT ON 26 DECEMBER



Based on the 2000 nonfiction book of the same name, Ron *Apollo 13* Howard's latest tells the true story of the inspiration for *Moby Dick*. In 1820 the whaling vessel Essex was rammed by a sperm whale and the crew spent more than 90 days at sea in small whale boats, eventually resorting to cannibalism. Expect star Chris *Thor* Hemsworth (*above right*) to be chowing down on human flesh. STUART McGURK

HEAR

Art Angels by Grimes

OUT ON 6 NOVEMBER (4AD)

Having graduated from the Montreal noise scene to Jay Z's Roc Nation stable, charismatic electro-pop auteur Claire Boucher bids for mainstream success on her own terms with a smart blend of the slick and the spiky, like a gothically inclined Carly Rae Jepsen. DORIAN LYNSKEY

SEE

Bill Viola at Yorkshire Sculpture Park

UNTIL 10 APRIL

An exhibition by the pioneering American video and installation artist whose work envelops the viewer in image and sound. Displayed in YSP's Chapel and Underground Gallery, Viola's emotionally charged pieces, made over the last 20 years, explore life, death, love and spirituality. SH

YSP.CO.UK

WATCH

The Hateful Eight

OUT ON 8 JANUARY

Quentin Tarantino returns with a film he'd previously decided never to make – *The Hateful Eight* went from a leaked script never to be shot to a possible novel to an actual live stage reading to a film again. Thank heavens, because it looks like classic QT. Set after the US Civil War, it concerns eight strangers hiding out in the same cabin during a blizzard, most of them bounty hunters. Expect whip-crack dialogue, quadruple-crossing cut-throats, and an aesthetic that's a cross between a manga cartoon and a spaghetti western. SM

HEAR

Montage Of Heck: The Home Recordings by Kurt Cobain

OUT NOW (UNIVERSAL)

The soundtrack to Brett Morgen's impressionistic documentary is a musical scrapbook so lo-fi and intimate that listening to it feels a little like eavesdropping. Here, in the raw, is Cobain the punk, the goofball, the introvert and, on a beautiful cover of the Beatles' "And I Love Her", the classic pop fan. DL

WATCH

Joy

OUT ON 1 JANUARY

Director David O Russell once again teams up with the *Silver Linings Playbook* awards-bait trio of Jennifer Lawrence, Bradley Cooper and Robert De Niro for the true-story of Joy Mangano (Lawrence), a woman who went from struggling single mum of three to the inventor of the "Miracle Mop", and president of the resulting multimillion-dollar company. Expect Russell's trademark concoction of high drama/low farce, and the sexiest woman alive mopping the floor. SM



Don't panic...

But *Head* is rumoured to be **Coldplay's** farewell album.

SEE

The World Goes Pop at Tate Modern, London

UNTIL 24 JANUARY

With 160 works from the Sixties and Seventies by artists from Latin America, Asia, the Middle East and Europe, this show rebrands Pop Art as a global movement and a subversive tool for criticism and public protest. A welcome change from Pop Art's same old role as worshipper of western commercial culture: this is way more fun and you can't buy the posters in Ikea. SH

TATE.ORG.UK

HEAR

A Head Full Of Dreams by Coldplay

OUT ON 4 DECEMBER (PARLOPHONE)

After the damp squib of *Ghost Stories*, Coldplay go mega-pop with the help of Beyoncé, Noel Gallagher and Norwegian hit-writers Stargate, making them the only rock band who can go toe to toe with Taylor and Rihanna. An album so explosively optimistic that even the break-up songs are upbeat. DL

WATCH

Sherlock Christmas Special

1 JANUARY, BBC ONE

Finally, the show we've all waiting for! *Sherlock*'s writers, Mark Gatiss and Steven Moffat, have bent to popular pressure and, for a one-off Christmas special, set Benedict Cumberbatch's semi-autistic super-sleuth and his sidekick Martin Freeman loose on the characters' original home turf (ie, Victorian London) complete with deerstalker and pipe. The plot is under wraps, but it's called "The Abominable Bride" and, well, it's bound to be good. SM



Fear of flying: Simon Faithful's EZY1899 Reenactment For A Future Scenario, 2012

RISK at Turner Contemporary, Margate

More than 60 works by Marina Abramovic, Eve Hesse and Ai Weiwei examine how artists deal with risk to embrace the unforeseeable and often uncontrollable elements of human existence. SH GO UNTIL 17 JANUARY. TURNERCONTEMPORARY.ORG

Photographs Planet Photos; courtesy of the artist and Galerie Polaris Paris

LOOKING LIKE EVERYONE ELSE ISN'T FOR EVERYONE



INFINITI

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Official fuel consumption for Infiniti Q30 Premium Tech 2.2d DCT AWD (model shown) in MPG (l/100 km): Urban 47.1 (6.0), Extra-urban 65.7 (4.3), Combined 57.7 (4.9). CO_2 emissions 127 g/km. Provisional fuel consumption for Infiniti Q30 Premium Tech 2.2d DCT 2WD (model shown) in MPG (l/100 km): Combined 62.8 (4.5). CO_2 emissions 117 g/km.



Official EU test figures obtained from laboratory testing, and may not represent real-life driving results (which vary depending on driving behaviour, conditions, optional extras and other factors). Official emission and fuel consumption figures for the entire Q30 range are not available at the time of going to press. Please contact your dealer for further information. Q30 available for order from November 2015, and delivery from first quarter of 2016.

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ALEX MULLINS. SS16
PHOTOGRAPHER: SHAUN JAMES COX

THE GQ GIFT GUIDE

100 things you must own

Ever wanted to drive a drop-top Range Rover? Do luxe backpacks carry your favour? Need a new take on tuxedos? Or maybe vinyl retrospectives would put you in a spin. With a solid century of fashion, culture, tech, sport and dining, GQ remains the home from home for elite aesthetes. Gentlemen, say goodbye to your bonuses...

COMPILED BY **STUART McGURK**



1 Luxury shoe care kit by A Mulard

Shine on

All men need the kit to keep their shoes in top condition, but too often we're fishing around in a crumpled bag for our essentials. Step forward this luxury shoe-care kit, which houses everything you need – from horsehair brush to leather restorer and five aerosol treatments – in a smart clamp-top wooden box. Never fish in vain again.

The clincher: A Mulard has been making shoe care equipment since 1879, so you can assume it knows its stuff.

£275. At The Conran Shop. conranshop.co.uk

2 Tote by MCM

Tote's amazing

Fresh from its wild collaboration with James Long and the latest issue of *GQ Style*, South Korean brand MCM has never been cooler than it is right now. While it may be best known for its extravagant use of logos, we love this incredibly elegant manbag.

The clincher: The colour is perfect – grey will be the must-have shade for leather in 2016.

£825. mcmworldwide.com

3 Shinola's new shop

Detroit gets big in London

Looks like we're not the only ones digging Shinola's retro-inspired timepieces. The Detroit-based company has proved so popular here in the UK that it's now opening its second outpost in the capital, a 70,000 sq m space in Soho. Expect more watches and leather goods, including these smart wallets.

The clincher: This new, larger space will also be used to host in-store events, talks and demonstrations – whether these will include a free watch for attendees remains to be seen.

From £125. 28 Fouberts Place, Soho, London W1. shinola.co.uk

4 Sports kit by Berluti

Leather vain

Master Parisian shoemaker Berluti has used its bespoke leather brilliance to clad the feet of the

Photograph Sun Lee


5

great and the good for more than 100 years, but now it is adding its expertise to your work-out routine. Having partnered with German sports equipment king Hock, it has created the ultimate dumbbell and skipping rope set for fashionably old-school fitness freaks.
The clincher: With American walnut handles and Venezia leather detailing, no matter how hard you work out, you will never look as good as they do.
From £340. berluti.com

5 Embossed trainers by Michael Kors

Sneaker pimps

Sometimes bling is just the thing, and what could be more attention-grabbing than these Michael Kors embossed croc sneakers? Whatever the weather, banish the socks, roll up the chinos and flash an ankle for a look that will be more cash than dash.
The clincher: Twin with a big Michael Kors gold chronograph for a look that brings a bit of Puerto Banus to Portsmouth.
£220. michaelkors.com

6 Burberry Home

Burn baby burn

Perfumer Francis Kurkdjian (he of the eponymous line) is also the nose behind the fragrances at Burberry, including a collection of handmade (in Sussex) luxury scented candles. Dewy Grass immediately conjures a freshly cut summer lawn, while Fire Embers recalls a smoky country hearth. And, of course, this is Burberry, so they look as good as they smell.
The clincher: There's a 2kg five-wick version for those who just can't get enough.
£50. burberry.com

7 Leather jacket by Acne Studios

What's in a name?

It's a little-known fact that the name of Sweden's famous fashion brand is an acronym for "Ambition to Create Novel Expressions". This may sound a little "all your base are belong to us" (look it up) but it's a lot better than being named after a skin complaint. Whatever, the clothes look great regardless – especially this great leather jacket.
The clincher: Contrasting suede panels on the back and sleeves elevate this above the basic biker.
£1,050. acnestudios.com



8

8 Halo 5: Guardians

A Master Chief feast of the eyes

The PS4 might have the Xbox One out-matched when it comes to raw graphics power, but no one has bothered to tell 343 Industries – its latest instalment in the legendary *Halo* series looks absolutely stunning. Master Chief and friends have been brought bang up to date with a host of new gameplay mechanics spread across epic story missions and brand new multiplayer modes.
The clincher: As well as *Halo 5*, Christmas exclusives such as *Rise Of The Tomb Raider* and *Forza 6* mean it's time to invest in an Xbox One.
£39. At Amazon. amazon.co.uk

9 Curv by E-Lites

e-Smokin'

Most e-cigarettes look like they've been designed by a steam-punk lab technician, so the compact, oval Curv leads the charge in the style stakes. Better still, each of the flavour tips are made with the brand's own e-liquid, which uses pharma-grade nicotine. Vapour production is spot on and the snap-in tips mean no more mess topping up your tank.
The clincher: It has a pull-away plug connection between the cartridge and the battery unit, so you can change it without dismantling anything.
£14.99. e-lites.co.uk

10 Heritage Black Bay watch by Tudor

None more black

The history of Tudor watches has been overshadowed by its sibling brand, Rolex, but aficionados have long celebrated its standing as "first among equals" in the tool watch fraternity and its use of third-party movements has kept prices keen. Then, in 2012, Tudor reintroduced a dive piece in its Heritage collection, with burgundy or blue bezels and, guess what, the latest iteration is a dead ringer for the 1954 original. Bingo!
The clincher: A vintage Submariner for a fraction of the auction price. What's not to love?
From £2,210. tudorwatch.com



10

11

Single malt Scotch collection by The Balvenie

Dram good

If whisky is "the water of life" then The Balvenie's new collection of rare single malts are for the man who's living the dream. The first release from the collection, Chapter One, is a limited-edition set of five single-cask (aka super-rare) single malts from five different decades (a 46-year, 37-year, 30-year, 17-year and nine-year), presented in a handsome, handmade walnut and brass presentation case.
The clincher: If the price tag for the full set is a little ambitious, then a bottle of the 2005 is available for £400. *£27,000. uk.thebalvenie.com*




TED BAKER
Cuetta

12



Road bike by Quella

Thoroughly modern retro

When it comes to road bikes, retro has long trumped modern, with custom fixie riders (vintage frames, new wheels), looking down on their Evans Cycles comrades. Now, thanks to Italian bike maker Quella, in collaboration with Ted Baker, you can have the best of both: a bike with retro styling (racing steel frame, even retro wheels, Brooks leather saddles), but made-to-order for you.

The clincher: There are three colours to pick from, "Redfinn", "Bluetail" or Greengill" (that's red, blue or green to you).

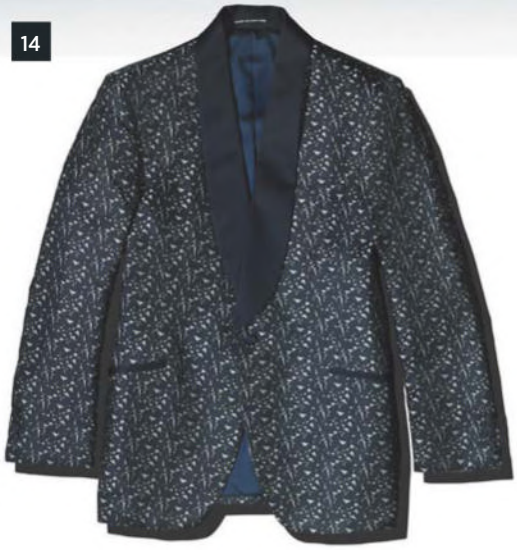
£1,995. quellabicycle.com



Photograph Full Stop Photography



13



14

13 Mu-So by Naim

Wi-Fi hi-fi

One of the few pure hi-fi manufacturers to have moved into the compact single-speaker Wi-Fi/Bluetooth market, Naim's Mu-So not only knocks the competition out of the park in terms of sound (it has 450W of power, remarkable for something just 12cm in height), but looks too. A satisfying slab of aluminium, its very heft gives all that sonic power a depth and bass that genuinely rivals traditional separates.

The clincher: It can connect to your music in every way possible (Bluetooth, AirPlay, Spotify Connect, etc).

£895. naimaudio.com

14 Tuxedo by Turnbull & Asser

Smooth as silk

Turnbull & Asser has dressed everyone from David Niven to James Bond (not just the spy himself, in the books, but also Bond author Ian Fleming in the flesh) and knows a thing or two about classic British style. Under creative director Dean Gomilsek-Cole it is hitting new heights and the silk Shattered Dreams shawl-collared tux will make any occasion a red-carpet event. It is perfect combined with the *Casino Royale* dress shirt – as seen on you-know-who.

The clincher: The design is based on an architectural detailing of the windows of 30 St Mary Axe, aka The Gherkin in London.

£1,450. turnbullandasser.co.uk

15 Serif TV by Samsung

Framing your set

We can buy a designer version of everything for our living room – speakers, sofas, lamps – but what about the TV? Samsung has the answer: quit the obsession with ultra-thin screens, and make it furniture. Its new Serif sets are made in collaboration with French designers Ronan and Erwan Bouroullec, and see the TV (in 24in, 32in or ultra-HD 40in) surrounded by a thick wooden frame, like a picture, and made freestanding. Something to present rather than hide.

The clincher: Sets covered with felt at the back and the larger sizes have optional legs, meaning they can sit in the middle of a room.

From £499. samsung.com

16 Suitcase by Antler

Not too deer...

You can spend a lot of money – and time – choosing a piece of luggage you'd be happy to consign to the hold, but take our advice and observe these simple rules: go for something very, very light; go for four strong wheels that allow you to propel rather than drag your case the two miles between terminals; and find something you will be able to spot at 25 paces after a 12-hour flight from Tokyo. In short: invest in an Antler.

The clincher: The company was founded by the son of bicycle seat maker John Boultbee Brooks 101 years ago. >

£99. *antler.co.uk*



16



WINNER... AGAIN!

Digital Men's Magazine Of The Year 2015









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17 Penny loafers by Palace

In for a penny

In a year in which Jimmy Choo held its LCM show in a skate park, it's only right London skate brand Palace move in the other direction and add razor-sharp penny loafers to its offer. Available in a range of colours from burgundy to bright blue, the shoes are a left-field take on the preppy classic from a brand as lauded by style editors as it is skaters thanks to arch riffs on Nineties sportswear (with Adidas and Reebok) and celebrity fans (Drake and A$AP Rocky). Whatever you do, though, just don't skate in them.

The clincher: They come complete with a gold-plated Palace penny in the slit straps. Cashback! *£180. palaceskateboards.com*



18 Triumph Custom Bonneville

Biking goes bespoke

If you want to make a two-wheeled style statement in 2016, the only way to go is to buy a custom motorbike. A whole slew of bike builders are creating individual works of street-legal art, reinventing design and revitalising the biker movement.

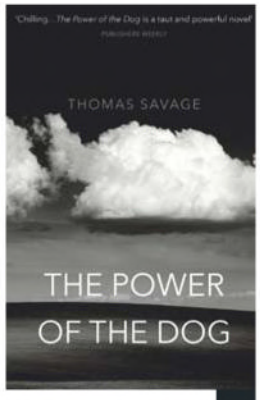
The clincher: Anthony Dutch van Someren, co-founder of the Bike Shed, commissioned his re-imagined Bonneville from Down & Out Café Racers in Sheffield. And you already want one. *bespokemotorcycles.co.uk*

19 BeoPlay A6 by Bang & Olufsen

No cutting corners

While most speakers are either boring boxes (Bose) or look-at-me statement pieces (B&W Zeppelin; Stark), Bang & Olufsen have something in the sweet spot: a beautiful object that fades into the background. The A6 is a stunning elbow-bend of a speaker – not only does the design help it fill a room with sound more evenly, but it has intuitive swipe controls along the top. Simplicity itself.

The clincher: It can link with other B&O speakers for a better-than-Sonos multi-room setup. *£799. beoplay.com*



20

20 The Power Of The Dog by Thomas Savage

The new Stoner

First published in 1967, *The Power Of The Dog* by Thomas Savage is a story of domestic drama between two brothers in Twenties Montana. George is dull but kind and gentle; Phil is brilliant but dominant and sadistic. When George finds love in the arms of widower Rose, Phil sets out to destroy them both. What follows is a harrowing account of jealousy, rage and retribution that grips you until the very last page.

The clincher: A new edition of this John Willams' *Stoner*-beating character study is out in February. *£8.99, Vintage. vintage-books.co.uk*

21 ILCE-QX1L Smart Lens by Sony

Pimp your eye(Phone)

The idea is a simple one: cram everything that's great about a high-end digital camera into a lens barrel, then use your smartphone as the viewfinder. Known as a "smart lens", Sony's new QX1 range are essentially compact versions of their full-size CSC Alpha A6000 cameras, with a 20.1MP sensor. Just clip the clamp-arms on your phone, download the app, connect using Wi-Fi and control everything via touchscreen.

The clincher: Photos are automatically saved to the memory card in the lens barrel, but can also copy directly to your phone for eager Instagrammers. *£249. sony.co.uk*



21



22

22 Cessna Citation Latitude

The modern private jet

The newest private jet from Cessna, the Citation Latitude, has a flat floor – unlike older private jets which have a sunken aisle – which easily accommodates six footers. It'll get you anywhere in Europe with up to nine passengers at 500mph and 10,000 feet above commercial traffic. Just be careful to secure your champagne on takeoff; the thrust from the two Pratt & Whitney turbofan jets is unlike anything you've experienced in first class.

The clincher: Satellite Wi-Fi internet and an iPad-controlled Clarity audio system come as standard. >

£9.7 million. cessna.txtav.com

Photograph Sun Lee



23 Headphones by Master & Dynamic

Beginners' pluck

You'd be forgiven for having not heard of Master & Dynamic – the New York company only formed two years ago – but with its debut headphones, the over-ear MH40, it's instantly become an audio sensation, easily equalling such cans as Sennheiser, Bang & Olufsen and Bowers & Wilkins from a standing start.

The clincher: Made from forged aluminium and stainless steel, it's not light, at 360g, but reeks of quality.

£319. masterdynamic.com

24 Gran Reserva 904, 2005 by La Rioja Alta

Don't take our word for it...

According to Berry Bros & Rudd's Steffan Griffiths, "La Rioja Alta is one of the oldest and most traditional houses and its 904 expression really is what traditionally aged rioja is all about. The tempranillo grape contributes the classic strawberries-and-cream flavour, while the extensive ageing in oak lends the savoury, leathery elements that rioja fanatics crave."

The clincher: Traditionally made reservas and gran reservas must be aged for a minimum of three or five years respectively before they're released to market.

£33. At Berry Bros & Rudd. bbr.com



25 Amy Winehouse vinyl box set

Back to black vinyl

This eight-disc, limited-edition box set, released by Island Records, pays homage to Amy Winehouse's sensational talent, one we were reminded of not long ago watching Asif Kapadia's *Amy* documentary.

The box set comprises Winehouse's three studio albums as well as live recordings from 2007 concerts at Shepherd's Bush and each album is pressed onto 180-gram vinyl.

The clincher: The box set includes an album's worth of rarities, featuring live session tracks dating from 2003.

£95. Out 11 December.





26 Phone-charging case by Mophie

Stay powered, stay connected

Let's be honest, we start to sweat when our phones creep close to 20 per cent battery and we can no longer stalk Instagram. Thankfully, Mophie is here with its Juice Pack battery covers for iPhone, Samsung and HTC. Thin, lightweight and with an integrated on/off button so you can choose when to save or spend your juice.

The clincher: So good, these are the first battery cases to be certified by Apple Inc.

From £49.95. uk.mophie.com



27 GQ iPhone edition

Smart just got smarter

We're blowing our own trumpet, but if we can't call ourselves one of the 100 best things in our own guide, when can we? Our revamped iPhone app is now the best magazine experience on a smartphone you can buy – including everything you know and love from the print magazine in a new cleaner design; clever without the clutter.

The clincher: It's *GQ* in the palm of your hand – what more do you need?

£2.49 per issue. itunes.apple.com

28 Jo Malone on Regent Street

Custom cologne

How can you make a fragrance your own? Jo Malone's new residence on Regent Street has the answer. The flagship boutique houses a fragrance library featuring an archive collection of nine discontinued and limited-edition scents and offers an exclusive custom service – pick any cologne, select a cap (choose from nine different shades) and add an engraving of your choice (£15 per letter).

The clincher: Take a lesson in fragrance layering at the Jo Malone Tasting Bar to find *your* combination.

£89 for 100ml. jomalone.com

29 M1 Driver by TaylorMade

Grip it and rip it

The M1 has, according to TaylorMade, been in development for 20 years. Made from a combination of titanium and carbon composite, it is lighter, delivers more speed, and has a higher launch and lower spin than any TM driver of old: in other words, you can hit the ball further. It is also adjustable to your swing, allowing you to shift weight from front to back, and from side to side. Go big or go home.

The clincher: Current world No1 golfer Jason Day says the M1 has added ten yards to his tee shot.

From £429. taylormadegolf.co.uk

30 Gilet by Iffley Road

Sleeveless is more

Named after the track on which Roger Bannister broke the four-minute mile, Iffley Road is adored by runners because it neatly wraps new-school fabric tech in old school-inspired designs. Its new sleek gilet keeps your torso toasty while you rack up the miles, but unlike some jackets, doesn't retain so much warmth as to leave you overheated.

The clincher: Packs into a bag in the back of the gilet, which has a small rivet that allows you to wring it out once stowed.

£135. iffleyroad.com



31 Burberry Scarf Bar

Counter the cold

We all know about the Apple Genius Bar, but does an iPad keep you warm in winter? It does not. Step forward Burberry and its new Scarf Bar. Located in every standalone Burberry store worldwide, you can consult with its experts to create a scarf from 30 different colours, three prints (check, heart, plain), two weights of cashmere (lightweight or classic), and even add your own three-letter monogram.

The clincher: You can also access the Scarf Bar online.

From £335 (monogramming £50). uk.burberry.com

32 The Aponi Collection by Lucy Kurrein

A jointed effort

Inspired by the simplicity of South African design Kurrein so admired on her travels, the Aponi Collection for Joined+Jointed is a range of furniture with basic structures and handcrafted decorative design. Aponi is the Native American word for butterfly and explains the symmetrical motif that led the collection. The bureau in oak seems to be made for butterflies: small, lightweight and folding.

The clincher: The range debuted at London's Design Festival this year.

Bureau, £915. lucykurrein.com

33 Dizzy shoe by Mr Hare

Hare style

Marc Hare, aka Mr Hare, is one of Britain's best shoe designers, with an unerring knack of turning classic styles into something edgier. At first glance, the Dizzy shoe looks like a fairly traditional Oxford but when you examine it, you see the shape is a little bit leaner with a subtle wingtip and the leather is scotch-grain – a finish not normally associated with formal shoes. This is footwear for the man who wants to be chic without shouting about it.

The clincher: All of Mr Hare's shoes are handmade in Tuscany.

£460. mrhare.com

34 Copper pans by Falk Culinair

The sleekest pans on the market

Family owned and running for three generations, Falk Culinair knows what it's doing, particularly when it comes to copper. Their new Signature collection of 12 handcrafted, solid-copper pans are more than easy on the eye, and all gently curve so as to avoid essential ingredients sticking to sharp angles and going to waste.

The clincher: Copper is the best metal for conducting heat, it's strong, noncorrosive and, for designers, is bang on trend. >

From £75. falkculinair.com

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35 Wireless stick by Sandisk Connect

Look, no wires

The problem with our ultra-slim world of smartphones, sleek tablets and one-socket MacBooks: how do we get the data from our USB sticks on to them? Sandisk have solved the problem with their Connect Wireless Stick, which, as the name suggests, will allow you to wirelessly connect with it (via an app with a phone or tablet, or directly with a laptop), then stream or download all your data, be it a presentation or a film.

The clincher: They start at 16GB but rise to a whopping 128GB, enough for over 100 movies.

From £41.90. sandisk.co.uk

36 Shearling Varsity jacket by Coach

Fuzzy logic

Stuart Vevers, creative director at Coach, continues to breath life into the heritage accessories brand with an incredibly covetable ready-to-wear collection. A lust-worthy baseball jacket combines an all-American silhouette with butter-soft leather and rich, black shearling. Varsity jackets are ten a penny – this one will separate the men from the boys.

The clincher: A super-luxe take on classic sportswear.

£1,300. uk.coach.com

37 Ecoalf

Plastic fantastic

When it comes to sustainability, the fashion industry has much work to do, leaving the playing field wide open for brands like Ecoalf to (lightly) step in. A proud upcycler, Ecoalf's collection is made entirely from recycled materials including wool, cotton, fishing nets, used tyres and even coffee beans. In the past, eco-friendly clothes have been marked down on style but its insulated, water-repellent, lightweight jacket looks and feels the business. Imagine if every label was this conscientious.

The clincher: Each jacket is made from 80 recycled plastic bottles.

£115. ecoalf.com

38



38 Surface Book by Microsoft

Double trouble

Not much was expected from Microsoft's first "laptop" – and certainly not this, the 13.5ins Surface Book, which is not only a potential MacBook Pro beater (it has a comparable processor, a better battery and it's lighter), but it's the only device on the market that's a true hybrid: the screen detaches via an innovative hinge to double as an excellent tablet.

The clincher: With US prices starting at $1,499 (£973), it's not only cheaper than a MacBook Pro (£999), but becomes a no-brainer when you consider it's a tablet too.

microsoftstore.com

44



35



40



39 Toolset by Wohngeist

DIY until you d-i-e

If a job's worth doing, it's worth doing with an immaculate, artisanal German-designed toolkit. This one comes in a fine-sanded and oiled case made from solid Swiss pear wood, features 24 tools and each handle is resistant to warping and splintering. With one of these sets, you'll feel like a master craftsmen even if you are just assembling an Ikea coffee table.

The clincher: Apart from the pencil, this set should last a lifetime. (It is a nice pencil, though.)

£1,995. At The Conran Shop. conranshop.co.uk

40 Cashmere jeans by 7 For All Mankind

Jean genie

The LA brand has added an Italian twist to its men's style, the Straight, with the introduction of cashmere denim sourced from Italian mills. These classic-cut, all-purpose indigo jeans are, unsurprisingly, super soft.

The clincher: Jeans that are comfortable on a long-haul flight? Genius.

£225. 7forallmankind.com

41 Backpack by Hardy Amies

Back to the future

Face it, the Tote Wars have been fought and won – by the all-pervasive backpack. Rather like dress sneakers, there are any number of premium versions out there, but given its earthbound origins, we prefer the normcore credentials of plain black nylon and minimal branding. Step forward this elegant yet robust all-black example by Hardy Amies, with its carefully administered detailing and a usefully discreet logo.

The clincher: Although ace taste-maker Hardy himself was never spotted sporting a rucksack, we think he'd approve of this bag's directional styling.

£350. hardyamies.com

42 Dogma F8 bike by Pinarello

Froome vroom

If you wanted a bike capable of winning the Tour de France, you'd probably start with one of the best cycle constructors in the world, Pinarello. To improve it, you'd give it to Team Sky and ask them to make it better. And then Team Sky would probably ask luxury car manufacturer Jaguar to get involved and perfect its aerodynamics and streamlined design. The Dogma F8 is the result.

The clincher: 1 min 12 secs... Chris Froome's winning margin after 21 stages and 3,360.3km of the 2015 Tour de France.

£9,599. pinarello.com

43



43 High tops by Giuseppe Zanotti

Shoe-in

Italian designer Giuseppe Zanotti was brought up a few miles from Rimini, the party capital of the Adriatic coast, and started his career as a DJ before becoming one of the most renowned shoemakers in the business. But true to his roots, his designs have always been about high-octane fun and even when he is at his most restrained – such as with these navy and cobalt high tops – he never loses his sense of party style.

The clincher: Check out Zanotti's latest collaboration with Korean music icon G-Dragon – putting the real style into Gangnam.

£540. At Harrods. harrods.com

44 Nutri Blitzer

As fast as a speeding NutriBullet

The Nutri Blitzer arrives to park its veggie-smoothie tanks very much on the NutriBullet lawn. Both offer handy one-cup blending (blend, turn, drink), and both handle even the toughest vegetables you can throw at it. The key difference? The Blitzer is just £79.99, almost half that of the NutriBullet.

The clincher: It comes as an eleven-piece set, including extraction blade and milling blade. >

£79.99. At JML. jmldirect.com

Photographs Full Stop Photography



45 Mercurial Superfly by Nike

The football boot to beat

The Superfly is a boot with many talents. Its Flyknit upper makes for a tight, sock-like fit, the carbon-fibre sole keeps them at a featherweight 200g and its design is so slick, even the world's best (and most stylish) footballer, Cristiano Ronaldo, wears them. Your move, Adidas.

The clincher: The All Conditions Control base means your touch will never be compromised, whatever the weather. *From £240. nike.com*

46 Range Rover Evoque Convertible

We have liftoff

Not content with building the best and most terrain-defying 4x4s in the world, Land Rover has now decided to go where no luxury SUV has gone before... into the convertible market. Designer Gerry McGovern says his latest creation is "unique and highly desirable" – we agree.

The clincher: Most convertible owners won't care, but this is still a Land Rover it has off-road ability to match off-roof good looks.

On sale spring 2016. From £40,000. landrover.co.uk

47 Hepple Gin

More Mare

If you're a gin connoisseur, you'll have heard of Gin Mare – a Spanish-made gin that includes the likes of rosemary, thyme and basil in its botanical line-up and tastes rather savoury. One problem, though: it's hard to find in the UK. Thank heavens for Hepple, which promises to be the UK's equivalent, and supplements the juniper berries of the Northumbrian hills with pine and aromatic plants.

The clincher: A unique high-pressure extraction process means the gin retains its flavour even when diluted with tonic.

£45. hepple-gin.com

48 Jeff Koons: Hulk Elvis by Philip Tinari

Art's big dog

Tinari's book accompanies Koon's *Hulk Elvis*, a major exhibition in Asia, which includes sculpture and painting. For Koons, *Hulk Elvis* represents "both Western and Eastern culture, a sense of a guardian, a protector that at the same time is capable of bringing the house down".

The clincher: Who wouldn't want to read about an exhibition so diverse it flits between comic characters and figures from antiquity?

£65. Available at Amazon. amazon.co.uk

49 4K Ultra Short Throw Projector by Sony

Pop-up cinema

Often, home projectors are a fiddly affair, requiring precise installation – and people not standing in front of the beam during *Narcos*. Sony's new "ultra" short throw projector is about to change that. Resembling a long speaker bar that sits flush to your wall, it projects the image almost directly upwards, making any wall a 4K cinema screen.

The clincher: It will project up to 147in, assuming your wall is large enough.

sony.net

50 iPad Pro by Apple

A tablet that means business

The clue's in the name: the Pro is designed for work. Unlike previous iPads, which were best suited to watching and reading, this version has a jumbo 12.9ins screen and aggressively fast A9X chip. Simply pair with a Bluetooth keyboard – or whip out the stylus – and you have a viable replacement for your main computer. We'd note, however, that movies *do* look terrific on its 5.6 million pixel display: it's not all work, work, work.

The clincher: It might be enormous but it's surprisingly easy to hold in one hand.

£520 (estimate). apple.com

51 Star Wars: The Ultimate Vinyl Collection

New Hope, old format

There is one thing every *Star Wars* fan has been waiting for since 2004: the original cinematic cuts of *Episodes IV-VI*, unaltered by George Lucas' tinkering and remastered in HD. This isn't that, but it'll do. John Williams' original scores for all six films are presented with the luxury and fanfare they deserve.

The clincher: Williams' soundtrack is possibly the only good thing to come from the prequel trilogy. "Duel Of The Fates" is a superb piece of music.

£180. starwars.com

52 Public School x Woolmark

Cosy collaboration

Public School has teamed up with Woolmark to create an exclusive collection made from Merino wool. The duo brings its trademark cool to a ten-piece capsule range including track pants, cuffed trousers, leggings, pleated shorts and sweaters in an urban palette of grey and black.

The clincher: A bonded rubber and needle punch hooded top adds serious luxury to your loafing.

From £195. matchesfashion.com

53 Casentino coat by Canali

Fabulously Florentine

Casentino is a textured cloth with origins in Tuscany and was reputedly created by monks who made coats for the locals. The coats were orange but Canali has made a white version to keep you warm however bad the forecast.

The clincher: The raised surface of the cloth is traditionally created with thistles and is said to keep you as warm as any technical fabric.

£1,250. canali.com











Photograph Sun Lee

Blooms rucksack by Gucci

Heavy petal

The appointment of Alessandro Michele as the creative director of Gucci has given the venerable label a whole new lease of life and turned it into one of the hottest in the world right now. His trademark blurring of the lines between genders is perfectly summed up with this cool floral rucksack.

The clincher: **Even if a pussy-bow man blouse is a step too far, this is the perfect way to wear Gucci. > From £835. gucci.com**

54

57

Futura X7M by Scotty Cameron

Harry Putter's magic wand

Californian golf-club maker Scotty Cameron has been producing the world's best putters for nearly 25 years, and if his latest line is anything to go by, he really is starting to get the hang of it. The X7M is made from a mix of stainless steel and aircraft-grade aluminium, making it feel comfortable in your hands and far more forgiving on the green.

The clincher: Golfing wizard Jordan Spieth uses a Scotty Cameron putter whenever he wins a major. Which is often.

£320. titleist.co.uk



56

Barista Express by Sage

The world's best coffee machine just got smaller

If you like to press one button and boom, there's your coffee, then this isn't for you (sorry). This nifty little machine reminds us why making coffee is an art, and should be done properly. Pre-heat your cup with the instant hot water, choose from one of the 18 grind settings ranging from course to fine, tailor your coffee dose, and finish with the high-powered frothing arm.

The clincher: Did we mention Sage is Heston Blumenthal's range?

£550. sageappliances.co.uk



57 Collector's edition by Terre D'Hermès

Desirable design

Vintage scent bottles are collector's items with early editions (from Lalique for example) fetching thousands of pounds at auction. So who is making the collectibles of the future? Undoubtedly Hermès. The latest collector's edition of Terre D'Hermès, a refillable metal flacon designed by Philippe Mouquet, is a thing of minimalist beauty and should last a lifetime and beyond.

The clincher: Engrave it to create a personalised heirloom.

£116 for 150ml. hermes.com



58 Polar parka by Woolrich x Loro Piana

Rich pickings

John Rich set up his mill in 1845 to sell his woollen wares to Pennsylvanian lumber camps and Woolrich later supplied Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition in 1939 – so you will be well prepared this winter. Woolrich's outerwear experience combined with the know-how of one of Italy's finest fabric manufacturers has produced a polar parka made for extreme conditions – and the daily commute.

The clincher: Loro Piana's trademark double-barrier Storm System wool.

£1,215. woolrich.com



59 Helvetica 1 smartwatch by Mondaine

Smart-ish watch

Let's face it – super-smart watches aren't for everyone. So Mondaine's Helvetica 1 represents a compromise – essentially a regular watch with an analogue dial, it has a smart sub-dial, which tracks everything from sleep to fitness and calories to steps. Granted, you can't get your email, but did you really want to?

The clincher: For more detailed data, just sync the watch with your phone via its app.

From £600. mondaine.com



60 Ni knives by Global

Cook sharper

As Switzerland is to watches, so Japan is to knives – and Global has just released its most Japanese yet. Thirty years after Komin Yamada created the first Global range, the "Ni" line (meaning "two") comes with new Orient-inspired blade shapes for more precise cutting – plus the ergonomic handle makes light work of even the heftiest yellowfin.

The clincher: Says Albert Roux, Ni knives are "unbelievably fantastic".

From £75. globalknivesuk.com



Photograph Full Stop Photography

61 Thermal flask by Kole

Hot drinks the cool way

Carrying a flask to work is not only styleless, it's also inconvenient. Your solution comes courtesy of Nisnas Industries, whose Kickstarter-backed Kole flask goes on sale this month. The proposition is straightforward: the Kole is big enough for a sizeable espresso, yet small enough to fit in your jacket pocket, and – fashioned from stainless steel and wood – it has looks to boot. No wonder it superseded its $25,000 (£16,500) funding goal more than four times over.

The clincher: Three types of wood finish are available – oak, walnut and mahogany.

£60. kolethermalflask.nisnasindustries.com





63 Swanfield wallet by Oppermann

Slim pickings

These days, no man should have a wallet as thick as a bar of soap, groaning with bank notes and year-old receipts. In this contactless-card world, save your suit and go slim-line. Oppermann's beautiful Swanfield chocolate wallet is made from rich Italian leather, allows three cards on the left, has a wider slot to the right, and a compartment for notes. All you need.

The clincher: It also has one outside card slot for frequent contactless use – think Oyster not Visa.

£65. oppermann-london.com

64 Loungewear by David Gandy

Lounge lizard

When the Gandyman does something new, we take note because, while he's the world's only male supermodel, he also knows a lot about style. He's teamed up with M&S for the second time, releasing a 19-piece loungewear collection for Autograph to cater to a man's more relaxed days with joggers, T-shirts and sweaters all made from super-fine cotton.

The clincher: Coming in warm winter colours, each piece is modelled and designed by the man himself. We've got our eyes on the luxury gown.

From £22.50. At Marks & Spencer. marksandspencer.com

65 Hydrofoil Minidrone by Parrot

The most fun you can have with your clothes on

Parrot has conquered the skies; now the UAV company is setting its sights on the water. Remotely controlled from a smartphone or tablet, its new drone is a hybrid: a hydrofoil hull powered by a quadcopter. In boat mode, it raises up on fins to skim around the surface at 10km/h while streaming cockpit-eye video to your device. Switch into flight setup, however, and the drone part takes to the air. Buy it for your nephew, keep it for yourself.

The clincher: Pre-programmed aerobatics at the tap of a button.

£140. store.parrot.com



66 More Letters Of Note: Correspondence Deserving Of A Wider Audience by Shaun Usher

It's good to talk

More Letters Of Note is a follow-up to the hugely successful first book of famous correspondence compiled by the Manchester-based blogger. From the genuinely funny (Marge Simpson duelling with First Lady Barbara Bush) to the truly heart-breaking (Julius and Ethel Rosenberg's last goodbye to their children before execution), Shaun Usher's book is unlike anything else you will read this year.

The clincher: Where else can you find out why Norman Mailer refused money to his father.

£24, Canongate. canongate.tv

67 Cufflinks by Ferragamo

The cuffs get going

The age of the loud logo may be in abeyance, but we still love to show our allegiances with a little flash of stealth wealth. Salvatore Ferragamo's double "Gancio" (named after the Italian word for hook) snaffle has long adorned some of the world's most stylish loafers and it can now be found on elegant brass and black enamel cufflinks.

The clincher: The double cuff is back and needs some new kit. >

£150. ferragamo.com

62 Radiators by Bisque

It's official – copper is turning up the heat

Bisque was the first company to bring designer radiators to the UK, and now it's the first company to pioneer its industry's ever-growing copper trend with the individually etched Arteplano copper radiators. Say goodbye to ugly heating tubes, as they're sneakily concealed behind the beautiful copper face plate.

The clincher: If copper isn't your thing (fool!), then Bisque has more than 40 styles of radiator in thousands of sizes, colours and finishes.

From £1,484. bisque.co.uk





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68 The new Signature Touch by Vertu

The lord of the rings

How can a phone cost £6,500? Well, where to start? How about the 130-carat sapphire crystal screen, the zirconia earpiece pillow and Grade 5 titanium body? Or perhaps the specs: the 21 megapixel 4K camera, zippy 2Ghz octa-core processor and whopping two terabytes of memory? That's not to mention the Silent Circle voice and text encryption, of course, or priority access to in-demand events. To us, however, the rationale is ultimately quite simple: it ensures you'll stand out from the iCrowd.

The clincher: It comes with an 18-month subscription to Vertu's concierge service.

From £6,500. vertu.com

69 Un Jour Maxi briefcase by Berluti

Very Space-ial

When is a black briefcase not a black briefcase? When it is a creation by Berluti in its new super-supple seta calfskin, a miraculous hide that has the softness of a – shudder – canvas or nylon case, but the inimitable patina and self-restoring qualities of Berluti leather.

The clincher: The single gusseted "du jour" has been widened and renamed "maxi" in honour of its ability to carry a full day-to-night load.

£1,680. berluti.com

70 Movado Edge watch by Yves Béhar

Something new under the sun

Featuring the first watch dial to be selected for the permanent collection of New York's Museum Of Modern Art, Nathan George Horwitt's Bauhaus-inspired all-black Museum Watch from 1947 played on the notion of time appearing not as a procession of numbers but as the relationship between the sun and the earth – hence its single gold dot at 12 o'clock – and nothing else. It's now been re-imagined by Swiss-born Jawbone designer Yves Béhar as a more tactile piece, the original gold detail visible in form only.

The clincher: A true original made over by a true original.

From £495. movado.com

71 Air Jordan VI retro golf shoes by Nike

Par for the courts

His Royal Airness brought out his first trainer range back in 1984 and in sales terms it was a total slam dunk. Thirty years on, Michael Jordan doesn't limit himself to on-court kicks. These limited-edition golf Jordans have old-school styling that shows you've got serious game on the greens.

The clincher: UK golfers might find that the all-weather waterproof upper comes in handy...

$225 (import only). jordan.com

72 Pen by Marc Newson at Montblanc

Star signing

GQ's 2015 Men Of The Year Creative Icon winner Marc Newson has now got us gazing lustfully at another handheld device, thanks to his collaboration on a range of pens with Montblanc. The pens put subtle tech touches, such as the magnetic cap closure system, in the palm of your hand.

The clincher: The fountain pen's gold nib is plated with rare metals rhodium and ruthenium.

From £270. montblanc.com

73 Yarai Double Old Fashioned glasses by Parched Penguin

Rough-and-tumble tumblers

It's a rule of the universe: the more attractive your crystalware, the more likely it will get smashed. The exception that proves it? Parched Penguin's Yarai tumblers. Specially designed for Old Fashioneds, they have a delicate cut but are so robust, thanks to a "compressive stress layer", you can throw them in your dishwasher.

The clincher: This upscale glass comes at a low-level price.

£15 per glass. parchedpenguin.com

74-78

The winter warmers

The clincher: From Prada's hip take on kitsch to Christopher Raeburn's piscine predators, plus digital prints, logoed sweats that are perfect après-ski and the latest cold weather must-have, the shirt jacket (or shacket, as we like to call it), there have never been so many cool ways to keep warm. So dump Frosty the Snowman and the light-up Rudolph and reach new heights of style with a rocket on your knitwear. >

74 Maguire shirt jacket by Orlebar Brown
Get on board with the hottest trend of the season. *£495. orlebarbrown.co.uk*

75 Rocket sweater by Prada
Trust Miuccia to produce what will be the fashion pack's favourite knitwear. *£535. prada.com*

76 Sweater by Moncler-A
The epitome of Milanese style, this is perfect for post piste when you've ditched the down. *£535. moncler.com*

77 Digital-print top by Kenzo
Pixelated goes pointillist with this Serat-style digital print. *£315. kenzo.com*

78 Shark jumper by Christopher Raeburn
There is something distinctly fishy about Raeburn's latest collection. *£275. christopherraeburn.co.uk*



Photographs: Jun Lee


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CITY ON FIRE
GARTH RISK HALLBERG
LEICA
81
82
84
83
85
86

79 Rucksack by Dior Homme

Backpack to the future

Today the real definition of luxury is when an everyday object is re-created as something truly fabulous with its functionality left intact. This Dior Homme navy, orange and camo backpack epitomises this – and to say it's just a bag is like saying a Ferrari is just a runaround.

The clincher: The orange details are inspired by the lining of the iconic MA-1 flying jacket.

£2,600. dior.com

80 City On Fire by Garth Risk Hallberg

America's answer to Charles Dickens

This 944-page epic is a murder mystery set in Seventies New York. With a vast cast of characters and intricate subplots, *City On Fire* has been compared to *Bleak House* and the work of Jonathan Franzen. Reportedly paid a record advance of almost £1.3m, this is, annoyingly, Hallberg's debut novel.

The clincher: Hollywood producer Scott Rudin (*Steve Jobs*) snapped up the film rights before a book deal was signed.

£20, Jonathan Cape. randomhouse.co.uk

81 SL mirrorless camera by Leica

Mirrorless, mirrorless...

Once, the only choice for the serious snapper was a bulky digital SLR. Newer digital "compact system cameras" are neat – but no cigar. Thank Leica, then, to bridge the gap. Its new "mirrorless" SL uses full-frame CMOS for the first time, meaning 24 million effective pixels. Translation: just as good as any DSLR you could lay your hands but at half the size.

The clincher: It has Leica's most impressive viewfinder yet, a 0.66in unit with 4.4m dots. Trust us: that's a lot.

£5,050. leica-camera.com

82 Trainers by Fendi

No mean feet

Here at *GQ,* we can be a bit sniffy about designer trainers – if you're not careful, you can look like an Italian chauffeur. But we have fallen in love with these great sneakers by leather expert Fendi. Eye-catching without being too obvious, the design is like a Mondrian painting and will turn your feet into works of art.

The clincher: Twin the trainers with the Fendi Bugs rucksack.

£545. fendi.com

83 Cycling jacket by Hoy Vulpine

Blue jersey

Traditionally, cycling jackets are either ugly-yet-effective pieces of kit (wind resistant, rain repelling, capable of 88mph), or designer "casual" pieces that are, well, a bit rubbish. Step forward Sir Chris Hoy, who has joined forces with Vulpine to creative the Randa softshell jacket, which is finally that unicorn of cycle-wear: something both brilliantly engineered and beautifully designed, mixing classic lines with a high spec, and in a colour that won't give other riders headaches.

The clincher: It has under-arm vents, so even if you go at Tour de France speed, you won't feel like it.

£115. vulpine.cc

84 Star Wars watch by Nixon

Time to visit the dark side

Better known for its laid-back West Coast vibe, Californian watches and accessories brand Nixon has nevertheless teamed up with the *Star Wars* franchise to produce a range of watches to celebrate the return of the space-bound saga. Funny thing is, they've initially sided with the Evil Empire, offering four models, each dedicated to a different baddie. We believe the Stormtrooper, with its helpful "move along" – engraved caseback, should bring the least opprobrium in the multiplex queue.

The clincher: The "goodies" will get their turn next year. So, um, watch this, er, space...

£150. nixon.com

85 Now fitness tracker by Moov

Walk this way

Modern philosophical thought asks: if you go for a walk in a forest and you aren't wearing an activity tracker to record it, did you really go for that walk? That is how all-encompassing wearable tech has become, which makes the release of the ultra-advanced, new and improved Moov Now one of the 100 Best Things In The World.

The clincher: It doesn't just record steps and sleep. It records running, cycling, swimming and gym work-outs, and coaches you too.

£59. moov.cc

86 New Chromecast dongle by Google

Super-smart TV

Google's first Chromecast dongle was a hit-and-miss affair – both slightly underpowered and awkward (it plugged into your TV, but its bulk edged out other connections). The second shot, however, is essential: not only will it provide online services from Netflix to iPlayer, but can stream games, making an iPhone game a big-screen experience.

The clincher: Google has also launched a new music dongle, meaning even your old hi-fi can receive music wirelessly from your phone or laptop.

£30. google.com/chromecast

87 Leather jacket by Baracuta

G9 summit

Worn by Elvis, James Dean and Frank Sinatra – and more recently by Damon Albarn and Daniel Craig – the iconic Baracuta G9 has been given a premium upgrade. The perennial Harrington style now comes in polished dark-brown leather, with ribbed waist and cuffs, double-fastening collar and the original Fraser tartan lining. The oft-copied, never-bettered style should have a permanent place in your wardrobe.



The clincher: Steve McQueen's day jacket of choice features an umbrella vent on the back to repel water.

£566. baracuta.com



88 Italian Cypress by Tom Ford

Ford focus

Tom Ford fans know that Italian Cypress was part of the original line-up of 12 "private blend" fragrances, and have been lamenting its dwindling stock. The good news? The Salon de Parfums at Harrods has an exclusive run. Snap up the airline-friendly 50ml size or stock up now with the mega 250ml decanter.

The clincher: Keep an eye on the counter for future re-releases of limited Tom Ford scents.

£145 for 50ml. At Harrods. harrods.com



89

Hero4 Session by GoPro

Atom-cam

Your smartphone might be able to capture video in glorious HD, but you wouldn't strap it to your head and bomb through Val d'Isère. Precisely why GoPro's latest hardware is its lightest and most compact unit yet. And don't expect to compromise on quality – it still shoots at 1440p at up to 30fps, 1080p at up to 60fps and 720p at up to 100fps, with 8MP stills. You won't notice it, wherever you attach it.

The clincher: At just 35mm in all directions, it's 50 per cent smaller and 40 per cent lighter than its predecessor.

£250. gopro.com

Photograph Full Stop Photography



90 Rollneck sweater by N Peal

Wrap up like 007

N Peal was founded in London in 1936 by Nat Peal and honed its craft designing the finest quality knitwear. This grey rollneck is made from 100 per cent Mongolian cashmere, easily introduced into any man's winter wardrobe.
The clincher: James Bond (ie, Daniel Craig) wears it in *Spectre*, and who doesn't want to dress like the world's favourite secret agent? You can't expect him to save the world in black tie alone...
£269. npeal.com

91 Suede ankle boots by Ralph Lauren

Live with your boots on

No one does the Western look better than Ralph Lauren. All these ankle boots need are a pair of scruffy jeans, a plaid shirt and a leather jacket. Sometimes less is much, much more – and no one knows this better than Boss Lauren of Fashion County.
The clincher: These beauties look better for a little wear and tear.
£1,050. ralphlauren.co.uk

92 eCycle by Coboc

Recharge your commute

We're in two minds about electric bikes. Great idea but, boy, do they look terrible – that is, until we saw Coboc's. The eCycle is designed like a traditional bike, but the rear hub conceals a 250W motor that lasts for 80km on a two-hour charge. Other electrical components are built into the aluminium frame, so you can get to work without breaking a sweat – or wrecking your image.
The clincher: At 13.5kg, it's one of the lightest e-bikes going.
£3,299. coboc.biz

93 Evening blouson by Zegna

Smart casual

We have spotted a trend that might be described as "sports formal" – and we love it. It takes the qualities of traditional eveningwear, such as embellishment and drama, and mixes these up with easy casual pieces. One of the best looks is Ermenegildo Zegna's blouson in felted regenerated wool combined with Harris tweed. We just think that it looks great and could be the latest take on a tux.
The clincher: No one will ever mistake you for a waiter when you're wearing it.
£2,090. zegna.com

94 S500i headphones by RHA

Mini and mighty

Hulking over-ear cans may be OK if you don't mind looking like a tragic skater-boy wannabe in your Savile Row suit, but the rest of us prefer something more subtle. And none are smaller, neater or sharper than Scottish audio experts RHA's new in-ear aluminium alloy S500i headphones. These combine the rich sound of headphones worth hundreds with a size smaller than your average headache tablet.
The clincher: If you want them even lighter (but good God, man, they're 14g!), there is a pair without the mic/remote.
£39.95. rha-audio.com

95 Marcel Duchamp's Museum In A Box

The surreal McCoy

Listen: if Marcel Duchamp could flip over a urinal, scrawl "R Mutt" on the side and call it art, then who the heck are we to say his box of prints and ephemera doesn't qualify as a "museum"? A new reproduction of the Boîte-En-Valise, approved by the Duchamp estate, includes a defaced Mona Lisa labelled "L.H.O.O.Q" – which, said aloud, sounds like the French for "she has a hot bum". Very *drôle*.
The clincher: It contains a miniature Duchamp urinal of your very own.
Out on 14 December. £130. buchhandlung-walther-koenig.de

96 Mercedes-Benz Living

High-speed flats

Six new one-bedroom London flats subscribe to the signature sleek feel of a Mercedes and follow the same values of convenience, space and quality. Features include a Swarovski chandelier inspired by Mercedes' headlights.
The clincher: You can just rent for a minimum of four weeks or up to two months.
From £300 a night. mercedes-benz.com



97 Ford GT

Back to the future

Fifty years after the original GT finished first, second and third at the 1966 Le Mans 24 Hours, Ford is bringing back its iconic supercar. With a 3.5 litre V-6 EcoBoost engine and an output of more than 600bhp, demand will be high. Shame Ford is only planning to import a dozen cars to the UK.
The clincher: Ford claims its new GT will have the best power-to-weight ratio of any production car.
Out in late 2016. £250,000. ford.co.uk

98 National Standard Edition 4 trainers

Trust the French to craft the slickest sneakers

Thanks to Farfetch, François Chastang and Arnaud de Louvencourt's sleek French styles are filtering over here. These shoes hit the smart-casual crosshair dead centre. We love the mid-top Edition 4 in white and gold.
The clincher: Farfetch has also collaborated with fellow uber-French brand Paul & Joe. Endorsements don't come much more polished.
£189. farfetch.com



99

Bob Dylan – The Cutting Edge, 1965-1966: The Bootleg Series Vol. 12

Dylan fieldwork doesn't get more in-country than this

Go for the limited-edition (5,000) deluxe edition for every studio recording made by the artist between 1965 and 1966 – thereby documenting the genesis and creation of his three landmark Sixties albums – *Bringing It All Back Home, Highway 61 Revisited* and *Blonde On Blonde*.
The clincher: If 18 CDs – including one dedicated to a single song (albeit the peerless "Like A Rolling Stone") – seems a little excessive, there's a condensed six-CD set and, for the truly disinterested, a further distillation consuming just two CDs. *£100 (Columbia/Legacy).*





Photograph Sun Lee

Metallic bomber jacket by DSquared2

Dress code killer

If the party season is already giving you a headache, let DSquared2 take the pain out of dressing up. Dean and Dan Caten know how to make an entrance: throw their metallic bomber jacket over a classic dinner shirt for a fresh take on formal. Consider it a timely update to your black-tie look.

The clincher: The bomber is the new tuxedo. GQ

£1,200. dsquared2.com

100



‘IT SHOULD HAVE FELT DAMN SILLY GOING BACK AND PUTTING ON TIGHT PANTS AND MESSING AROUND WITH A GUY IN A DOG SUIT’

Suit, £2,745. Shirt, £277. Tie, £146.
All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com



GQ STAR WARS GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY SPECIAL

GOING SOLO

Han Solo never wants you to tell him the odds, but Star Wars: The Force Awakens is a sure thing to break box-office records. That's because its iconic leading man, **HARRISON FORD** –£2.5 billion ticket sales and counting – is back on board the Millennium Falcon. Here, in an exclusive interview, he tells GQ of his initial doubts over Disney's takeover, why he has never had heroes and what it's like to play the most beloved film character of modern times. May the Ford be with you…

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KURT ISWARIENKO

STYLING BY
SIMON ROBINS



STORY BY

JONATHAN HEAF

"I don't want all this to take all *f***ing* day." The words Harrison Ford, 73, not so much spoke as snarled at me yesterday afternoon while discussing our lunch plans are still, 24 hours later, smarting like refined sugar hitting an exposed tooth cavity.

Walking up the steep drive that leads to the actor's Los Angeles seven-bedroom, nine-bathroom, $12.6 million new build, found sunk among the coyote-patrolled LA foothills just north of Santa Monica, in a bid to clear the fug caused by a combination of jet lag and last night's ill-advised three-Negroni supper, I go over the main points of what I know of the legendary actor one last time.

Accrued ticket sales of $3.9 billion (£2.5bn). A career that spans six decades. One of Hollywood's most successful leading men. A staunch environmentalist. Flies his own Cessna Citation private jet. Also owns one vintage yellow-and-chrome Ryan PT-22 Recruit two-seater training plane – a little scratched on the nose. He's something of a curmudgeon who has an alleged penchant for Seth Rogen-sized doobies. A man who enjoys woodwork, he once built a sun deck for Sally Kellerman from *M*A*S*H* and a $100,000 recording studio for Brazilian musician Sérgio Mendes. He actually *likes* snakes. A spider has been named after him: *Calponia harrisonfordi*.

Oh, one more thing: this month he will appear as Han Solo in Disney's *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, which, you may have heard, could easily be described as the most highly anticipated post-prequel sequel of all time. (Luckily for JJ Abrams, *Frozen 2* isn't slated until 2017.)

As I press the polished silver buzzer, and the large double wooden gates to Ford's property silently glide open like electric sails, I can't help but feel like a wookiee-sized rabbit caught in the glare of Ford's intimidating fame beams.

Listen, I grew up with the guy – we all did. He's ground zero for heroes. He's my Marlon. He's Steve McQueen for boys who grew up on Monster Munch and *The A-Team*. Ford, in all his guises, is the man I pretended to be in my back garden between the ages of seven and 13. He's the reason I took my dressing-gown cord into school and told everyone it was a bullwhip. Yes, really. The man, quite simply, is the figure on the front of my schoolboy lunchbox come to life.

I have, however, been issued a warning. Off-the-record asides from publicists (not his own, I hasten to add) and by those he's worked with previously. Ford does not suffer fools. Journalists tend to give the man the heebie-jeebies. It's not about a fear of revealing too much – about a plot line or a personal matter; no, he can handle himself just fine – but it is a hoop through which he would rather not have to jump at this stage in his career. Promotion? Interviews? Chat shows? Ford, quite rightly, feels he needs none of it. And nor, one might argue, do his current crop of cinematic announcements (some rumoured, some confirmed), many of them reboots or sequels of earlier successes – *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, *Indiana Jones 5* and *Blade Runner 2*. Yet he likes, as he will keep insisting throughout our day together, "being useful". Just as much in life as on set. So he yields. He says, "OK. Fine. Sure. Where do I stand?"

Yet this doesn't stop Ford having a belligerent streak. He is not a man of corny platitudes. He doesn't want to be Mr Nice Guy Movie Star who smiles and signs old VHS boxes of *Sabrina* for a kid at the farmer's market on a Sunday morning. He doesn't mind keeping his distance, even if that means having to scowl every now and again.

"Nice walk?" Han Solo, Indiana Jones, Jack Ryan and Rick Deckard are standing on the stoop tapping into an iPhone 6 Plus, dressed as Harrison Ford. The actor looks up, walks down his well-swept brick steps and greets me convivially, yet coolly. The house is on the top of a path that allows

'SOLO HAD AN ABILITY TO REMAIN OUTSIDE THE MYTHOLOGY AND TO BE IDENTIFIED AS A ROGUE. THAT SUITED ME THEN AND NOW'

Suit, £2,475. Shirt, £277. Both by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com



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1. Star Wars' three young leads, Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher and Harrison Ford, one month after the film's release, 15 June 1977 **2.** Hamill, the Star Wars creator George Lucas, Fisher and Ford on set at Elstree Studios, Hertfordshire, during the opening scenes of the second Star Wars film, The Empire Strikes Back, 1980 **3.** Ford and Lucas in conversation in the Redwood National Park, California, the location for the forest moon of Endor in The Return Of The Jedi, May 1982 **4.** Eric Idle in his London home – where Fisher lived during filming – showing off his gold disc for the Monty Python live album to Hamill and Ford, 1978 **5.** Fisher, Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca and Ford on the set of Bespin Cloud City at Elstree, during the filming of The Empire Strikes Back, 1980 **6.** Ford and Fisher with two Imperial stormtroopers outside the Dorchester Hotel, London, before the premiere of The Empire Strikes Back, 20 May 1980



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5



4



'IT WAS A BIZARRE FILM. I FELT STAR WARS WAS A MORALITY TALE, A FAIRY TALE THAT TOUCHES PEOPLE'S HEARTS'



Photographs Getty Images; Allstar; Lucasfilm; Camera Press; Rex

it to loom over all those who arrive. It's a sizeable crib, no doubt, but pretty modest for a man who, if you think about it, can afford to run his own fleet of private aircraft.

From the outside the property looks like it belongs on Cape Cod, clad in clapperboard and painted a mute grey or what Farrow & Ball call "Elephant's Breath". One thing this house is not is ostentatious. It is not a monument to Ford's extraordinary career nor to his ego.

We walk inside. "You want a coffee or something?" No one I know or, in fact, have ever known keeps their house as spotless as Ford and his wife Calista Flockhart. Maybe the cleanliness is Flockhart's thing? Or an LA thing? Or maybe they tidied for me especially? Something by the way each ornament, each artefact on display glints like the Queen's silver, tells me there are standards to be kept in this house, and these standards are met with or without the added impetus of a snooping journalist.

The interior is a combination of gleaming whitewashed walls and dark-stained wooden floors, the latter so rich with polish I half expect the actor to insist that I kick off my Burberry Chelsea boots and don a pair of slippers. His housekeeper offers a warm hello and then goes off to get us drinks. Coffee. Black. No sugar.

Ford is dressed casually in a pair of stonewashed blue Carhartt jeans and a navy T-shirt. He tucks the T-shirt in. The T-shirt is slightly faded and frayed at the edges, which seems incongruous as surely Ford can afford the odd new T-shirt. Perhaps he's thrifty? His belt is pulled tight and he is impressively lean. His arms are tanned and well-defined and his shoulders are broad and square. His handshake is one level above firm and one level below purposeful intimidation. On his feet he wears trainers, not running shoes nor fashion trainers but somewhere in between – the sort of trainers you'd wear to go trail running in Colorado.

We take our seats on modern sofas perpendicular to one another, both sitting on the corners with our legs crossed. Directly in front of me is a large fireplace, above which is a painting that looks like one of Turner's tempest scenes. The mantelpiece and surrounding surfaces are lined with African masks and bronze idols on plinths and polished boxes. But no sacred Sankara Stones. No bullwhip in a glass cabinet. The final resting place of the Ark of the Covenant is not Beverly Hills.

Behind Ford's sofa, facing out towards a large lush garden, is an enormous six-fold Japanese screen, gilt decorated with black lacquered panels. It looks old. And very expensive. Outside, I catch sight of a swimming pool and to the far left a second building, which I later learn is a vast screening room. (Last night he screened Ridley Scott's *The Martian* for friends and family – "An excellent adaptation.") In the middle of the garden is what looks like a full-size professional volleyball net.

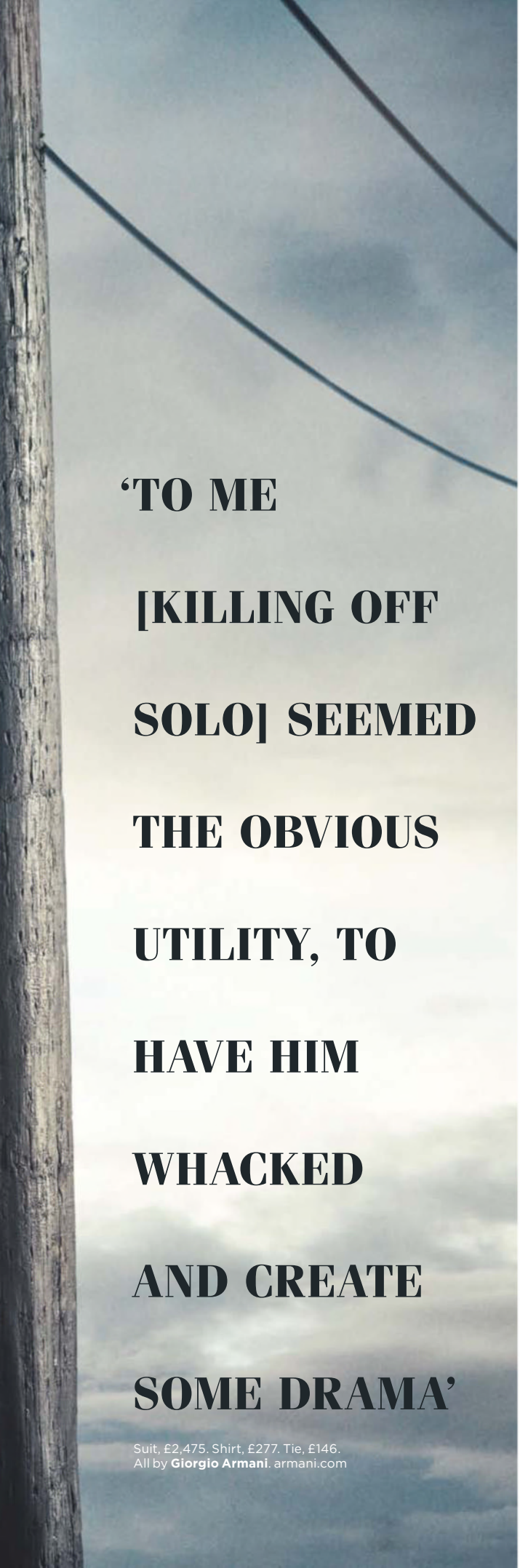
Coffee arrives with a caveat. "Listen," starts Ford, trying to relax but looking somewhat uneasy. "I haven't done this in a long time. I might be a little rusty. One warms to the task usually, but until then it's going to be all uphill. You're the first [interview] I've done thus far. Good luck."

Within the still of the house that last utterance resonates through the bright, light room more like a threat than with empathy. Ford picks up a black clay bowl, lifts the lid and takes out a fistful of roasted almonds, the gourmet variety, dusted heavily in black pepper. The actor cracks one between his molars and chews, slowly.

"Nut?"

As dumb as a stump." This is the sort of thing that Harrison Ford used to say about the Han Solo character before a new adventure in a galaxy far, far away was officially announced by Disney in 2013, after the studio had bought LucasFilm for a whopping $4bn (£2.5bn). However, when Ford walked out on stage in front of 7,000 hard-core *Star Wars* superfans, mostly dressed as Chewbacca, at ComicCon this past summer to watch the new trailer – with JJ Abrams, the new cast members (including British actors John Boyega and Daisy Ridley as the next-gen Jedi) and the old (Mark Hamill and Carrie Fisher) – Ford seemed to be toeing the company line. He seemed, well, almost dewy-eyed to be back.





‘TO ME [KILLING OFF SOLO] SEEMED THE OBVIOUS UTILITY, TO HAVE HIM WHACKED AND CREATE SOME DRAMA’

Suit, £2,475. Shirt, £277. Tie, £146.
All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com

“I wasn’t so sure it would be, but the company was the right company, the director was the right director,” he remarked. “Larry [Kasdan – who also worked on the *Raiders* script] wrote us a wonderful story and I was proud and grateful to once again be involved. The original *Star Wars* that I was a part of really was the beginning of my working life and I was very, very grateful for the opportunity that I had in that film and for the success of that film.”

The room, somewhat predictably, went bat-shit crazy. So after four decades of being totally uninterested in the franchise, why the sudden change of heart? Was the number of zeroes at the end of Disney’s cheque so many that he couldn’t say “no” this time around? “Well…” he says, chuckling, not squirming so much as aware of his own reverse ferret on the issue of donning Solo’s waistcoat once more, at least publicly. “I think this is somewhat misunderstood. I had agreed with George on returning before the sale. And I never disliked the opportunity to play Solo, the character, but I just didn’t think he was very deep. I recognise that within all this, within the context, Solo had a unique ability to remain outside of the mythology and to be identified as a rogue and maybe a malcontent. That suited me then and it suits me now. I would have been pretty uncomfortable at the time peddling the notion of The Force. So I was happy enough with the character but I thought there ought to be… more. As we did a sequel [*The Empire Strikes Back* (1980)], there was the romance with Leia and the tensions with Luke that I thought was fine and in the third one [*Return Of The Jedi* (1983)], I thought let’s have Solo…” Ford swipes his thumb across his own neck and makes the sound of a cat being strangled. “I thought let’s get some bottom in this, add some bass notes to this thing. To me [killing off the Solo character] seemed like the obvious utility, to have him whacked and create some drama. That didn’t happen. And thank God no one listened to me!”

How did it feel for Ford stepping back onto a *Star Wars* set for the first time in years? “Well, it should have felt damn silly going back and putting on tight pants and high boots and messing around with a guy in a dog suit. But it became very interesting to work out the layers and levels of the emotional complications [of Solo] and some very interesting thematics are introduced…” he glances at my Dictaphone, warily, “of which I am unwilling at this moment to share with you. But they did find some complications, shall we say, and some deeper emotional context this time around.”

Ford is superbly, precisely, yet almost villainously vague on any script details surrounding *The Force Awakens*. What of these “interesting thematics”? Has Han Solo, between getting slammed on Jedi juice in the Ewok village at the end of *Return Of The Jedi*, shagging Leia and saving the universe from a baddie with the voice of a severe asthmatic, had something of a midlife crisis in the intervening years? Death? Marriage? Divorce? Kids?

“I think all the elements of Solo are somewhat preserved in the next movie. The fallibility remains, if we’re to call it that, although we don’t pretend that he is the same person or the same age as he was then. He has been changed inside and out.” He’s been through a lot, then? “Same old shit every man goes through. Disappointment. His disappointments and the disappointments he’s produced in other people.” I presume Leia and Solo are no longer together? “You can presume all you want. I’m not here to straighten you out on that.”

Whatever Solo’s “emotional context” in *The Force Awakens* – is Daisy Ridley Solo’s daughter? Is new bad guy and Darth Vader superfan Kylo Ren, Solo’s wayward son? Does Solo himself get struck down at the end of this next instalment? Will Chewbacca come out as gender neutral? – it’s clear from the footage released of the film thus far that Ford is here to bridge a gap.

“There were stories about what happened,” says Rey, Ridley’s character, in the latest trailer, with Ford replying emphatically, “It’s true. All of it.” Solo is, of course, saying this not only to the characters in the film but out of the screen and into the hearts of all the younger *Star Wars* fans who perhaps have yet to see the earlier instalments.

Solo’s re-emergence works on multiple levels. He allows the nostalgia hunters to get all juiced up – find me a man or woman over the age of



‘I DIDN’T CRASH. THE F***ING PLANE CRASHED!’

Suit, £2,475. Shirt, £277. Tie, £146. All by **Giorgio Armani**. armani.com. Watch, Ford’s own



Hair Karen Asano Myers **Make-up** Bill Corso

30 whose hairs didn’t stand on end on hearing, “Chewie… We’re home,” and I’ll eat my original vinyl-caped Jawa figurine – and he confirms JJ Abrams’ film as 100 per cent legit. It’s precisely what Hollywood now believes the modern sequel should be to score maximum points at the box office, a line that Daniel Craig and Sam Mendes attempted to walk with *Spectre*: a new explosive story in an old familiar world.

Rather than seeing these next films as some sort of moneymaking nostalgia trip, however, Ford believes the baton-handing element of *Star Wars* to be of great significance. “There is certainly an element of nostalgia, yes. But what was and is still shocking and interesting to me was that these films hit notes that make it useful, in people’s minds, to pass it on from generation to generation. That fathers and mothers, although usually fathers, pass it on to their kids at a time they deem appropriate. *Star Wars* has achieved a kind of currency that is pretty rare. It’s an old movie. But still young kids know about it. That has been the luck of my career so far as I can work out.”

Did Ford have any sense of this at the time, back in ’77? “F*** no! It was a bizarre film. Very bizarre. Listen, I was never a science-fiction fan. But what I felt about *Star Wars* was that it was a sort of morality tale, a fairy tale that often touches people’s hearts. And that’s where I thought, if people *did* go for it, that is where people would be captured. This is what would hold their interest. I think the success of these films also comes from being attached to the recognition of human archetypes and emotional relationships, albeit in a galaxy far, far away and in a time beyond our comprehension.”

Is Ford a fan of Han Solo now? “Yes. But it’s less important that I like [Solo] than that I recognise the things in my life which we have in common. I think it’s really important that [as an actor] you make an emotional investment in the work that you do. That emotion is the language of film. And it’s achieved in many different ways. It’s emotionally bolstered by the visual element, by the music, by the director… But if you’re not thinking about emotion then you’re just walking through it.

“I am interested in the lives of all people. And how the telling of their story adds to the general understanding of how the world works. This is storytelling and that is where the strength is. In terms of my career, I’ve found people really do need stories to help them interpret the difficult terrain of life. This is a powerful experience to realise, to feel you are mining that vein that is common to all men. Whether that be playing the good guy or the bad guy, positive or negative. I want to have my hands on the glue.”

Ford glances over at the stack of paper, my questions, of which we’ve hardly dented.

“Wanna go for lunch?”

This thing is all torque.” As Ford pushes his foot down on the accelerator of his gunmetal Tesla Model S – Elon Musk’s four-wheeled version of the X-Wing – the car jumps, silently, eerily, into hyperspace. Aside from planes, on which more later, Ford isn’t really one for expensive boy’s toys. Ten minutes earlier, however, while I was waiting in Ford’s garage – the most organised garage in the world, by the way, with nails and screws in individually labelled specimen jars lined up along one wall like some sort of giant, OCD-satisfying spice cabinet – I noticed a small vintage car under a dust-sheet on a raised lift. “Yeah, I got a bug to get one of those things years ago,” he admits as we park up outside a huddle of shops and restaurants a mile or two from his house. “I bought a 1953 Jaguar XK. Beautiful thing. Racing green. Cost me a f***ing fortune to get overhauled.”

Over lunch we talk broadly. Fame. Kids. His peace with director Ridley Scott. (Rumours abounded over a feud the pair had about whether or not Rick Deckard in *Blade Runner* was a replicant or not: “It didn’t require a kiss – a simple handshake was all it took. We were on the same page shortly after the movie was out. This great contest people talk about was just a bit of fun.”) We briefly discuss his leg injury on the

Continued on page 236



‘The first time my parents heard about Star Wars was when I got the part’

Coat by **Polo Ralph Lauren**, £1,095. ralphlauren.co.uk. Hat by **Lock & Co Hatters**, £275. lockhatters.co.uk

GQ STAR WARS
GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY SPECIAL

John Boyega is 23. He's from Peckham. He still lives with his parents. He is also the lead in the biggest film of the century – this month's Star Wars: The Force Awakens. Here, GQ tips its hat to Britain's stormtrooper of style

The new force



PHOTOGRAPHS BY **BRYAN ADAMS**

STYLING BY **JO LEVIN**

Coat, £10,500. Rollneck, £775. Both by **Bally**. bally.co.uk. Trousers by **Boss**, £139. hugoboss.com. Shoes by **Lathbridge**, £345. At Harrods. harrods.com



Coat by **Dolce & Gabbana**, £1,850. dolcegabbana.com. Jumper, £129. Trousers, £139. Both by **Hugo Boss**. hugoboss.com. Hat by **Lock & Co Hatters**, £275. lockhatters.co.uk



‘Where I’m from, no one knew how to get into the entertainment industry’

STORY BY **STUART McGURK**

Seven months: that’s how long the audition process took for 23-year-old John Boyega to go from a glint in a casting director’s eye to landing the lead role in the new *Star Wars* film, *The Force Awakens*. And yet, in all that time, despite living at home with his parents in southeast London, he never said a word.

“It’s true!” he tells *GQ*. “I didn’t want to break their hearts. If you say, ‘Mum, Dad, I’m up for *Star Wars*!’ they tell everyone, everyone’s clapping at dinner, then I don’t get it and I’m just a guy handing out the beans…”

So, for seven months he sat in his room and watched Harrison Ford audition videos on YouTube, re-watched the original films and made endless notes. “And my mum didn’t know what I was doing, but she knew I was working.”

When he had to go in again – more than ten times, for another audition, or a test for combat scenes – he’d just say he was going out. “And before my mum could ask any questions, I’d be gone… The first time they heard about *Star Wars* was when I told them I got the part.”

It’s just that kind of stoic determination that has been behind Boyega’s rise. Born and raised in Peckham, much has been made in the press of the fact that he grew up on the same estate as Damilola Taylor, the ten-year-old who was stabbed to death in 2000, but when a *Daily Telegraph* profile focused on the area’s violence, Boyega was quick to respond via Twitter: “Inaccurate. Stereotypical. NOT my story.”

In fact, when I suggest that he must have at least been teased at school for studying tap and ballet as a kid, he says not.

“No, they didn’t actually. But I picked good friends. We were similar.”

Still, he admits his background is clearly different from the raft of old Etonian actors currently cluttering Hollywood.

“Where I’m from, no one knew how to get into the entertainment industry. They knew how to buy a cinema ticket, but that’s about it.”

Once he did break through, notably in Brit sci-fi *Attack The Block*, he was clear about what he wouldn’t do. No *Casualty*. No *The Bill*. “I only wanted to do things of a certain level. That say something. Every one of my things, they’re saying something. Those shows aren’t.”

As is the way of these megabusters, he can’t reveal anything about the plot of *The Force Awakens*, but can about his character, Finn.

“When I’ve spoken with JJ [director Abrams], he would use other films to explain him, like Will Smith from *Independence Day* or Chris Pratt from *Guardians Of The Galaxy*.”

In other words: the Han Solo-esque roguish star… of a film that’s relaunching a franchise… which Disney bought for $4 billion. Not really a shock they did all those auditions is it?

“Ha, no. I mean, $4bn, it makes sense looking back. But at the time I was like, OK, can you guys make your minds up, please?”

Star Wars: The Force Awakens is out on 17 December.



Coat by **Salvatore Ferragamo**, £5,690. ferragamo.com. Rollneck, £129. Trousers, £139. Both by **Hugo Boss**. hugoboss.com. Hat by **Lock & Co Hatters**, £275. lockhatters.co.uk



‘I only wanted to do things of a certain level. Things that say something’

Coat by **Ozwald Boateng Bespoke**, £7,000. ozwald boateng.co.uk. Rollneck by **John Smedley**, £139. At Harrods. harrods.com. Hat by **Lock & Co Hatters**, £275. lockhatters.co.uk. Scarf by **Budd Shirtmakers**, £145. buddshirts.co.uk

Grooming Darren Evans at Mandy Coakley



All conquering: Mario Testino's Vogue shoot with Gisele Bündchen in Malibu, California, 2006, the year in which she became the world's best-paid supermodel

GISELE 'retires' after a decade of undisputed catwalk domination

THE 44 MILLION

If you were a supermodel who earned more than the other seven top earners combined, and you'd just announced your retirement from the catwalk after 20 years, wouldn't you want to find a unique way to celebrate?

That's what Gisele Bündchen – the biggest supermodel in the world in roughly the same way water is the most popular drink – has done with a limited-edition book from luxury publisher Taschen, including 300 photographs that span her stellar career.

The images, like this iconic 2006 shot by Mario Testino, are hand-picked by Gisele with Brazilian-Italian creative director Giovanni Bianco, and show why she's come top in the *Forbes* list of top-earning models in the past nine years in a row. Last year alone, she made $44 million (£28m), more than the next top seven combined (Cara Delevingne, at No2, earned £5.8m). Spread over the working days of a year, it means the 35-year-old doesn't get out of bed for less than £110,000 a day. And why not?

Put another way: she is the industry, while the rest are alternative flavours. "My body tells me what to do, and it has asked me to stop," Gisele said of ending her catwalk career. "I respect my body."

We do too, Gisele. We do too.

Gisele Bündchen (Taschen, £450) is out now. taschen.com





PHOTOGRAPH BY **MARIO TESTINO**

DOLLAR WOMAN

Journalist 

Medic 

Freedom fighter 

Fantasist 

Captive 

Where IN HELL is Kevin Dawes?

GQ SPECIAL REPORT



19 September 2011
Emboldened by friends (and enemies) on internet message boards, Kevin Dawes' first misadventure put him on the front line of Libya's civil war

With the conflict escalating and Isis spreading, Syria remains the most dangerous place in the world for foreign doctors and journalists. Into that void has fallen a horde of adrenaline-junkie amateurs and one YouTube-trained field medic, have-a-go guerilla and wannabe hero – now missing for more than three years. **JAMES HARKIN** goes in search of the American captive you've never heard of

In the early hours of 21 September 2012, Kevin Dawes arrived at a hotel on the outskirts of the Turkish border city of Antakya on a mission to get into Syria. Lugging a helmet, a suitcase full of medical supplies and a bulletproof vest, the wiry, self-taught Korean-American had already attracted attention at the airports he passed through. Likely, he thought, he was already being tailed; after two days of travelling from his home in San Diego he was too tired to care. "Fell asleep, woke up," he tapped to a friend online later that day. "Feels like Ewoks beat me up."

At least there was Wi-Fi. Over the next two weeks Dawes would fire off thousands of direct messages via Twitter from his hotel room to the only two people still talking to him, neither of whom he'd ever met.

He'd met one of those "friends" on somethingawful.com, a comedy website whose regulars like to call themselves goons and which was a good part of the reason he was here. Dawes preferred to hang out on its more ghoulish, conspiracy-mongering forums; one of his favourites, dedicated to military matters, was called "goons in platoons". On the site, Dawes called himself "Caro"; after he got banned for trolling, he came back as "Caro Ascendant". The previous year, when he'd announced his intention to travel to revolutionary Libya to be a photojournalist and deliver medicine, the response among his enemies there had been "LOL". But Dawes had gone anyway and come home with YouTube footage to tell the tale. Now they were sniggering about his Syria plans. He was going to do the same again.

Everything in the past year had been leading up to this moment – this hotel room. But now everything was turning bad and everyone was conspiring against him. A Kickstarter project he'd set up to crowd-fund a drone to fly over northern Syria and report back on the state of the conflict attracted only $30, and was wound up after 45 days (the goal was $28,000). Dawes had been promised transport to rebel-held Aleppo – the new crucible of the insurgency in the north – by friends he'd met online, but they hadn't shown up. "My contact f***ing vanished. I might be doing this on foot." A few days into his stay he befriended a young Canadian at the hotel who was now living in the room next to him and giving him advice.



18 September 2011
Almost a year to the day before he disappeared in Syria, Dawes' Libyan excursion saw him under-equipped and under fire

"I'm an aid worker and doctor to him. He's a desperate writer is what he said." On various occasions he contemplated calling the whole mission off. "I have no f***ing idea how I'm going to get into Syria," he admitted. "Might be time for a strategic withdrawal." But he couldn't back down now; he'd told too many people where he was headed to bail. "No longer have an abort limit," he typed. He knew the risks. "And if I get blown up? No replay."

If Dawes' new Canadian friend was a hopeful nonprofessional trying his hand at war reporting, he wasn't the only one. Given his precarious mental state, Dawes should never have been near a warzone. If it wasn't for the internet's spirit of can-do amateurism and the web of connections it opened up, he probably would have stayed at home. Over several years he'd convinced himself that his grandmother had been in the CIA and that a secretive network in the same organisation had tortured him, quietly sterilised him and done all sorts of other unspeakable things to get him to do their bidding. Aided by tiny computer chips and cameras, and by mysterious suggestions delivered during his sleep, they'd tried to brainwash him and otherwise mess with his head. They had planted tramps around his house to keep an eye on him; now they wanted him for a top-secret CIA stud farm. To do something about it, he'd taken a cab to the Russian Federation embassy in Washington, but they'd "told me to f*** off at the gate".

The fug of paranoid delusions was back now, settling everywhere and obscuring everything. The phantasmagoric trail of messages Dawes left behind show one man's rapid psychological descent, free falling into the abyss of his own psyche. Out jogging one evening he'd come face-to-face with a spook. "He surprised me; I surprised him. The first thing he did was harden his face and raise a wrench, then I said: 'Hello, my name is Kevin.'" They were closing in, all of them, and he just wanted it to be over. Then there was that "Canadian" kid; by now his nationality was in inverted commas and he was under suspicion as a possible spy. "Kid is downstairs pretending to read a Turkish newspaper," he noted on 1 October 2012. "And I have a date in Syria I cannot afford to miss."

A few days later Dawes checked out of his hotel and jumped off the precipice into the battle-ravaged anarchy of northern Syria. Apart from one chilling, tantalising alleged sighting a year later, nothing has been heard from him since. What appears to be his last ever Twitter DM, to the friend from Something Awful, whom he'd now come to believe was another CIA stooge, was as determined as it was ominous. "We'll see where this goes. This obscenity has to end."

[redacted]

As Syria's home-grown revolt catapulted into civil war in 2012, the Syrian regime lost control of much of the north of the country. A freelance army of medics, journalists and fighters charged across the border from Turkey, ready to go where most organisations feared to tread.

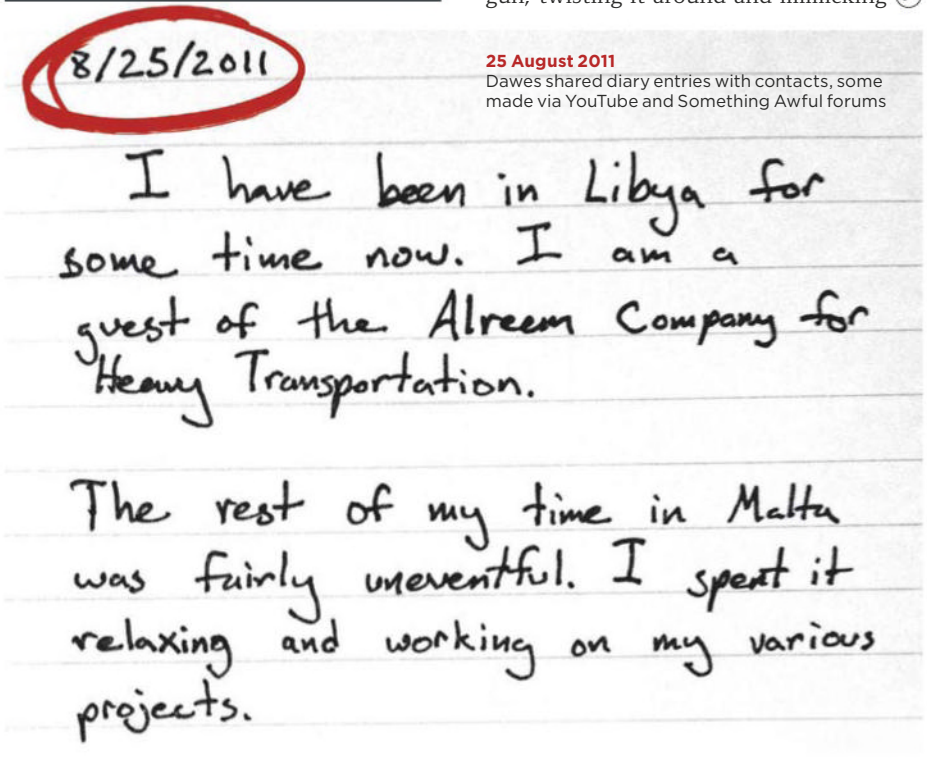
In a way, I was one of them. After being denied a visa by the Syrian regime I took quite a few trips into northern Syria in the summer of 2012, along the same route that Dawes hoped to go. No one was checking who I was; almost all the visitors were instinctively pro-rebel and the locals seemed glad of their help. In the lonely band of Syria reporters, like base jumpers or high-wire walkers, everyone quickly became aware of everyone else. For many among this new crew of freelance reporters, Syria was a natural progression from Libya. There was plenty of work to go around and some trailblazing success stories. In May, a former American marine called Austin Tice crossed into rebel-held Syria and spent two months travelling the length of the country, eventually writing for upmarket papers, such as the *Washington Post*.

But while most of these new arrivals were real reporters earning their spurs, there was a worrying new development – the presence of adrenaline-junkies, adventurers, fantasists or crazy narcissists who shouldn't have been in Libya or Syria in the first place. Professional journalists quickly got to hear about them too, and one of them was Dawes. "Guess where I'm going on the 16th! It's Misrata, Libya. Say it with me people. Pulitzer. Motherf***ing. Prize," he wrote on Something Awful on 12 May 2011. At the same time, he posted photos of himself with a medical drip sticking out of his arm. "I learned how to do this by ordering medical supplies online and watching a self-IV tutorial on YouTube. The internet rocks."

A month later he was at a rebel medical station in Misrata, ducking to avoid relentless shelling and Gaddafi-regime snipers who were shooting directly at him. It was while working here that he met Dr Tameem Abu Gharsa, a burly, well-liked local doctor who'd become his best friend in Libya. Under Abu Gharsa's supervision, Dawes irrigated wounds, cut off clothes, ran IV lines and held the light; he also handed over the medical supplies he'd bought out of his own pocket. As their friendship grew, he joined Abu Gharsa's crew in a roving ambulance, driving up and down the front line looking for wounded fighters to treat. For all his Walter Mittyish self-mythology, there's no question that he was really in Misrata. In one Al Jazeera broadcast from a rebel field hospital, he can be seen in the background, helmeted and hovering around the stretchers as the reporter says his piece to camera.

Dawes also had time to upload 300 videos to his own YouTube channel, most of which he later removed from the public web. His more private videos record his doubts and reflections and amount to an atmospheric video diary of his time there. His silver-rimmed, nerdy glasses and thin moustache sit oddly with his military fatigues; his voice has the measured, lucid tones of a seasoned documentarian. In one, Dawes sits atop an unused anti-aircraft battery and sets his camera on the gun, twisting it around and mimicking >

[redacted]



25 August 2011
Dawes shared diary entries with contacts, some made via YouTube and Something Awful forums

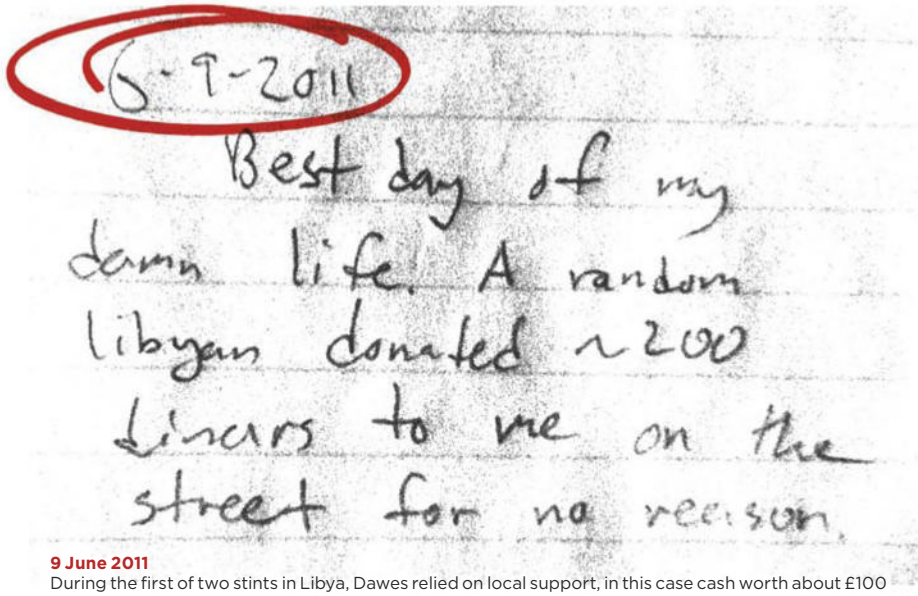
the boom-boom-boom of it firing. In another he frets about his debts: "I'm 40,000 in the hole with the good old credit card company at the moment; that's how I paid for this trip." He also worries about what the hell he's up to and about his limited skill set. "Every day I wake up and I say to myself, 'I'm in so far over my head there is no way that I'll get any of this done, let alone get out of this intact' and yet I do. Maybe this is the career for me. Maybe, maybe."

In July 2011, Dawes left for the United States, but by the following month he was back and in the thick of the fighting around the Libyan regime stronghold of Sirte. By now he'd ditched the Joe 90 look and was wearing wraparound Oakley sunglasses. He'd also acquired a sniper rifle – in some of his footage he can be seen firing it and using the zoom on his camera to pick out snipers and direct artillery to enemy positions. A good few locals and some conspiracy theorists online assumed he was a CIA agent, part of some hush-hush, black-ops mission to train the Libyan rebels. But no real spook would have taken so much incriminating footage. Dawes' video of the ferocious street-by-street fighting in Sirte has all the attitude and adventure of a *Vice* documentary, primed to go viral. In one sequence he talks about being almost killed by an incoming RPG after one of his muzzle blasts gave a rebel away. Another, speechless, shows the monumental thunderclap of artillery and flashes of lightning from the firing of heavy guns; beaten-up, graffiti-daubed rebel trucks move around fields in formation, like something from *Mad Max*. For all his sulky disaffection, Dawes was starring in a shaky-cam movie of his own making, in which he's the lead and clearly having the time of his life. Hurtling down a road with his fellow medics he takes a potshot at a passing ostrich and catches it in the leg. "Nice shot, Kevin," says one of his comrades, and they slow down to sling it, still alive but tied up, into the back of the truck. Later, they'll have it for dinner.

Journalists gave him a wide berth. Dawes was claiming to be a freelance photographer, but to professional journalists it wasn't clear *what* he was – and it made them uncomfortable. On 12 October those differences exploded into the open in the most dangerous situation possible. When his doctor friend Tameem Abu Gharsa ducked into a street to get a shot at a machine-gunner that had his medical unit pinned down – by now he was carrying a weapon too – he took a bullet in the leg. Dawes and a few others waded in to drag him to safety, cut off his trousers and apply a tourniquet. But when Dawes took the tourniquet off and began applying one of his own, André Liohn, a Brazilian photojournalist for *Der Spiegel* and *Newsweek* who was on the scene, ordered him to stop. "I was replacing it with one of my much better tourniquets," said Dawes afterwards.

It didn't look that way to Liohn. When I called him at his home in Italy, he told me

[redacted]



9 June 2011
During the first of two stints in Libya, Dawes relied on local support, in this case cash worth about £100

[redacted]

that he had a bad feeling about Dawes from the beginning.

"I saw this guy walking towards me, and he was in full Rambo gear. He had a bulletproof vest, helmet, a sniper Kalashnikov, hand grenades on his chest and just a vest to show off his muscles. I thought, 'What the f***?'"

As for the tourniquet, "He had no idea how to use that shit." To get the doctor to safety, all of them had to scurry down alleys, clinging very close to the wall to avoid the bullets. "I could feel the shrapnel in my back, hot metal at my neck," remembers Liohn. "Kevin was in front of us, not knowing what to do. I kicked him really hard in the ass." The problem with Dawes, reflected Liohn, is that "he arrived first saying that he was a journalist. From a journalist he became a paramedic and from a paramedic he became a semi-fighter. I think he was just having hallucinations, you know? And putting everyone at risk."

Liohn was further irked when, later on, Dawes came back and began riling him. There was some shoving and it quickly became heated; according to Liohn, Dawes was pushing him into the line of fire. When he heard Dawes cocking his weapon, Liohn snapped; he jumped on top of him, pulled off his helmet and began hitting him in the face with his camera. The rebels who were travelling with Liohn quickly separated them, but they were from a different militia; when Liohn told them that Dawes was a liability they arrested him on the spot. Dawes ended up being held for several days and was ordered to turn in his weapon – he could stay as a journalist or an aid worker, they said, or go home. Soon after, he did return home, but he continued stalking Liohn on the net, threatening him and claiming he knew where he lived. Liohn concluded that Dawes was psychotic and dangerous to know. "When I heard he disappeared in Syria," he told me, "I was very happy."

Of course, Dawes wasn't the first freelancer to disappear in Syria. That was Austin Tice, who disappeared in August 2012. When a heavily staged video of Tice being threatened on a Syrian hillside popped up on the internet, most people assumed he was in the custody of the Syrian regime.

In September, another freelance American writer, Theo Padnos, was kidnapped and handed over to al-Qaeda almost as soon as he crossed the border. Like many others, Tice and Padnos had started out in Antakya, 20 kilometres from the Syrian border and a genteel antechamber before the chaos of northern Syria. So had James Foley, the American freelancer who'd been kidnapped in November and executed by Isis nearly two years later. Some journalists may even have run into Dawes while they were there; Foley had already met him in Libya. ("An American who's been hanging around Misrata fighters for several months," Foley wrote in an article at the time, "Dawes said he originally came to Libya to start as a journalist and has ended up volunteering as a medic and a fighter.") From his hotel room in Antakya, Dawes was well aware of what happened to Tice, but in

his delusional state he thought he could do better and might even be able to help with information gathering. "An Austin Tice rescue is on the agenda," he wrote to his confidant from Something Awful. "Hardest part will be intel gathering. So it's on me, then. And yes I can."

The first time I heard of Dawes was in the summer of 2013. Together with another journalist I'd met in rebel-held Syria, I was running through the burgeoning list of missing journalists – I was investigating the subject for a book – when his name came up. Shortly after came news of another foreigner who'd travelled into northern Syria around the same time and been kidnapped, a qualified British surgeon called Abbas Khan. Khan had made it to Aleppo, but no sooner had he arrived than he was nabbed by the Syrian army and sent to Damascus. His mother, Fatima, had courageously travelled to Syria to find him; eventually she'd located him within Syria's labyrinthine network of political prisons and spoken to him in person. Just as he was about to be released in December 2013, however, he was found dead in his cell. Most people, including the British Foreign Office and the coroner at an official inquest, concluded that he'd quietly been killed by the Syrian regime.

It made me wonder whether he might have come across Austin Tice. I phoned Fatima Khan and asked if her son mentioned any Americans he'd come across in prison. "I know what you want," she said without any hesitation. "And yes: Kevin Dawes."

In March 2014, I travelled to her home in the London suburbs to find out more. It was a difficult meeting. Fatima was still raw with grief and angry with journalists, as well as the British government, elements of which she felt must have colluded in the death of her son. As soon as I mentioned Dawes, she asked me to turn my tape off. The communal cells Abbas Khan was being held in at the time measured about six metres by six and held between 30 and 40 people. Her son, according to Fatima, told her that he'd heard Dawes' voice from a few cells away.

Since there was no one else who spoke English, they'd begun a conversation. Dawes was in a bad state; he seemed like he wanted to die and may have said as much. Before long the guards came in and beat them both for talking, after which their communication came to an end. "But they made a pact," according to Fatima, "that whichever one got out first would let people know where they were." And one detail she remembered very well: Kevin was saying, and wanted it to be known, that he was a journalist.

Could she have been mistaken, or otherwise misinformed? It seems unlikely. Some months after he disappeared, Dawes was listed as missing in Syria on the FBI's website and Fatima Khan has every reason to hate the Syrian regime; after all, its agents

[redacted]



24 September 2011
Much of Dawes' footage was posted on his YouTube channel, although he later took it down

[redacted]

appear to have killed her son. But in a separate interview at his home, another of Fatima's sons told me the same story as she'd explained it to him – adding that his mother had informed the Czech Embassy in Damascus, which represents American interests in Syria, at the time. If anyone wanted to make mischief by falsely accusing the Syrian regime of holding an American, they would surely have chosen Austin Tice, whose sterling work as a journalist has made his disappearance a cause célèbre. No one was interested in Kevin Dawes.

One interested party who did pay attention when he saw Dawes on the FBI's missing persons list was Eliot Higgins. Higgins was one of the two people left communicating with Dawes in his Antakya hotel room, and his correspondent from Something Awful. Honing internet skills he picked up there, together with his interest in weaponry and his forensic, ferret-like eye for good visuals, Higgins went on to become famous, pioneering a whole new genre of open-source investigation of warzone footage, everywhere from Syria to Ukraine, but he still feels terrible about what happened to Dawes. When I met him for coffee in central London he pulled out his mobile phone and showed me a long list of direct messages on his Twitter account. On a single day in September 2012, Dawes had sent him 150 messages.

After a while, like some others that I spoke to, he simply stopped reading them. Higgins had only come across Dawes because he was a moderator on Something Awful. When Dawes came back from Libya he interviewed him for his website; all he could talk about, according to Higgins, was going to Syria. He was becoming increasingly distressed. Then, in his Antakya hotel room, he appears to have had a complete breakdown. Higgins knew that if he criticised Dawes' plans, he'd turn on him too – so he tried to keep in touch and talk him down gently. It didn't work. The last message he received from Dawes he took as a direct threat to his family. There were reasons to take it seriously. Dawes had boasted about his facility with weapons and complained that his gun rights at home had been taken away by a court order. "Right before this trip began," he says, in one of his Libya video diaries, "I got royally f***ed by some sketchy judicial manoeuvres that I'm going to have to have an attorney undo… this is regarding my firearms. It's a restraining order." Higgins' most immediate worry was that Dawes was going to get himself killed on the way into Syria or that he'd kill someone else. "I said there are mines on that border. His whole plan was to crawl across the minefield and stab them with a stick."

The locals, whom Dawes met as he prepared to cross the Syrian border, came away with the same impression. In the summer of 2014 I returned to Antakya at the Turkish-Syrian border in an effort to retrace his steps. My first lead came from Mahmoud Sheikh al-Zour, a weary, bespectacled veteran in his fifties who once ran his own training camp in northern Syria and who'd ⟩

accompanied Austin Tice inside the country. He was also, it turned out, the smuggler Dawes had tried to engage to help him across the border. One day, Dawes had showed up to his hotel with a Canadian, telling him he needed to be in Syria.

As a confidence-building measure, he'd brought along pictures of himself in a Libyan ambulance. While he was waiting, he'd also tried to solicit al-Zour's help in a project which would use "some mathematical stuff" to create an air vortex over areas of northern Syria; al-Zour nodded his head a good deal before explaining that he was going to have to turn this opportunity down. "He had crazy ideas about what he can do. It was like a dream. He was not all right – why would I want to take him with me to Syria?" The last time Dawes came to see him, it was to beg for money to pay for his hotel.

That hotel wasn't in Antakya but in Harbiye, a pretty outlying suburb overlooking a valley five miles closer to Syria. After several days of looking, I found it. I arrived in Harbiye in the morning, to get ahead of the intense heat, and at the third hotel I found an old man standing around in the lobby with his son, helping his staff mop the floors. The father, who didn't speak any English, recognised the picture immediately. Via his son he explained that this man had been here about two years previously and had stayed between ten and 15 days. He looked Chinese, but had an American passport. He was often in the company of another man, he remembered, who was tall with blond hair and a goatee beard; it must have been the Canadian. "I am a doctor. I am helping Syria," Dawes had said. It was clear that he also wanted to go there, said the old man, who'd tried to talk him out of it. "I think Kevin went," he said.

From behind his reception booth the old man began checking records to find a copy of his passport, but to no avail. He was very interested in the case and curious as to why no one had asked about it before. "That was two years ago," he said. "The American government is very strong – why didn't they contact us? No one contacted us. No one." From the beginning, he said, it was clear that Dawes was penniless. When he left, the other man had paid his bill on his credit card and then gone home. The old man mumbled something and sighed. "A lot of people pass through here on their way to Syria," his son translated: it was clear that he was talking about jihadis. But Dawes was different. "He had a strange look in his eye and strange movements. He was too relaxed, crazy relaxed – he didn't speak, just sat with his arms folded, not saying anything."

He and his son began gesticulating, as if in the throes of a political argument, at the end of which the father asked me if Dawes was a *mujahid*, a young man looking to wage jihad in Syria. "If he wanted to go to Syria," he said, there are two choices – either he was a *mujahid*, or a medical man. "If he is not a medical man, I think he is a *mujahid*."

Kevin Dawes was no *mujahid* and had no plans to carry a weapon in Syria. Neither, quite obviously, was he CIA. On the FBI's list of missing persons website his occupation is listed as a "freelance photographer", but that really doesn't cover it.

Neither is it likely to have convinced the Syrian authorities. Torturers have Google too. Sometime in 2013, according to Fatima Khan's information, Dawes was being held in the Palestine Branch, an infamous political prison in the Syrian capital of Damascus, the same place where, according to Amnesty International, the CIA liked to send Syrian Islamists after they'd finished with them during the "War on Terror".

On trips to Damascus and the region I've met many Syrians and a few foreign journalists who believe Dawes and Khan were held there. The foreign journalists were held incommunicado in tiny cells but not mistreated. The Syrians I spoke to were held in large communal rooms and spoke of regular, brutal beatings; among other things, they'd been burnt with cigarette butts. The most popular accusation, levelled like a mantra at almost everyone, was that they were secretly working for the CIA or Mossad. If Dawes was really here, treating his interrogators to wild but elaborate fantasies about the CIA, he might, for the first time, have found an avid audience.

Parts of Syria have become a Disneyland for Kalashnikov-waving foreigners, a dumping ground for the disturbed... What happened to Dawes was geekery gone wrong

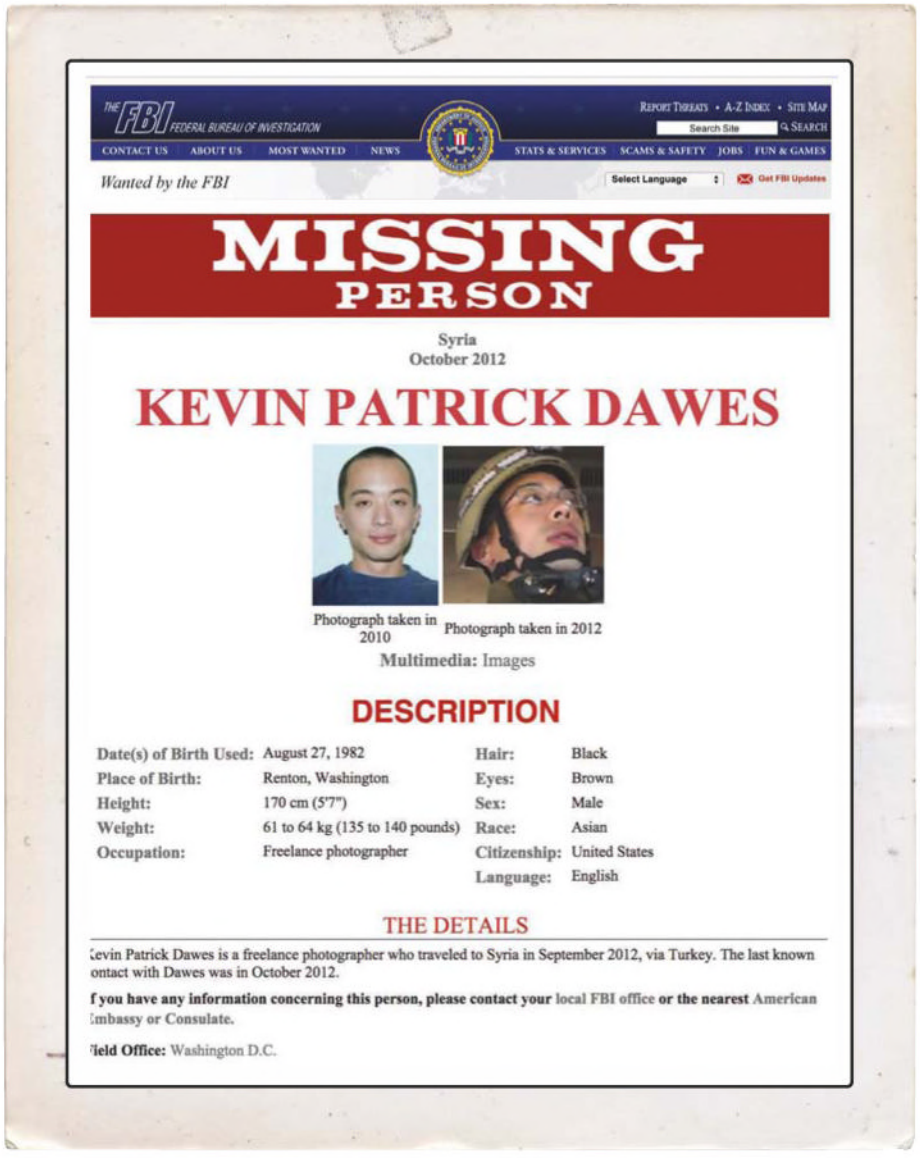
In August 2014, a team of FBI special agents travelled to the UK to seek out information about Dawes and spoke to anyone who'd talk to them. Around the same time, or shortly afterwards, the team travelled to Lebanon where they spent time with the Syrian activist Dawes met on Twitter and who referred him to Mahmoud Sheikh al-Zour. It's very likely that they also went to Turkey; by now they might even have made it to his hotel. There was no love lost between Dawes and the FBI; they figured in his paranoid conspiracy too. Dawes' last authored, public tweet, published on 14 September 2012, appeared to come from nowhere: "Remember, FBI stands for 'Shoots the wrong people, very racist all the time even when trying to be nice, will betray you'. Never forget." All the same, his American passport might be Dawes' best hope of making it out alive. A report in the French newspaper *Le Figaro* in March 2015 suggested that the American and Syrian governments were – in a rare breach of current protocol – in direct negotiation over the fate of an American held in a Syrian prison and that "an emissary representing the US government" had visited the imprisoned journalist. The reporter, citing an unnamed European diplomat, seemed to think that any discussions concerned only Austin Tice, but that may not have been the case. Independently, several confidential sources told me that the prisoner at immediate issue was not Austin Tice but Kevin Dawes.

The best way to bring Dawes home might be to admit that he and many others shouldn't have been in Syria at all. When Dawes returned from Libya, Eliot Higgins reported him to the FBI. Such was Dawes' deteriorating state that Higgins worried he might wake up one morning and go shoot up a local school. André Liohn contacted the FBI too, worried about the threat to him and his family. "I never got an answer, but they received my email," he told me. Both conclude that the US needs better mental health care, but the issues raised in cases like Dawes run deeper than that. Experiencing war at close quarters has always been attractive to young men who want to prove themselves, carry a weapon or just get some life experience under their belts.

The numbers of young men heading to Syria, however, have become so plentiful as to represent a new, dangerous direction in youth culture. While many have gone to Syria to help, others have not – the cocktail, at the extremes, of misguided idealism and mental illness has proven murderously unhelpful to the resolution of the conflict.

There are now around 25,000 foreign jihadis on Syrian soil. On top of that are their governments – which now include Russia – trying to bomb them from a great height. It's a little too late for that. For some years now, young men with European accents and puffed up with puritanical purpose have been kidnapping and cutting the heads off ordinary Shia and Alawi Muslims in Syria.

Until they began to do the same to Western journalists and aid workers, no one cared. The many-layered conflict playing out in Syria is now substantially about other people's problems, with the country as a convenient backdrop. One of the few things that Syrians on both sides can agree about, in fact, is that parts of their country have become a Disneyland for Kalashnikov-waving foreigners, a dumping ground for the disturbed.



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MISSING PERSON

Syria
October 2012

KEVIN PATRICK DAWES

Photograph taken in 2010 | Photograph taken in 2012

Multimedia: Images

DESCRIPTION

Date(s) of Birth Used:	August 27, 1982	Hair:	Black
Place of Birth:	Renton, Washington	Eyes:	Brown
Height:	170 cm (5'7")	Sex:	Male
Weight:	61 to 64 kg (135 to 140 pounds)	Race:	Asian
Occupation:	Freelance photographer	Citizenship:	United States
		Language:	English

THE DETAILS

Kevin Patrick Dawes is a freelance photographer who traveled to Syria in September 2012, via Turkey. The last known contact with Dawes was in October 2012.

If you have any information concerning this person, please contact your local FBI office or the nearest American Embassy or Consulate.

Field Office: Washington D.C.

October 2012
Last seen in Syria more than three years ago, Dawes remains on the FBI's list of missing persons

But what happened to Kevin Dawes is also a cautionary tale of geekery gone wrong. Dawes hadn't only drunk the Kool-Aid of this brave new digital future; he'd injected it into his veins, like the IV drips he'd learned how to use on YouTube. Eliot Higgins used his apprenticeship in the internet's rougher, more knockabout playgrounds to do something useful and new; all it did for Dawes was help him disappear into his own twisted delirium. Behind the firewalled stockade of his own paranoia, Dawes had come to believe that the whole world was against him. Randall Hendricks, the other person Dawes was in communication with from his Antakya hotel room, got to know Dawes when he sent a message to his YouTube channel. After Dawes got back from Libya, Hendricks planned to meet him in San Diego, but broke off all contact after Dawes offered to come sweep his house for bugs planted by the CIA. The abuse he endured from his fellow goons on Something Awful, insists Hendricks, was a "major motivation" for Dawes wanting to go to Syria – he wanted to prove everyone wrong.

It would be wrong to view Dawes, as he often did, only through the window of his activity on the net. When I called his Libyan doctor friend Tameem Abu Gharsa he was still in Misrata and still recovering from the gunshot wound to his leg; he was only talking to me because he thought some publicity might help Dawes' cause. Dawes had many crazy delusions about the CIA, he agreed, but he and his colleagues had just ignored them – he was entirely dependable in a tight spot and his heart was in the right place. "It was a very rare act to pay everything you have to give to people, all your expenses. He gave a lot of his money away for free."

When I asked him whether Dawes was a journalist, medic or a fighter in Libya, he replied as if he'd been thinking about it for some time. "He was all those three – and someone running away from demons that no one else could see." Neither, as a doctor, did he think he fit the clinical picture of a schizophrenic. "He was thought to be a troll online, but in person he was very shy, kindly and considerate." An internet security engineer who'd been to secondary school with Dawes, and who didn't want to be named for this article, said that Dawes had been "extremely intelligent" as a teenager. It was Dawes who'd piqued his interest in computers and artificial intelligence, he said, even stimulated his interest in going to university. Like a few others I interviewed, he felt guilty for letting the relationship slip.

Others I spoke to believed that Dawes was estranged from his family too. But when I phoned his mother, she was full of praise for her son. "I know my son. He is very smart," she told me, referencing his academic qualifications. She was glad that I called, she said. There'd been little mention of him since his disappearance. "Whatever labels they want to put on him, I just want to bring him home. I miss him so much. He was a kind boy who only wanted to help Syria with medicine." It's why she didn't like to look him up on the net, she told me. "People bring him down [there], cutting him. Why would people do that? They don't even know him. Sometimes I go on the net, they say things that are so bad about him, so mean and ugly. I don't know what kind of a world we're living in right now."

At his smartest and most alert, Kevin Dawes knew that he was approaching a downward spiral – that something was wrong, that it might be inside of him and that it was about to land him in serious trouble. "If I get killed in Syria they'll reference my SA [Something Awful] history? I mean holy f***," he messaged Eliot Higgins. If he did die, he instructed Higgins the same day, "you make me look *f***ing awesome*". As he headed towards Antakya and that lonely hotel room, he weighed the options and the magnitude of the risks he was about to take. "The real danger is paranoia," he told himself on Twitter. "This is going to be stupid close."

Hunting Season by James Harkin (Little, Brown, £13.99) is out now.

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Prop Stylist Lou Blackshaw

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Georg Jensen

■ Danish design house **Georg Jensen** proves that the Scandi aesthetic is one of the most desirable when it comes to accessories. Clean and contemporary, **The Koppel GMT Power Reserve** *(pictured, left)* and **The Koppel Grande Date Annual Calendar** *(right)* debuted at **Baselworld 2015**. The man behind the designs is **Henning Koppel** – the architect of Georg Jensen's first men's watch in 1977. From then on, the refined dials and clean face of the Koppel – named after its original designer – became the design template for Georg Jensen's future releases. A touch of Danish minimalism can also be seen in the Koppel GMT Power Reserve and The Koppel Grande Date Annual Calendar – two pieces that will complement any wardrobe ensemble.
georgjensen.com





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Orlebar Brown

■ If you're already starting to stock up on your summer staples, then look to **Orlebar Brown**'s Cruise collection for sartorial solace. Drawing inspiration from the vibrancy of the **South Pacific Oceans**, Orlebar Brown says *aloha* to a selection of ready-to-rock swimwear. The distinctive designs use **Alex MacLean's aerial photography** and dip into **Hulton Getty's archive** to re-imagine black and white photographs, making this range of resortwear a true holiday essential. As part of a wider celebration of artists, photographers, illustrators and graphic designers, each photograph (Slim Aarons' photograph of **Hotel du Cap Eden-Roc**, pictured, is a particular favourite) on the Orlebar Brown Bulldog range makes each pair far more than just swim shorts. ***orlebarbrown.com***

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Absolut

■ Since its debut in 1979 New York, **Absolut Vodka** has been synonymous with unrivalled quality and a smooth finish. While excellent served simply with your mixer of choice, Absolut's cocktail classics really bring the spirit to life (from the pick-me-up **Absolut Bloody Mary** to the late-night **Absolut Espresso Martini** and refreshing **Absolut Lemon Drop**) making it no surprise to learn that Absolut is the vodka of choice for countless British bars and hotels. The bottle itself is instantly recognisable and taps into Absolut's **Swedish roots** (the original shape was discovered in a Stockholm antique store). Available in a range of flavours including Citron, Vanilia and Peppar, the possibilities for cocktail crafting are endless with Absolut, whether you're creating drinks at home or are perched at your favourite bar. ***absolut.com***





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Lacoste

■ When **René Lacoste** originally shortened the arms of the traditional tennis shirt and pioneered the piqué knit in 1933, few could imagine what would follow in the wake of the creation of world's **first polo shirt**. Once the instantly recognisable crocodile was embroidered (crafted by knitwear specialist André Gillier as a nod to René's on-court nickname), the style revolution was quick to follow and the **Lacoste L.12.12** is now an undeniable wardrobe classic. **Petit piqué cotton** guarantees comfort whether the polo is worn on its own court-side or underneath a jacket on colder days. Either way, René Lacoste's eye for fashion lives on in style. ***lacoste.com***

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Singha

■ Sometimes, a dose of cool is crucial for both your temperament and for your refreshment. Naturally, **Singha Beer** – one of **Thailand**'s proudest exports – is having its moment. When brewing originally began (by Royal Permission, no less) in **1933**, **Boonrawd Sreshthaputra**'s **recipe** laid down the building blocks for what would become a vibrant 80 years for Thailand's most adored tipple, in which tradition began to infuse with more contemporary culture in light of Thailand's growing prominence in the Far East. Unsurprisingly, little has changed for Singha, bottling a refreshing concept that finds members of the same family from 1933 still brewing the sweet, earthy and spicy flavours that mirror the spectrum of the Thai taste palate. Some recognise Thailand as "**the land of smiles**" and, with Singha Beer (ABV 5%), it's little wonder.
singhabeer.com



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Nespresso

■ Research has shown that the best decisions of the day are the ones made at the crack of dawn when the brain is firing on all cylinders. Helpfully, **Nespresso**'s incomparable range of machines enhance any coffee connoisseur's morning, whether on a weekday or weekend. The mission is to craft that **perfect cup of coffee** at home – from sumptuously smooth lattes to the intense ristretto – and to make those crucial first choices a touch easier. It's hardly surprising, then, to find out that a Nespresso is a regular fixture in world-class kitchens and hotels all over the globe. ***nespresso.com***



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Freixenet

■ Dominating the Spanish sparkling wine market is a notable testament for anyone, but for the **Freixenet** family – who have held this position for 150 years – it's all routine. **Freixenet Cordon Negro**, its star player, is made using **the same process used to make champagne** and the ageing process of Freixenet can take up to three years to ensure the sumptuous notes of lemon, pear and peach come through on the palate. Of course, Freixenet Cordon Negro is an all-rounder, whether enjoyed as an **aperitif** or when complementing light salads and seafood dishes. Ideal as a **celebratory tipple** or as a weekend-wind-down, the nine-month maturation period of Spain's most adored Cava makes for a worthy cause of celebration in itself. ***freixenet.co.uk***



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Clinique

■ Clinique has long been a male-grooming favourite and now tackles the visible signs of a busy modern lifestyle with its new Clinique For Men range. Retaining a youthful radiance is effortless with the help of the Anti-Age Moisturizer and Eye Cream, while you can enjoy a blissfully smooth shave from start to finish thanks to the Aloe Shave Gel and Clinique Post-Shave Soother. Once you have sampled this new range of essentials, your grooming regime promises to be razor-sharp and Clinique will earn its place in your bathroom cabinet. ***clinique.com***



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Armani

■ One of Italy's most prominent fashion houses, **Armani**, has released another striking example of its contemporary take on fashion with its **Eau De Cèdre** fragrance. Translating the brilliance of Armani's velvet jacket – coveted for its comfort – into a fragrance, Eau De Cèdre stimulates the imagination with notes of spicy leather, warm cumin and sage, plus citrus, bergamot and mandarin. As the fourth creation in Armani's **Eaux Pour Homme** range (its first ever set of men's fragrances), each other fragrance also reflects the versatility of the jacket, from casual weekend chic to its role as a striking black-tie piece. Eau De Cèdre, with its edging of ribbed medal, is a further reminder of Giorgio Armani's talent for supplying only the very best for the modern, discerning gentleman.
armanibeauty.co.uk





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Tumi

■ What do NASCAR race cars, NFL players and carry-on luggage have in common? Admittedly, not a lot. However, they are united by **Tumi**'s absolutely-must-have sets of travel gear, including the **Tegra-lite International carry-on**, part of the **Tegra-Lite collection**. Its Tegris exterior is perhaps the most notable feature – it is the same composite material that is used by **NASCAR** race cars and the protective gear worn underneath an **NFL** player's football jersey. Style-conscious travellers needn't worry, either, as Tegris adds very little weight to the carry-on – making it the perfect travel companion for cruising through departures, into your seat and on to your destination.
uk.tumi.com

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clinique.com

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nespresso.com

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drinkaware.co.uk for the facts

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GENTLEMEN'S QUARTERLY

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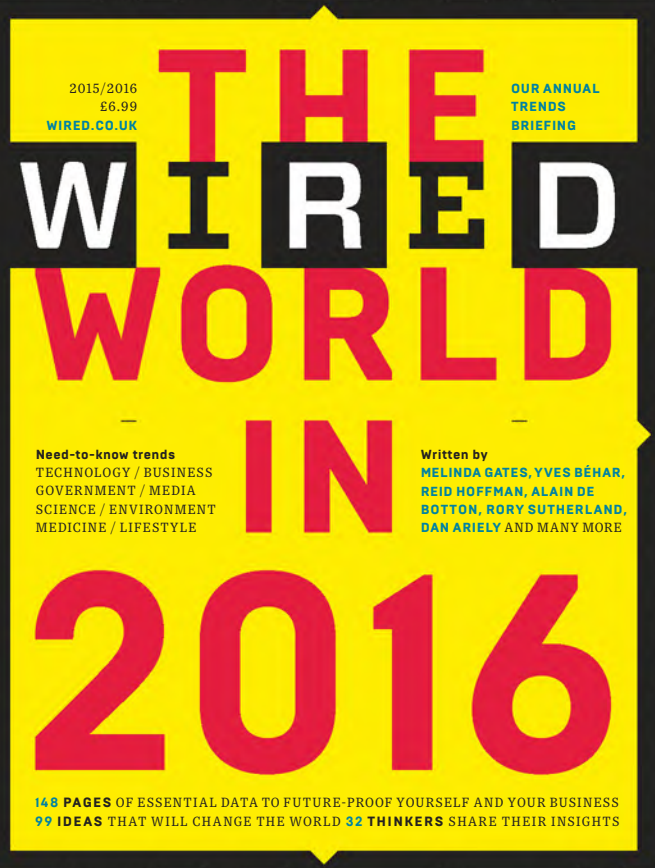


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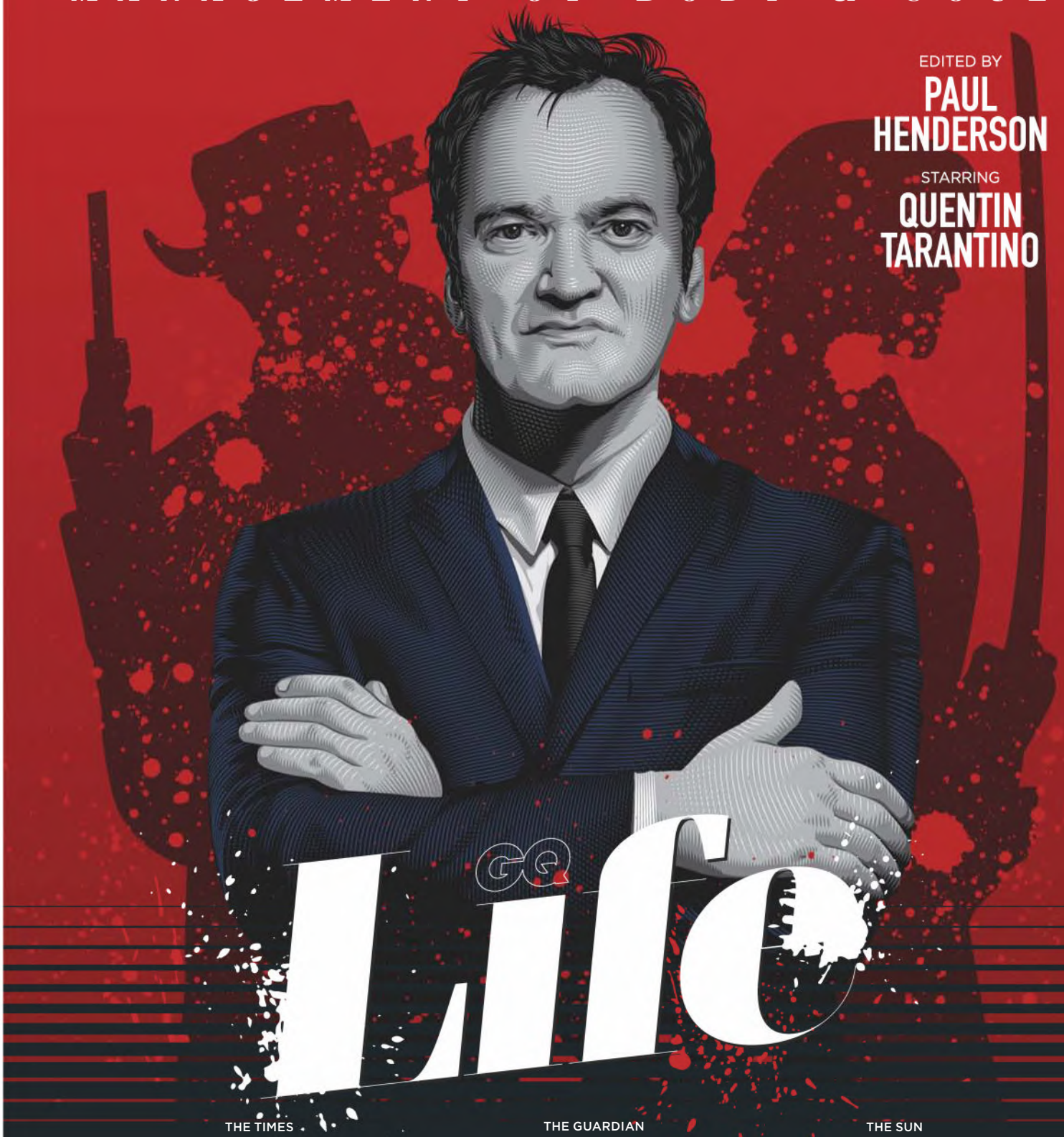


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Let's go to work

Business survival tips worth lifting from Quentin Tarantino's most iconic scenes

OVER THE past two decades, Quentin Tarantino has taught us so much. The real meaning of "Like A Virgin". How Germans order three drinks and how Parisians like their burgers. And how, when you absolutely positively have to kill everyone in the room, there's no alternative to an AK-47. But what can these blood-soaked, foul-mouthed masterpieces teach us about business? To mark the release of *The Hateful Eight*, *GQ* asked eight experts for some key strategies we can learn from the master.

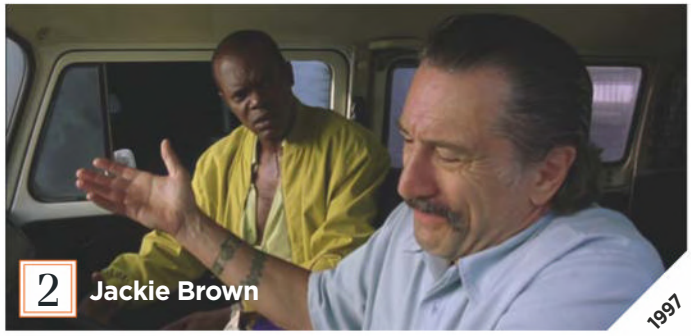


1 Pulp Fiction

1994

Scene: Vincent Vega (John Travolta) chaperones the big man's lady, Mrs Mia Wallace (Uma Thurman)
Lesson: How to act in the company of your boss' wife

"Think of it like a job interview or client call rather than a blind date," Supercoach's Michael Neill, author of *The Inside-Out Revolution*, tells *GQ*. "If you've done your homework about her, there should be plenty to talk about! If you're so irresistibly handsome that the uncomfortable silence is made of sexual tension, talking about sports will usually kill the mood long enough for the conversation to move forward." If you're going to ask her about her husband (such as his recent decision to throw someone out of a window), Neill advises to approach any negativity with caution. "Whether she's testing you or genuinely griping, what she really wants is to feel heard, regardless of what you think about what you're hearing." And if she "overindulges" during the course of your evening together? "A gentleman never tells, but a real gentleman never has anything to tell."



2 Jackie Brown

1997

Scene: Louis Gara (Robert De Niro) tells Ordell Robbie (Samuel L Jackson) that he's killed his girlfriend and messed up 'the drop'
Lesson: How to admit you've made a big mistake

Made an error comparable to losing $500,000 and killing a stoned surfer girl? Own up immediately, says Peter Bregman, author of *Four Seconds: All The Time You Need To Stop Counter-Productive Habits And Get The Results You Want*. "Always lead with the punch line. Own it, apologise, and move on," he explains. "Telling someone in person is always best. The other person will be more likely to believe you if they see the sincerity in your face." It is always the right decision to take the rap for your own error, regardless of the consequences. "Blaming others or dodging responsibility will damage your pride." If someone does shout at you, Bregman advises asking questions, although Louis' plaintive "How am I supposed to know that?" may not get you the answer you want.



3 Reservoir Dogs

1992

Scene: 'Eight men dressed in black suits' sit down at Uncle Bob's Pancake House to plan a robbery
Lesson: How to have a successful breakfast meeting

This tale of a heist gone wrong begins with an early mistake – eight is too many people at a breakfast meeting. "Five is the optimal number to get action rather than indigestion," says Jim Banting, author of *Get A Dog, Don't Work Like One*. Mr Brown (Tarantino) also goes off-topic with his Madonna rant. "Get them back on track right away," advises Banting. "Small talk is for unfocused minds." If you do curtail them and receive sweary feedback, it's time to man up. "Plain speaking should be encouraged. If people take offence, other than something very personal, they need to get over it." Besides not tipping, the biggest mistake Mr Pink (Steve Buscemi) makes is having three cups of coffee. "Don't drink a lot of caffeine," says Banting. "There's no need for additional stimulus."



4 Django Unchained

2012

Scene: Calvin Candie (Leonardo DiCaprio) challenges Dr King Schultz (Christoph Waltz) and Django (Jamie Foxx) over a deal
Lesson: Handling tough negotiations

When things get tense, it's time for talking tough, says Simon Horton, author of *Negotiation Mastery: Tools For The 21st Century Negotiator*. The only mistake Django and Dr King make is pretending to be interested in Candie's fighter. "Feigning anything in negotiation is never a good idea," says Horton. "But having genuine alternatives to fall back on is very important; the better your alternative, the better deal you will get." Candie's tantrum suggests he has lost both the deal and the plot. "The more you keep your cool, the clearer your thinking will be, so the more likely you are to get the desired result." If a threat comes your way, remember you have choices: "You can ignore it, call them on it, threaten back, laugh at it or walk out." The final option is keeping a concealed Derringer about your person.



5 Grindhouse

2007

Scene: Stuntman Mike (Kurt Russell) drives into the path of an oncoming car
Lesson: How to 'death proof' your career

If you want to be as resilient as an all-black muscle car, take steps to protect yourself, says Threshold's James Brooke, author of *Be Bulletproof*. "Highly specialised careers are the most vulnerable because if you fall out with your employer, the risks are so much greater. The most robust careers are for the general manager who can pull things together and coordinate the skills of others." If you do get into trouble: brace for impact. "We can't see an impact coming because, once we are aware of it, the shock has already entered our system," says Brooke. "You can, however, create a metaphorical seat belt for yourself. Research tells us that a network of good friends is vital for our ability to recover from tough situations." One further tip? Stick to Mike's virgin Piña Coladas in tricky times. "Numerous studies show that if you give people a nonalcoholic substitute and fool them into believing that it's alcohol, they will report exactly the same merrymaking effects."



6 Inglourious Basterds

2009

Scene: The premiere meet-and-greet
Tip: How to do business in a language that is not your own

Even if your Italian accent is about as convincing as Lt Aldo Raine's "*Buongiorno*", there is much you can do in unfamiliar territory, says Susan Griffith, author of *Work Your Way Around The World*. Just make sure you're more subtle than Brad Pitt's white jacket. "Shrink to the back of the group and listen intently in case you can pick up the gist. At least follow the body language so you know when to nod or frown (but not too vigorously, in case you get it wrong)." Griffith also suggests there are certain international archetypes that usually assert themselves. "Italians tend to brush aside the minutiae and look to the grand objectives, whereas the Germans like to cross the Ts and umlaut the Ös. All of them, especially the French, will put their differences aside over a good lunch." It's a shame the Basterds are in a cinema rather than a sports bar. "Football is a more universal topic than films. I've been in remote places where the only point of contact in English was 'Man U', which engendered camaraderie all round."



7 Kill Bill: Vol. 1

2003

Scene: The Bride (Uma Thurman) takes down the Crazy 88 gang alone
Lesson: How to win respect from your workforce

Facing lots of opponents and unsure how to tackle them? Capture their attention, argues Paul McGee, author of *S.U.M.O (Shut Up, Move On): The Straight-Talking Guide To Succeeding In Life*. "Surprise them by asking a question they didn't expect or revealing a piece of information they don't know." Make sure you single out the most important person in the room, in The Bride's case, O-Ren Ishii (Lucy Liu), by suggesting a one-on-one follow-up. "The phrase I'd use is: 'In order for this to move forward, who would be the person you'd like me to follow up with?' Normally the most influential person will say, 'Me.' You start to appeal to people's egos." Make sure you don't discount younger colleagues – especially if they're 17-year-old Gogo Yubari (Chiaki Kuriyama) wielding a meteor hammer. "Even if someone seems very junior, treat them with respect. In negotiations, people are assessing your 'likeability'. If people like you, they are going to be more receptive to your ideas."

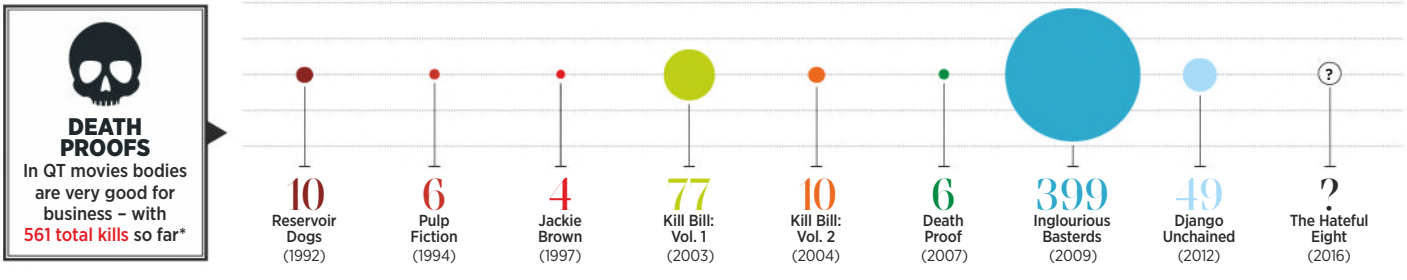


8 The Hateful Eight

2015

Scene: Strangers are trapped in Minnie's Haberdashery during a blizzard
Tip: How to tell if someone you are trying to do business with is lying

If you're trapped in a bar (or a boardroom) with eight strangers who wish you harm, you may need help uncovering the truth. Don Tennant of behavioural analysis firm Qverity says there are a four telltale signs: "Evasion, the linguistic act of concealment (such as failing to answer the question); persuasion, an attempt by the person to influence our perception (phrases such as 'I swear to God'); aggression (verbal attacks on the questioner); and manipulation (buying time to formulate a response)." If they're not very vocal, such as Joe Cage (Michael Madsen)? Tennant advises we look for "involuntary physiological responses such as hand-to-face activity and throat-clearing". There's no correlation between alcohol and making people open up – which is why we'd advise anyone facing a bully like John "The Hangman" Ruth (Kurt Russell) to stick to coffee and stew. **Andy Morris**
The Hateful Eight is out on 8 January.



*Source: BFI. Some deaths are estimated, not all kills are confirmed



Meat of the matter: All 79g of Matt Jones' excess post-op skin

A SLICE OF LIFE

Why I had abdominoplasty

On a quest for the perfect six-pack, GQ's Matt Jones went under the scalpel, a process demanding much more than a pound of flesh

"YOU'RE more of a three-month project," said my personal trainer, Matt Miller (*millerthepillar.com*), as I waved a fitness magazine promising abs in six weeks. "You have loose skin. You used to be bigger, right?" Right: 21 stone in my late teens before dropping to 13 stone at university, fluctuating a bit and evening out to between 14 and 15 stone as I entered my thirties. "We can try, but you'll need to get to 15 per cent body fat maximum from your current 30. And no promises."

A weekly fitness protocol was designed – 40 minutes of fat-burning each morning, two hours of Matt's personal training and some cardio at 1Rebel gym (*1rebel.co.uk*), rotating between spinning and high-intensity interval training depending on whether I had my running shoes. A diet plan was also put into place: no carbs apart from brown rice and rye bread, no booze apart from a glass of red a week, protein-rich meat, lots of greens and fish-oil supplements to try and return some elasticity to my skin. I also had to surrender a robust smoking habit.

This was in January. Three months, 82 gym hours and one philosophical revelation later (treadmills are the ultimate symbol for the universe's futility), I was down to 13 stone 8lb. My body fat was 15 per cent. I had arms that could shatter masonry. I could bench-press my girlfriend. I regularly used the words "swole" and "gains". But instead of a six-pack I had an empty crescent of skin. Like a 10lb sack containing just 5lb of potatoes. "Other guys would have had a six-pack weeks ago," my trainer said. "You'll only get rid of it with cosmetic surgery."

Careful research was required to choose my clinic. A GP advised that the surgeons should be registered with the General Medical Council (some clinics fly in unregistered doctors from abroad), as well as members of the Royal College of Surgeons and the British Association of Aesthetic Plastic Surgeons. Eventually, I settled on the Cadogan Clinic (*cadoganclinic.com*).

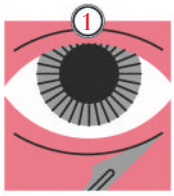
A plastic surgery consultation room is no place for British reserve, for you or your doctor. The Cadogan Clinic's Dr Olivier Amar observed, "Your skin is loose and you have fat deposits." I explained my gym regime and asked why it had been unsuccessful. "Men make up 20 per cent of our patients, and many have the same issue. When you put on weight, you expanded your skin and built up a fibrous support to the fat. You have to remove the fibrous tissue underneath – it simply doesn't disappear with weight loss." The solution? Chopping off the excess skin with an abdominoplasty procedure, which is essentially a light tummy tuck but, unlike the full-fat version, your navel isn't relocated and you don't need to carry a drainage bottle while you're deflating (don't ask).

Thing is, you need to do more than slice off the tissue. "It's part of a sculpting process," says Dr Amar. "Adding some liposuction allows you to fine-tune the silhouette." It turns out there are several flavours of lipo. In the early days it was undergone "dry", but at Cadogan they put fluid into the abdomen. "It prevents heavy bleeding and allows you to insert local anaesthetic as well as adrenaline, which constricts the blood vessels, restricts the bruising and makes the aftermath less uncomfortable," says Dr Amar. Tumescent liposuction tends to have a faster healing time, too, which was important to maintain my physique.

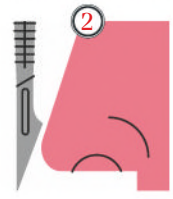
Then there's the gear. Traditional cannulas (the instruments used to extract the fat) are sharp, hollow rods with holes in the end attached to a tube that sucks the fat out as you poke around manually. Cadogan uses an updated titanium mechanical version, part of a cutting-edge technique known as pulsatile-assisted liposuction. "As well as aspirating the fat, the vibrations of the cannula emit waves

5

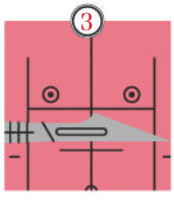
Most popular surgical procedures for UK men in 2014



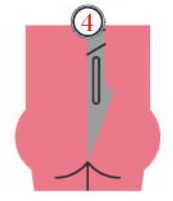
1 **Blepharoplasty** (eyelids)



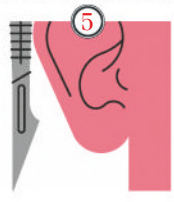
2 **Rhinoplasty** (nose)



3 **Breast reduction**



4 **Liposuction**



5 **Otoplasty** (ears)



Reactions you can expect if you elect to have plastic surgery…

Robert Johnston, Fashion Director, *GQ*: "I can never eat **lasagne** again."

Sister-in-law: "Frankly, if you've managed to lose **seven stone**, you deserve it."

Girlfriend: "Why is your penis **bruised**?" (Bruising "falls down" after surgery.)

Friend of a friend: "It's against **God's will**."

Co-worker: "Every time I look at myself at the **gym** I want to text you for the surgeon's number."

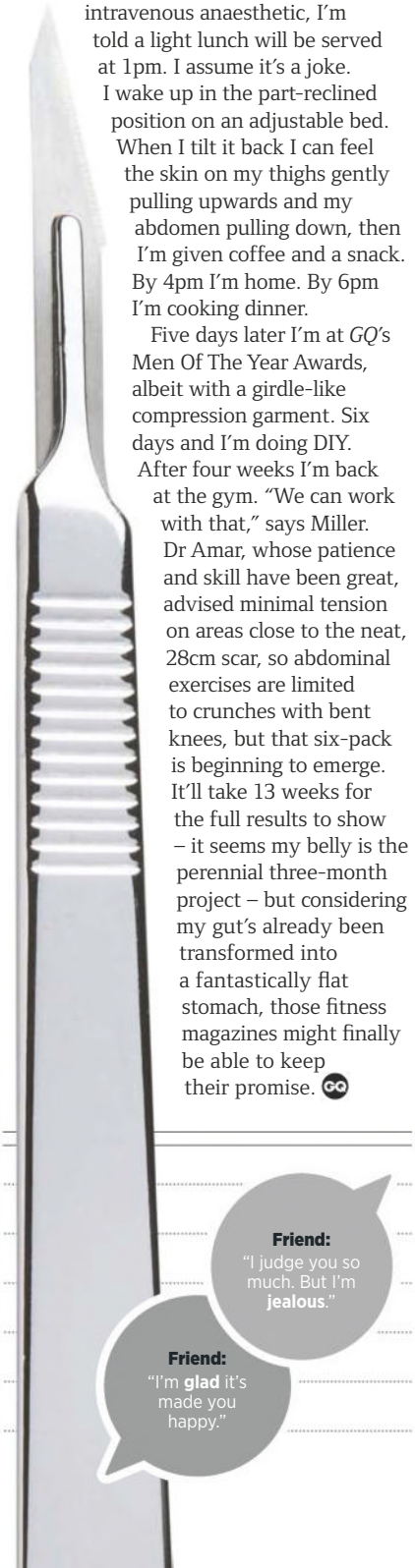
Mother: "If it makes you **happy**, you should have it."

Friend: "It won't make you any **happier**."

of high frequency which destroy fat cells and stimulate skin retraction. The nutation technique also allows us to operate close to the surface, which scars the skin on the inside so it shrinks as it heals." Dr Amar wanted a retraction of 10-15 per cent. And, unlike with a full tuck, I'll be back in the gym in three weeks.

Operation day came six weeks and £11,000 later. I turn up at 7.30am: clothes off, robe on, get marked, all with marrow-deep dread. Before being knocked out with an intravenous anaesthetic, I'm told a light lunch will be served at 1pm. I assume it's a joke. I wake up in the part-reclined position on an adjustable bed. When I tilt it back I can feel the skin on my thighs gently pulling upwards and my abdomen pulling down, then I'm given coffee and a snack. By 4pm I'm home. By 6pm I'm cooking dinner.

Five days later I'm at *GQ*'s Men Of The Year Awards, albeit with a girdle-like compression garment. Six days and I'm doing DIY. After four weeks I'm back at the gym. "We can work with that," says Miller. Dr Amar, whose patience and skill have been great, advised minimal tension on areas close to the neat, 28cm scar, so abdominal exercises are limited to crunches with bent knees, but that six-pack is beginning to emerge. It'll take 13 weeks for the full results to show – it seems my belly is the perennial three-month project – but considering my gut's already been transformed into a fantastically flat stomach, those fitness magazines might finally be able to keep their promise.



Illustrations John Devolle **Photographs** Alamy

LIFE COACH

Motivate yourself

Four up-and-coming entrepreneurs explain the everyday tricks that help inspire their most innovative ideas

1



Rise to shine

Name **Stephen Leguillion**
Age **26**
CV **CEO of La Belle Assiette, a French gourmet service that matches professional chefs to private individuals for dinner parties**

"Early in the morning is when I get most work done. I live in Paris and often I go to a café near my home called Café Matisse. I don't have breakfast, just coffee and fruit juice. That's all I need. I have my computer and my notepad but, crucially, I never connect to Wi-Fi. As soon as you do that you've got distractions because everyone is on an urgent deadline. I also use the do-not-disturb option on my iPhone, which is a wonderful way to stop interruptions. You need a lot of time and an empty mind to come up with creative ideas. You need to think from scratch."

2



All about the bike

Name **Rob Forkan**
Age **28**
CV **Joint owner (along with his brother Paul) of responsible flip-flop brand Gandys**

"My brother and I often go out for long bike rides in southwest London, especially around Richmond Park. When we ride fast, and we're just concentrating on the road, it really clears our heads and allows us to think about our brand. We might slow the pace, ride side by side and exchange ideas. When we get back home to Wandsworth we really feel energised by the exercise. The blood is pumping. We find a really great time to be creative is after a Sunday bike ride when we get home and have a big roast with a few drinks. We invite our friends and girlfriends round and talk about business ideas."

3



Join a creative group

Name **Anthony Eskinazi**
Age **32**
CV **Owner of JustPark, a website/app that helps you find a parking space anywhere in the world**

"When I first started I was working in my parents' attic. Influential London investor Saul Klein started a meet-up group called Open Coffee in a Starbucks on Regent Street. There would be investors, entrepreneurs and founders who'd started their own businesses. We all shared ideas. I found life pretty lonely, so the meetings were a priceless opportunity. And we had access to some pretty influential people. Now I can phone up maybe 100 founders of the UK's most exciting tech start-ups. It was a chance to mingle with like-minded people, investors and mentors, and to look for new job and partnership opportunities."

4



Free your mind

Name **Chris Morton**
Age **33**
CV **CEO and founder of online fashion brand Lyst**

"I do yoga, meditation and running. It's all very useful. It helps me sort things out, calm my mind down and make it more fertile for ideas to hit. I do it every morning before my baby girl wakes up. I get up, drink water, and sit for 40 minutes in our unused bedroom doing ashtanga yoga. Or I go running. If you run the same route, you don't have to think about where you're going. You access the basal ganglia part of your brain that looks at routine, so you do things without thinking about them. I live in Islington, in north London, and run on the Grand Union Canal. You can't leave the towpath – there are no forks so you have to carry on going until you turn around." **Dominic Bliss**



Behind the times: Miss Festival contestants at Cannes, 1966

SEX LIFE

Private enterprise

A risqué new beauty contest claims to empower rather than exploit the women involved, but do they agree?

IN her Pussy Riot-style head mask and striped socks, the woman with the most lovely vagina on the internet mounts the bed and clutches at the hem of her tunic top, pulling it down to protect the prize-winning goods. "Were the other girls nervous?" she asks, eyes darting around the Berlin hotel room from behind the mask. The assembled journalists, competition host and the engineer here to witness the 3-D scanning of her private parts nod tacitly. Then the host approaches her. "Just lie back on the bed and try to arrange yourself symmetrically. Yes, pull it right a bit. Now the other side. There. Perfect."

This is the sixth girl scanned today, and for this winner of an international competition to find the world's most attractive vulva, there is sizeable prize money – $5,000 (£3,250), to be precise – waiting for her on the table once she has endured the indignity of scanning. Voted for by visitors to the site vaginacontest.com, the competition is the brainchild of sex-toy entrepreneur Brian Sloan, inventor of Autoblow 2, the world's first "realistic" blow job machine. The vaginas are being scanned so that Sloan can incorporate them into the sleeve of Autoblow 2 and a new product called 3Fap, which is made up of moulds of the first-, second- and third-place-winning vulvas. And, while he's at it, Sloan is also scanning mouths and anuses. "I want to build up a library of body parts, so I'd rather take as many as possible in one go," he explains.

"And then you could sell the records back to the police," I suggest. "Additional body-identification data, right?" For a moment, he almost entertains me, before giving a slightly manic laugh. This is a man who once got into trouble for selling skulls on eBay, after all.

Less "self-serving fratboy" and more "sex-toy Steve Jobs", Penn State law graduate Sloan sold everything from skulls to casino coin counters before he moved into dildos, 2-in-1 spanking vibrators and the crowd-funding phenomenon the Autoblow 2, with 50,000 units sold and counting. He's now one of the most successful young businessmen on the pleasure-products scene today, and it's a market in full-throttle, generating £10 billion worldwide.

But the question remains: why decide to host a vagina beauty pageant? "Because it's never been done," shoots back Sloan. "And it's fun. And it's giving the women that enter a new-found vagina confidence."

When Sloan announced the competition he expected a flood of picture submissions from porn starlets eager to launch their careers and, as such, offered to fly the winners to LA as part of the prize-giving. But when the competitors came from Kazakhstan and Hungary and the UK and other countries I'm not allowed to name for the sake of some of the participants' anonymity, Sloan was forced to divert the competition to Berlin.

What's more, only one of the entrants, the pearl-adorned Ruby Temptations, who flees the hotel after her scanning to get married the next day, works in the adult entertainment industry. The others are regular students and workers in a variety of professions, all intelligent, all wholesomely attractive with nary a fake tan or a palm-tree-etched nail in sight.

So what's their motivation? "It's just a funny thing to share with my children and grandchildren," offers one young student who says she will put the prize money towards university textbooks and looks forward to possessing a mould of her genitals in due course. "My boyfriend thought I deserved to win," believes a second. "Fun?" says a third, grinning, who has travelled from one of the grittier corners of the old Eastern bloc and has brought her best friend with her for moral support. As it happens, the girls do require a little on-set assistance, particularly when Sloan asks each of the first, second and third place winners to balance a bejewelled crown brooch atop each of their bare mounds for a final photo call. After all, the voters will need proof that these are indeed the vajayjays they cast for.

> 'There's nothing inherently demeaning about objectification'
> **Winner 'Nell'**



SUPER COMMUTER

Crunching the numbers on your way-to-work work-out

15 km the average London cycle commute

7.2 km the average London run commute

TUES the most popular day to cycle to work

Photographs Barcroft Media; Rex; Ben Riggott; Jon Rogers **Styling** Holly Roberts
Model Will Brunnen at Select Model Management **Grooming** Sven Bayerbach using Kiehl's

In each case, the women are clean-shaven only because the 3-D scanner can't produce a full digital record unless working with a smooth, prepped surface. The entire process of scanning a vulva takes around five minutes, with the device, which resembles a bloated camping iron, held inches above the skin.

Upon further probing, I discover that all but one of the girls was first encouraged to enter the competition by a boyfriend who had read about it. Two of them are even accompanied by their partners and there seems to be a unique pride taken in dating a beaver beauty. But for the beauties themselves, there's a sense of shame in flashing your private parts with so many men present. "Because some things, no matter how proud of them you are, you might want to keep private," offers the masked and pseudonymed winner, Nell. "You don't really want the whole of the internet knowing about you *and* your vagina."



Perhaps not, I think, then decide that my investigation won't be complete until I, too, have had my privates scanned.

As it's something of a last-minute decision, I have to hot-foot it to the bathroom and hunt out a razor before I can settle back on the bed and spread. Given that I'm not a prize-winner, I'm curious as to how I will measure up. "Hmm, your vulva is quite different to the others," decrees Sloan, before handing over the scanner to his assistant, a garrulous, overeager technician who is as keen as the girls to conceal his identity. I watch as the computer screen transforms from an empty grid into a Battleship-style sea of dots, and then finally a fully fleshed rendering. With its microscopic capture of skin and hair follicles, the rendering is bizarrely beaverish. Then the file is saved and I forget to put my knickers back on underneath my dress. When I remember – and announce it – the men, coyly, look away. Less porn-set scrutiny and more gynaecological expedition, I feel as though I am furthering sex-toy science.

Afterwards, over *Wurst* and Schneider Weisse in a beer garden, I ask the competitors whether they found the process demeaning. "Humans objectify one another all the time," says Nell. "There's nothing inherently demeaning about objectification." Indeed, they all seem excited at the prospect of a silicon memorial of their lady parts. "Sure, it's an ego trip," adds another smiling smugly. Just like any other contest, I reason.

But what really swings the feminist debate in Sloan's favour is the fact that he will soon be hosting a similar contest to find the world's most desirable scotums. At which point the girls grin, mention their boyfriends, and hope to double their money. **Nichi Hodgson**

PERSONAL TRAINER: #12

Put your back into it

THIS month's 15-minute work-out is our final escalating density training routine, and will build up the back and triceps. Aim to gradually increase the intensity. Stick to sets of five reps of each exercise. **Jonathan Goodair** *jonathangoodair.com, homehouse.co.uk*

A

BACK

Underhand lats pull-down

▶ Sets of 5 reps (at 10-rep max weight)

Technique: Sitting upright, underhand shoulder-width grip on bar. Pull bar down to chest, lifting chest to meet bar until elbows touch sides of ribs. Return to start position over 3 seconds and repeat without pause.





B

TRICEPS

Triceps press-down

▼ Sets of 5 reps (at 10-rep max weight)

Technique: Stand close to pulley, feet hip-distance apart. Overhand shoulder-width grip on bar. Start with elbows tucked into sides of ribs and bar at chest height. Keep upper arm vertical and press bar down until arms are straight. Return to start position over 3 seconds and repeat without pause.



STRETCH

Lats, triceps, hips and spine

Stand tall, feet together. Clasp hands, forefingers pointing, arms vertical. Move hips right, flex spine left. Pull right arm with left hand, feeling a gentle stretch on the right side. Shoulders wide and relaxed, breathe. Repeat 3 times each side.

BEAR GRYLLS: #8 NUTRITION

How to eat the smart way

Change the way you refuel while boosting your energy levels with the easy-to-follow 80/20 rule



IN THE past, people tended to believe that good health was 80 per cent training and 20 per cent nutrition. It's now widely accepted to be the other way round. For me, it's been quite a journey to come to understand this.

Smart, life-enhancing nutrition was never on the agenda when I was growing up – I was never taught how to eat smart when I was at school. Food was a hurried affair, almost a chore, and it was always old-fashioned "English": lamb chops, potatoes and stewed cabbage, with spotted dick for pudding. If we were hungry in between, we'd just eat lots of toast with butter and jam.

Then I left school, hit life and joined the army, where nutrition was more about eating as much as you could, as fast as you could, than about what you were eating. Before I knew it, habits were formed and that was that.

The wake-up call I needed came about a year after I'd returned from Everest. I had left the military and spent a year eating too much, not exercising and writing my first book. I'd just done one of my first TV interviews, and I remember looking at the screen and realising how pasty and bloated I was. But I didn't give it much thought. A month later, struggling in so many ways, I got offered the chance to do a TV commercial for Sure deodorant about my Everest climb. The catch was that I had to go shirtless. Now, that was good motivation. I decided it was time to make a change.

I started experimenting. I tried going crazy in the gym. I tried not eating. I even tried some herbal diet pills. I lost a little weight through sheer willpower and (with clever lighting and camera positioning) pulled off the advert – just. But I realised I needed to educate myself about nutrition if I wanted to see positive changes.

I read widely, watched the habits of people who got it right, and as I started to understand more about positive nutrition, about eating for maximum health and longevity; the difference was amazing. I felt great, and I started to look so much better than I did in those early TV days. But there was still a problem. The food I enjoyed was the unhealthy stuff. I still had to be disciplined to eat right, because the healthy stuff tasted so boring (plus I hated vegetables).

So the next challenge was to make the healthy stuff taste delicious. I didn't want to feel deprived every time I needed to fuel myself. I wanted to get to a stage where I would crave the good stuff because it tasted better than the junk. Was such a nutritional utopia possible?

I sought out recipes that meant I could feel enthusiastic about eating healthily. Before long, I actually preferred the healthy stuff to the unhealthy stuff – and what's more, these new recipes always seemed to feel so much more filling, so I would actually eat less. Great bang for the buck.

The fundamentals of how I now eat are simple. I've cut out refined sugars, bad fats, dairy and wheat. That means no pastas, rice, potatoes or breads (even the wholewheat stuff is a con). If I eat meat it is organic and lean, and any fish must be as good quality as I can find. I make alcohol a treat rather than the norm. I avoid empty calories such as processed foods, saturated fats or refined sugars, and try to make sure that everything I eat contributes to rejuvenating cells and eliminating toxins. That means aiming for food that is good, "live" fuel that makes me feel energised and sharp, rather than sluggish and guilty.

I have two strategies for making sure that it's never routine, bland or un-filling. Firstly, I adhere to the 80/20 rule. I eat healthily 80 per cent of the time, and that leaves me free to eat what I want for the remaining 20 per cent. And those cheat meals taste so much better when they are a treat rather than the norm. And secondly, I've developed a stash of healthy recipes that taste so fantastic I find myself wanting to eat them the majority of the time anyway.

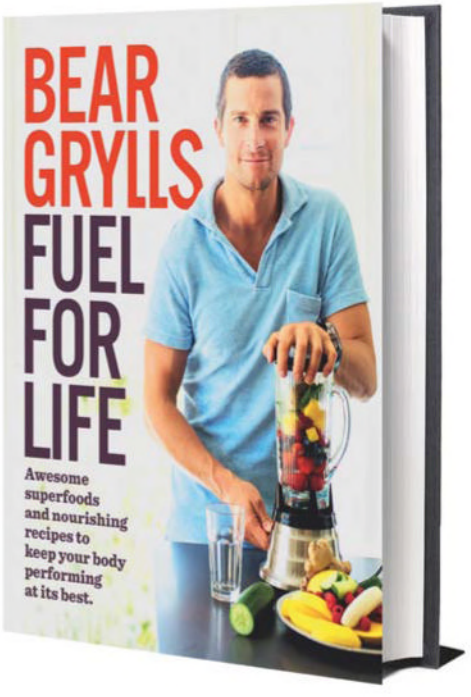
The bottom line is I feel stronger, leaner and more vibrant nowadays than when I was in my twenties. I've written a book called *Fuel For Life* that explains all this and includes plenty of recipes (such as raw chocolate cake). I hope it shows you that positive, life-enhancing nutrition can be simple and taste a whole load better than empty junk food. I have made the mistakes for you so you can enjoy delicious, healthy nutrition easily. GQ

Fuel For Life by Bear Grylls (Bantam Press, £14.99) is out on 31 December.

Swap shop

These are some of the core ingredients I have replaced in my diet

OUT		IN
 Pasta	FOR	 Quinoa
 Milk	FOR	 Oat milk
 Cheese	FOR	 Yeast flakes
 Sugar	FOR	 Dates
 Bread	FOR	 Raw bread ingredients



Photographs Alamy; Steve Neaves

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Continued from page 64

kind of world for *Tusk*." She says the band were like a tribe, although she has also likened the recording process to being held hostage in Iran.

The title song, released as a single prior to the album's release, certainly sounded like nothing the band had ever done before. Driven by a strident, jungle-sounding drumbeat, a loop conjured up by Fleetwood, the band hired Dodger Stadium and the 120-piece University of Southern California Trojan Marching Band to play over the top of it – Fleetwood had been inspired by a brass band he'd heard outside a hotel room in Barfleur, a fishing village in northern France. "I was in a room in the town square with a horrific hangover, and I was woken by the sound of the local brass band that relentlessly went round and round the square. As the day went on, they got drunker and drunker. But one thing was apparent. Everyone followed the brass band around the town, and I thought, 'What a good idea!'"

"Tusk" started out as a drum riff that the band played onstage to warm up before the opening of every concert. Buckingham took a 20-second section of a recording of this, sped it up and then started layering it with vocals and guitars. As Buckingham says, the 20-second section of drums was on "enough tape to go all the way across the board to the other side of the control room. We had to have someone in the middle of the room holding the tape up to make sure it didn't sag. Then we made a copy, from one 24-track machine to another, of this huge, sped-up tape loop rolling around the room."

As for the art, in hindsight it looks like an imperfect example of the transition between the Seventies and the Eighties, being a mixture of Hipgnosis-style Seventies extravagance (like a Pink Floyd or Led Zeppelin album) and California New Wave, all red triangles, power-pop sunglasses and fake neon. The sleeve was illustrated with the dense, African-inspired collages of Peter Beard, but also contained the sort of colourful, madcap photography that would become such a big part of pop iconography in the Eighties.

The band hired Beard (who went on to marry supermodel Cheryl Tiegs) to design and photograph the album's inner sleeves. World famous for his photo-diary books and blood-splattered African montages, he was, the band felt, the perfect man for the job.

Explains Fleetwood, "Peter Beard, one of the three photographers who did some of the pictures on the inside [of the album sleeves], the artwork, happens to be someone who spent a lot of time in Africa. He came down to the studio and was there for probably about a week, taking pictures of the band. It turned out most of his work was of animals and people's feet. He then left and during that time got very involved in the conservation of elephants and wildlife. We were just thinking of an album title. We had no idea that his artwork, when it came back probably three, three-and-a-half months later, would have elephant tusks all over it with odd pictures of us stuck in it, so it was just a coincidence. Then it was chosen as a word that we thought sounded good."

Beard was in the studio for two weeks, shooting mainly Polaroids of the band and the inner circle. Resembling Peter O'Toole in *Lawrence Of Arabia*, he was funny and a blast to have around, according to one observer. "Peter seemed unfazed by the amount of drugs that were everywhere in the studio, and I got the feeling that he saw us as just another species of wild creature to capture in his camera's lens."

Nicks, for one, was rather circumspect about it all. "Lindsey had tusks on the wall and all these weird Polaroids," she says. "I thought this must be what hell is like. With speakers."

Celebrated photographer and video-maker Norman Seeff was one of the photographers charged with shooting the band at the time. "They were already historically important by the time I met them, as they were a band that never repeated themselves," he says. "Every member had a unique identity, and they brought that to the photo session.

"I was part of the whole scene at the time, drinking, smoking, living the rock'n'roll life. However, by the time of this particular shoot I had decided to go straight and was into yoga and vegetarianism. But the band loved to party. When they turned up for the session they went straight to it from the get-go. We shot for hours and by the end they were looking a bit ragged, a bit crazy, although they were always professional. Even though they got completely loaded, they knew how to work with each other. I wasn't looking to take pictures of people looking f***ed-up – I wanted to capture vitality... and I think I really captured that day."

When Fleetwood suggested they call the album *Tusk*, the whole band knew this was his nickname for his own erect penis, and indeed anyone else's erect penis. When Stevie Nicks heard that this was going to be the title, she threatened to quit the band. (As Rob Trucks points out in his book, *Tusk*, "You only have to look at the album covers of *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours* to see that Fleetwood has a penchant for dick jokes.")

The tension in the studio was as heated as it was during the recording of *Rumours*, although this time the band were squabbling about their creative direction rather than about who was sleeping with whom. However, this tension was exacerbated by the fact that Fleetwood had been sleeping with Nicks. Some have said this is the reason Fleetwood was so indulgent of Buckingham's new direction.

"Never in a million years could you have told me that would happen," says Nicks. "That was the biggest surprise. But Mick is definitely one of my great, great loves. But that really wasn't good for anybody. Everybody was angry, because Mick was married to a wonderful girl and had two wonderful children. I was horrified. I loved these people. I loved his family. So it couldn't possibly work out. And it didn't. It just couldn't."

Neither did the album, not in the minds of the Warner executives at least. According to Buckingham, when the label was first invited to listen to *Tusk*, they "saw their Christmas bonuses going out the window". One executive said the band were insane to release a double album at a time when "the industry is dying a death. The business is f***ed. We can't sell records and this will have to retail at twice the normal price. It's suicide." Which, commercially, it sort of was. Having been told it had cost more than $1m to record, Warner Bros told the band they needed to sell 500,000 copies of the album just to break even.

The critics didn't seem to like it much, either. It was immediately called a grand folly, a pale imitation of The Beatles' "White Album". It was called uncompromising, allusive, audacious, lazy, deliberately fragmented, indecisively sequenced (why would you start an album with the wistful ballad "Over And Over" followed by a punk-country hoedown like "The Ledge"?), over-baked, under-cooked, a post-fame comedown, sprawling and ambitious. And it's pretty much all of these things. While it still contained some Stevie Nicks mooncalf songs and some wistful, down-home Christine McVie ballads, it was certainly several leagues away from the generic coke spoons and crushed-velvet formula they had developed over the previous five years. In *Tusk*'s big box of chocolates innate languor sits next to frenetic intensity, making it difficult to digest all at once.

One of the critics who did respond well to *Tusk* was the *NME*'s Nick Kent, who at the time was one of the most influential music writers in the world: "Ultimately it's time to stop bracketing Fleetwood Mac alongside Foreigner, Boston, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles etc, in the same way that reactionaries bracket together The Clash, Human League, pragVEC, The Slits and Elvis Costello... If you reckon you're too hip for *Tusk*, then you're simply too hip.

"As important as Buckingham's compositions are to *Tusk*, his production work helps to maintain an ever-effective Spartan feel – only the essentials, with the odd embellishment carefully etched in for maximum impact – while his guitar-playing continually impresses by dint of its virtuosity without ever being too flashy.

"This feel is of paramount importance, particularly when faced with Nicks' songs," Kent continues. "If Patti Smith didn't so desperately want to be a man and had a real comprehension of what makes for good musical structure, then she might well be Stevie Nicks. More to the point, even when her songs are obviously well constructed and lyrically intriguing, one continually gets this distinct image of Nicks as a young woman who played Ophelia at some high-school production of Hamlet and never quite recovered from the experience."

When the album was launched, the band embarked on an eight-month trek across the US, a champagne-and-cocaine odyssey that would become one of the most celebrated and debauched tours in rock'n'roll history. In every city, grand pianos would be installed in hotel suites, winched through the window. Stevie Nicks would order her hotel rooms to be painted pink before her arrival. Each member had a black-belt karate bodyguard, their own make-up artist and their own masseur. On the *Rumours* tour, when the lights were dimmed between each song, a roadie would walk on stage like a butler, holding a tray of bottle caps filled with cocaine for each member of the band; on the *Tusk* tour there were two black tents on either side of the stage, one for Stevie Nicks' seemingly exponential wardrobe changes and one for the band to take cocaine. Before a gig, 14 limousines would meet their private plane at the airport. "It was like a funeral," says Fleetwood.

Christine McVie says she used to go on stage and drink a bottle of Dom Perignon and then drink another one off stage afterwards. "It's not the kind of party I'd like to go to now. There was a lot of booze being drunk and there was blood floating around in the alcohol, which doesn't make for a stable environment." Courtney Love, of all people, thinks the tour may have been one of the most excessive of all time. "I think the interesting thing to a lot of people is that there's never been a period in rock as debauched as the period after *Rumours*," she says. "Nobody's touched it."

The band also started spending some of the vast amounts of money they were earning – buying houses, cars, estates and planes. "The Eagles had it down," says Nicks. "They had the Learjets and the presidential suites long before we did and so I learnt from the best. And once you learn to live like that there's no going back. It's like, 'Get me a Learjet. I need to go to LA. I don't care if it costs me $15,000. I need to go now.'"

Fleetwood Mac would soon calm down, sober up, and start making the kind of FM-friendly "Fleetwood Mac-sounding music" that would propel them to even greater heights, causing them to become one of the biggest live attractions of the last 25 years. For years, though, *Tusk* remained a grand folly in the eyes of consumers and critics alike. Unlike *Rumours*, whose songs were rarely off the radio, *Tusk*'s attraction was its apparent failure; it appeared as a stumbling block on the band's narrative arc. Slowly, though, critics started to reference it, as did a new generation of performers who weren't around when *Tusk* first came out and didn't know or care about its diminished position in the pantheon of Fleetwood Mac. *Tusk*'s appeal has grown by accretion.

"*Tusk* was my first extended experience with Fleetwood Mac," says Echosmith's Noah Sierota. "I randomly found the double vinyl album at a garage sale when I was a preteen and bought it because the name was familiar and the cover intrigued me. I knew some of the more popular songs, but *Tusk* was the first I had listened to completely. This record really captures the three different singers in what seems to me a very transitional phase. But the consistent musicianship keeps the album together as one cohesive piece, yet still explores several new additions and sounds to the music."

"I love *Tusk*, as it's an absolute classic," says 23-year-old singer-songwriter Gabrielle Aplin. "I think the fact that people of my generation and younger are still loving Fleetwood Mac is testament to the quality of their songs, as they've really stood the test of time."

"It's your classic ego album," says Adam Anderson of Hurts. "It's an album made by a band for the pleasure of themselves and other musicians, sandwiched between two albums made for the masses. But retrospectively that's what makes it cool. It still sounds unique. Fleetwood Mac, for me, is about pure songwriting genius, with three of the greatest songwriters of all time in one band."

Three years ago the Starbucks/Concord label Hear Music celebrated the band's legacy with a tribute album of covers, *Just Tell Me That You Want Me*, featuring Best Coast, MGMT, The New Pornographers, Lykke Li, Tame Impala, Washed Out, The Kills and more. Remarkably, six of the songs, including Tame Impala's "That's All For Everyone", were from *Tusk*. In 2002 the Californian band Camper Van Beethoven even covered the entire *Tusk* album. The album has influenced chillwave and freak folk and has found fans in The Strokes, Air, Vetiver and Mumford & Sons. And as Dorian Lynskey has already noted, their audiophile fanaticism was a touchstone for Daft Punk's *Random Access Memories*.

In 1979, though, this was all in the future.

The day of Tusk's release, 10 October, was designated Fleetwood Mac Day by Los Angeles mayor Tom Bradley. The public's expectations, as well as those of the record-label executives, were almost vertical, and by the time the band's magnum opus was ready, the consensus seemed to be that *Tusk* was going to single-handedly rescue the record business.

Obviously, it didn't.

"Oddly enough, no one in the band really made a judgement about it until it became apparent that it wasn't going to sell 16 million copies," says Buckingham. "It was a double album and certainly confounded everyone's expectations – which is what it was meant to do. Once it became apparent that it wasn't going to be a massive commercial success, then the band members... Mick would say to me, 'Well, we went too far. You blew it.' And it was very hurtful. We were out on the road and I'm going, 'Oh my God, how am I gonna react to this?'"

By April 1980 the awful truth finally dawned. *Tusk* was a comparative failure. After all, it had only sold four million copies.

Over time, however, *Tusk* would slowly become recorded as one of the most intriguing albums to emerge from the post-punk period; it is certainly the most intriguing album Fleetwood Mac ever made. It will never have the sheen of *Rumours*, but as *Rolling Stone* said at the time, "*Tusk* finds Fleetwood Mac slightly tipsy from jet lag and fine wine, teetering about in the late-afternoon sun and making exquisite small talk. Surely, they must all be aware of the evanescence of the golden moment that this album has captured so majestically."

They surely are, as, increasingly, are the rest of us.

The remastered Tusk is out now.



TUSK REDUX

One of the reasons *Tusk* was a commercial failure (relatively speaking) was because of the appalling way in which it was sequenced, with ballads followed by barn-dance punk with a perverse lack of sensitivity. Back in 1979, the order of songs on a record was paramount, as that was the only way they were listened to. If Lindsey Buckingham had copied *GQ*'s Spotify version of *Tusk*, we guarantee it would have been a lot more successful. Promise. So when you've finally finished with the Weeknd album, give this a whirl.

Tusk, the *GQ* remix:

- "What Makes You Think You're The One"
- "Angel"
- "Sara"
- "Brown Eyes"
- "That's Enough For Me"
- "Think About Me"
- "Sisters Of The Moon"
- "That's All For Everyone"
- "Honey Hi"
- "Not That Funny"
- "I Know I'm Not Wrong"
- "Storms"
- "Beautiful Child"
- "Walk A Thin Line"
- "The Ledge"
- "Never Make Me Cry"
- "Over And Over"
- "Save Me A Place"
- "Never Forget"

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Continued from page 193

set of *The Force Awakens*: "It's complicated. Health and safety was not being followed. We weren't even shooting."

Ford is passionate about nature. Tomorrow he flies to Washington DC as a board member of a conservation body to try and strong-arm more aid money. The actor very rarely discusses politics publicly and what he thinks about Donald Trump must, sadly, stay off the record, although to say he's not a fan of the Republican presidential hopeful is to underplay his views by several terse expletives and a fist slam to the table. "My views on politics," he explains, "are a little like playing film studios off against each other. You can split the power and get more control over the issues. Or that was the theory. Now we need a third party."

Despite being impressed by his younger co-stars in *The Force Awakens*, his views on directionless millennials take doom-mongering to new levels of pessimism. "Do I think our youth can make a difference in the world? No, not really. Too self-obsessed. They have no desire to seek the truth." I ask whether he's ever taken a selfie, a question that I immediately regret. "No. *No*! It's ridiculous. What is a culture that obsesses over a number of 'likes', or the number of followers one has on social media? It's a disaster. Self-obsession is devouring our need to find answers."

Much has been made of Solo's swagger, his wry asides and cockiness that appeals to so many in the original *Star Wars* films. If Mark Hamill as young Luke Skywalker represented the naive virgin, Ford as Solo came with a scepticism that gave his character a little more sex appeal, a certain cachet of cool. Much of this came from Ford himself, as both Ford and George Lucas have since confirmed. The famous line, "I know," for example, when Leia declares, "I love you!" to Solo before his carbon-freeze in *Empire*, came because Ford thought the originally scripted "I love you too" sounded "too much on the nose".

Since the start of his career, Ford has enjoyed being an outsider. He grew up in the Midwest, Chicago, his father being an advertising executive who occasionally did radio plays in vaudeville. Ford took to acting because basically he was flunking out of every other course. "I was a philosophy and English major and I was not a good student. Not an attentive student. I was looking for something I could get a good grade in and I saw a description in the catalogue for 'drama' and I presumed we'd be studying plays.

"The first role I played was Mr Antrobus in *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, with a pillow stuck in my trousers and a moustache. I remember my knees shaking and that sort of pissed me off. I wanted to overcome that. I mean, back then I had no idea of the kind of actor I wanted to be. I didn't even know there were *kinds* of actors. I certainly hadn't figured out how to be me, which it turns out is probably around 75 per cent of the leading man's obligation. I never thought I was going to be anything spectacular. I guess I thought it would be nice if my parents thought I wasn't a total f*** up."

After a little summer soc in Wisconsin, he decided to head for a coast. "That's when I first considered being an actor for money. I knew I had to go to LA or New York, and quick, as it had begun to snow. So I flipped a coin. It came up New York, so I flipped it again so I could go to LA. I wasn't going to starve *and* freeze."

It was 1965 and Ford, aged 23, was already married to his first wife and was soon to have young mouths to feed. Ford and his family headed west "until they could see the sea". He got work at the Laguna Playhouse where his ex-drama teacher from college had set up camp for the summer. He got odd jobs, first washing boats then in a department store by telling his employers he wanted a career in retail sales. "It wasn't hard to get a job," Ford explains, "just hard to sustain interest in one."

Eventually, Ford was fortunate enough to land a seven-year contract with Columbia, in their new-talent division. Again, working within a rigorous institution didn't seem to suit. "I did a year and a half and got kicked out for being too difficult," he says. "I was very unhappy with the process they were engaged with, which was to re-create stars the way it had been done in the Fifties. They sent me to get my hair pompadoured like Elvis Presley, photo in hand, all that shit for $150 a week."

Getting a haircut under duress seems to have been an issue for Ford more than once in his life. As we take our seats in a restaurant called Farmshop (think Daylesford by way of Big Sur) lunch is ordered – pastrami on rye for him, salmon medallions for me – and I bring up his earlier comment where he described being uncomfortable with the notion of "The Force" back in his younger days. Was Ford a hippie? "Oh, I was definitely a hippie. I was thrown out of the ROTC [the Reserve Officers' Training Corps] in college because I refused to cut my hair. Meaning: I wanted to get thrown out of the Corps because I didn't want to graduate second lieutenant because there was this thing going on at the time called the Vietnam War. I had serious questions about it. And when they pushed me to come join them, I filed as a conscientious objector."

It turns out Ford wasn't so much on the sidelines of the mid-Sixties Californian counterculture as slap bang in the middle of the movement, probably in a teepee, naked to the waist, puffing on a peace pipe and painting his face purple. "My brother-in-law at the time was the editor of the *Psychedelic Review* and he was my touchstone for all that sort of thing when we first moved out here. He was based in Santa Cruz. I was immediately taken by it. I went to the first Human Be-In [1967] and I was a security officer, for want of a better word, at the Monterey Pop Festival." Did he drop acid, indulge in free love? "Sure, but I was married and had a young child. I managed to persuade Bill Graham who ran the Fillmore Auditorium [a venue during the mid-Sixties in San Francisco that was a focal point for psychedelic music and counterculture in general], to allow me to sell the posters he was making for the concerts and make money for myself and for him.

"I was always working. I wasn't enveloped by the hippie lifestyle totally. For me it was mostly about an independence from the ideas of government at the time, a resistence against the war and my strong feelings over race relations. But at the same time, I was working at Columbia Pictures where the first thing they asked me was whether or not I could ride a horse. So I was a hippie that went to work in a suit. There was a tension between things and I was perfectly OK with flipping back and forth between these two different worlds."

You can be forgiven for it sounding like Ford failed into acting. The actor never wanted to be a movie star. He didn't want to be famous or follow in the footsteps of James Dean or Marlon Brando. "The dirty little secret is that I never went to the movies. I didn't have any idols. I didn't identify with any heroes or movie stars. I think people find this slightly offensive but it's just the facts. When I went to the movies as a kid, we went to see Saturday matinees. My parents took me to see *Bambi* and it scared the shit out of me. I don't have heroes."

The man largely responsible for Ford's success was, of course, George Lucas who cast him in *American Graffiti* (1973), the first film Ford remembers that he "actually enjoyed making". His casting was luck, rather than anything more calculated. "I had no idea who George was. I did an audition for *American Graffiti* and he was sitting at the back of the room and he was never introduced. I never did figure out he was the director until much later. It was his producer, a mentor of mine called Fred Roos, that was my first connection. Certainly that relationship with George has been hugely good for me, but despite what people think we're not particularly chummy."

After *American Graffiti* proved to be a surprise hit, Lucas went on to work on the script that would turn out to be *Star Wars: A New Hope*. Although hard to believe in 2015, no one in Hollywood back then believed Lucas' sci-fi fairy tale inspired by *Flash Gordon* would gain

traction. "I didn't think the film was going to be successful," Lucas has commented. "I showed it to all my friends early on, but it was mostly [filled with] stock footage of old war movies, and all kinds of stuff and they saw it and [said], 'Poor George. What were you thinking?'"

One man, however, did believe. His name was Steven Spielberg, who helped Lucas "fix up" *Star Wars*, despite the little faith in it. When *Star Wars* was close to debut in May 1977, Lucas and his friend were preparing to go to Hawaii to, "ignore the reviews and sit on a beach". Before the pair jetted off, Lucas received a call from Alan Ladd Jr, the then president of 20th Century Fox, the film's original distributor and someone else who believed in the movie. Ladd called Lucas to tell him, "It's a fantastic hit! Every single paper! There are lines around the block!" but still Lucas refused to get excited. It wasn't until after the first weekend, when CBS was filming *Star Wars* "specials" with screaming kids queuing round the block that Lucas conceded they had a hit on their hands. A $775m global hit.

Sitting on the beach that first week back in May 1977, Lucas got into discussing future projects with Spielberg. Spielberg, who had already had a huge hit with *Jaws* (1975), was jabbering on about how much he desperately wanted to make a James Bond film, having pitched himself to Cubby Broccoli the year previously and been turned down. (I ask Ford whether, if Spielberg had been successful, he would have ever played Bond: "I mean, I would have. But I don't know if I am polished enough for the Bond character.") Lucas, however, had other ideas. He wanted to make a film based on the rip-roaring cliffhanger programmes of the Thirties, something combined with the Orientalist nature of the matinee serials of Lucas' youth. Spielberg's interest was piqued.

When the pair got back home in late '77 they called scriptwriter Lawrence Kasdan and the trio assembled in a little bungalow in Sherman Oaks, LA, to hatch the film. Amazingly, a rare transcript exists of these first discussions, with Lucas spitballing the film's main themes and identifiers: "The hero is a bounty hunter of antiquities," Lucas begins. "A doctor with a bullwhip." At one point, hours in, Kasdan asks, "Do you have a name for this person?"

Lucas: "I do."

Spielberg: "I hate this but go ahead."

Lucas: "Indiana Smith."

Despite initially being offered to the actor Tom Selleck, Ford won the part of Indiana after Selleck had contractual clashes with *Magnum PI*. George Lucas, so far as *Indiana Jones* is concerned, believes in something Alfred Hitchcock called the "MacGuffin". For Lucas, the MacGuffin is a sacred object: the Ark of the Covenant (*Raiders*), the Sankara Stones (*Temple Of Doom*), the Holy Grail (*The Last Crusade*) and the more contentious alien-formed crystal skulls (*The Kingdom Of The Crystal Skull*). Ford knows the MacGuffin to be "a symbol of people's beliefs. An emotional investment. Something the audience can be pulled in by other than the action – that is part of the signature of the MacGuffin." At first, I wonder whether The Force was Lucas' MacGuffin in the *Star Wars* films, although Ford is quick to correct me: "There is not a MacGuffin in the *Star Wars* movies, so to speak. It's always a physical object and an object with some sort of spiritual resonance or belief attached to it."

The more one gets lost down the wormhole of *Star Wars* mythology, however, the clearer it becomes. In these new instalments, the MacGuffin isn't The Force, or a lightsaber, or the Millennium Falcon, or even a wookiee's emotive seal bark. It's Ford himself. It's Solo. If not for the characters then certainly for the audience. This is Lucas' legacy, despite not being directly involved in the new films. Han Solo is our symbol of belief. He, despite all the cragginess of a pantomime villain, has come to represent the film's emotional core. The rookie Jedis will provide the bang and the flash – the excitement – while Ford will now supply the heroic depth. Something of a paradox for a man who, himself, doesn't believe in heroes.

Ryan 178 Run A21: "Engine failure, request immediate return."

Control tower at SMO: "Ryan 178 Run A21. Clear to land."

Ryan 178 Run A21: "I have to go to three."

Harrison Ford doesn't really want to talk about the crash that very nearly ended his life in March 2015, mainly because he can't remember much between that last radio call to the tower at Santa Monica airport and waking up five days later in hospital. One thing he will clear up, however, is this: "I didn't crash. The f***ing *plane* crashed!"

You can learn a lot about Harrison Ford by asking about his love of flying. He took his first lessons back in college but he ran out of money after just three. "I think it was $11 for an hour or something, for an airplane and an instructor. I didn't pick it up again until I was 52. I was worried I was getting old and I couldn't learn anything any more. I didn't only want to be an actor in my life. No dissatisfaction with that career, I just wanted some other experience. Airplanes are expensive but at a certain point it was clear to me that maybe it would be cheaper to own my own, than for Warner Brothers to keep flying me around – no such thing as a free lunch. I have a love for airplanes. It's the hole in daddy's armour and, yes, where all the money goes."

Ford's two-seater vintage training plane took off from Santa Monica airport and within one minute he knew he was in serious trouble. "It was pretty simple," he explains. "There was one *major* issue. I didn't have to think about anything but one thing. In that way, it wasn't as scary as you might think. It was, "I only have one problem right now and that is that I don't have an engine." I had to find somewhere to land and I can't make it to the airport. All this happened very fast you understand."

Ford has had near misses before, although nothing of this severity – reports underplayed the seriousness of the actor's injuries. So, given the risks, why *does* Ford fly? "I've later come to understand that what I love about the experience of flying is freedom and responsibility. The notion of taking responsibility for your own safety and your passengers imposes a kind of rigour on your situation. It is that combined with the freedom of flight, the joy of seeing, of being part of the third dimension. It's understanding the visual complexity of the thing, the joy of creating this body of knowledge, of flight, that you didn't know anything about and then applying it in practice – that is the appealing thing to me. People think it is about danger or the thrill of it. But it's not about risk, for me, it is about mitigation of risk." A controlled risk that leads to once inconceivable improvement. Or, in other words, fortune and glory – via a strict health and safety procedure.

Pulling up outside Ford's residence, I can sense the actor's relief that our time is up. Put it this way, I'm certainly not asked inside to play volleyball in the garden with Calista. Ford walks me back to his gates and warmly shakes my hand. I tell him I can't wait to see the film. He smiles. I turn to walk back to my rental and that's when I hear it.

"Me too, kid."

I very nearly glance back. Kid. He called me kid. For the first time all day, a flicker. One word, that's all I needed. That "kid", uttered in that tone, in his voice, fires my memory banks like a proton torpedo fired into a thermal exhaust port.

All of a sudden I'm sitting cross-legged on a cream carpet in my pyjamas. My brother is with me, sitting in front of a TV the size of a filing cabinet. Static from the screen feels fuzzy over my fingers. It's New Year's Day, 1987, around lunchtime. My parents are hungover. I am eight years old. I'm eating Bourbon biscuits and drinking phosphorescent orange squash from a plastic beaker the size of a cake tin.

There's a delay after the last advert, a moment of still just before the main feature presentation. Fade to black. "A long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away..." Cue John Williams' score. The crawl. Skywalker. Vader. Leia. Han *f***ing* Solo.

Walking away from Harrison Ford's house, finally, I'm home. GQ

Star Wars: The Force Awakens is out on 17 December.

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1. The Race For Perfection. "Iconic" is a description bandied about a little too much these days. But if we're talking cars, there's one that pretty much defines this description: the Ford GT40. And particularly the MK 1 that won back to back Le Mans titles in 1968 and '69. Christopher Ward, celebrates this achievement with their new 40 piece limited edition watch that incorporates an actual piece of aluminium from the winning car. C9 GT40 /£2950. For more information visit www.christopherward.co.uk **2. Augustus Pili** is the rebirth of the classic British mens' shoe in colour. Handmade by master craftsmen in Northampton, it pulls together materials and colours that convention forbids and executes them with shocking finesse. On paper these shoes shouldn't exist. It's a good thing no one is asking permission then. For more information visit www.augustuspili.com **3.** Patented technologies in a new selection of high performance denim. **Active Flex** for men enhances functionality and denim, a cutting-edge innovation designed with an inner invisible technology to enhance wearability, style and fit. The jeans maintain a truly rigid, purist look with distinct twill lines and yarn character, while ensuring ease and versatility for every lifestyle. The authentic spirit of this resistant fabric is combined with one-of-a-kind performance for flexibility and freedom of movement. Buy at www.883police.com **4. Keep LDN** is an independent street lifestyle brand taking inspiration from its capital. Born in London, the brand carries a heart in British sport and music through a storytelling concept, it tells real life stories with sporting athletes, singer/songwriters, photographers and artists. To find out more go to keepldn.com **5.** With the ethos of 'Less Waste, More Style' innovative accessories brand **Rubber Killer** have arrived in London! Giving reclaimed rubber tyres a stylish second life as roomy totes, sturdy messenger bags and hardwearing rucksacks; all Rubber Killer products are unique! There are different grooves, ridges and marks on each and every piece of rubber, and this means that no two items are the same. To find out more and to shop the new collection go to rubberkiller.co.uk **6.** The classic 5 Panel Hat by **NY State Of Mind** is made with premium quality wool and an adjustable leather strap. NSYM is an independent lifestyle brand born on the streets of NYC. To find out more visit www.nysmclothing.com **7. MyChem Clothing** is conceptualized with a sense of distinctive ingenuity and combined with the world's finest textures. Each concept is delicately assembled and nurtured with a sense of oneness. Simply put...their process is indicative of their culture...Authenticity and Originality. www.mychemclothing.com **8. Watch Buyers.** Hublot has just produced a stylish, cutting-edge wristwatch that uses both the designer's trademark modern features with the appearance of a classic timepiece, Classic Fusion is engineered for performance. Email Enquiries@watchbuyers.co.uk or visit www.watchbuyers.co.uk or call 02380 639355. **9. Coogan London** create exclusive leather shoes available nowhere else, with no 'pleather' in sight. From Limited Editions, to every day formal and casual designs. Shoes for every man and for all walks of life – at amazingly accessible flat prices, free UK delivery and a 30-day money back guarantee. For more information visit www.cooganlondon.com

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10. Herring Shoes. Herring Ewan is an exclusive Herring by Trickers creation that will look familiar to anyone who has watched the Terminator movies. This boot has a commando rubber sole for durability, a zip fastening to make it easy to wear and superb soft leather. A classic boot that will wear beautifully over time and will last for many years. Visit www.herringshoes.co.uk to view the whole range or call 01548 854886. **11. Ramnation**'s limited edition rugged knit outerwear is made entirely in the UK from rare breed British sheep. Wool is the original performance fibre: it's warm, breathable, anti-bacterial, and fire retardant with unique moisture management properties. Visit ramnation.co.uk or email info@ramnation.co.uk **12.** The Hand Painted Collection by **Braque Miro** beautifully combines Art and Fashion. The collection offers an exquisite selection of unique and bespoke menswear, featuring leather pocket T shirts and stunning new Cashmere and Merino sweaters. This fabulous artist can suit and boot you whatever the occasion. For more information visit www.valenzaart.co.uk or email info@valenzaart.co.uk **13. The Gentlemen's Watch Co** hosts a diverse, yet defined collection of timepieces from independent designers. The featured Megir Yachtsman Chrono boasts a rose-gold polished stainless steel case that gracefully frames a handy 24-hour dial and precision stopwatch. Choose from 6 colour options, £39. Shop Megir at www.gwcwatches.com Quote GQJAN for 10% off, expires 31/12/15. **14.** Stylishly cheeky, properly British – **Dick Winters** are a decadent underwear brand for gentlemen, offering the ultimate in comfort and design. Expertly crafted in Britain, from the finest British "breathable" material, their stylish boxers will certainly keep one cool and dry below deck. View their entire range at www.dickwinters.co.uk **15. Corgi Hosiery.** FEELING FESTIVE. Put down the naff Christmas jumper, these après-ski inspired wool blend socks from Corgi are just the ticket for festive styling. A sophisticated way to make a statement this winter. For more information visit www.corgihosiery.co.uk **16.** Built with a belief in quality and individuality, **Ushiwear** was born from the imagination of Yorkshire designer Jilly Kapusi. This fresh and innovative brand produce brilliantly British, quality designs for the ultimate laid back look. To find out more visit www.ushiwear.co.uk Or find them on twitter @Ushiwear **17.** Designed in London and made in Europe with specially dyed leather and **Mallet. Footwear**'s standard Italian sole. The style and support of a classic Chelsea boot combined with the comfort of a sneaker. Shop the new AW15/16 collection at www.malletfootwear.com **18. Lasso Shoes** makes the ultimate, utterly unique slippers. 100% Wool felt with leather soles and your choice of cotton laces, each owner will have the pleasure of making their own pair by threading them through pre-cut holes. To find out more about this innovative brand visit www.lasso-shoes.com

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19. The current **Urban Jürgensen** Collection reflects the brand's devotion to Honouring Timeless Traditions in handcrafted elegant timepieces. Their aura of restrained excellence means their watches are appreciated by Collectors and Connoisseurs worldwide. The stunning new collection includes 5 new watches. Seamlessly blending an application of pure hand craft and style, they display all visual landmarks of distinction that can only be found in Urban Jürgensen timepieces, and are perfect for anyone who seeks the very finest things in life! Call +41323651526 or visit www.urbanjurgensen.com **20. We Are Rushworth.** Our incredibly soft merino wool scarf. Perfect for sharing this winter. 100% Merino wool charcoal pinstripe scarf. Designed by We Are Rushworth. Knitted in the Scottish Borders. Retail Price £60.00. Visit www.wearerushworth.com or call 0780 773 1433. **21.** A unique and innovative underwear brand, **Smuggling Duds** is the brand of choice amongst world class DJ's and athletes! Each pair comes with an invaluable stash pocket – perfect for stash your valuables! Get 15% off at www.SmugglingDuds.Com with code GQSD15 expires 31/01/16. **22. Rude21**'s quality brand of casualwear is fast becoming one of the most loved British brands around! Their fun, fresh designs are also available in a range of vibrant colours featuring exclusive limited edition prints including some organic and recycled items. To find out more visit www.rudetwentyone.co.uk **23. Bachelor Shoes.** Black velvet with black napa leather lining. Black leather insole. Available now at www.bachelorshoes.com Shop Now. Worldwide shipping. **24. The Healthy Back Bag.** This retro-rugged looking Black Expedition Bag is made from hardwearing cotton twill and features a 10 litre capacity, nubuck leather trim, burnished brass hardware and a fleece lined strap for extra comfort. Great for everyday use, commuting and weekends away. For more information visit www.thehealthybackbag.co.uk or call 020 7812 9800. **25.** Hand crafted, from organic wood **Samuel Smart Steele** sunglasses are the perfect naturally green lifestyle statement! For every pair they sell, a percentage of their profits go to the Plantabillion project meaning with your SSS sunglasses you could help plant a tree for future generations. To find out more visit: www.samuelsmartsteele.com **26.** In an effort to help you build and promote your brand, **Persona** provides you with the best product in style and quality to ensure a lasting impression on all those encountered. Featured here is the made-to-measure Huddersfield Cloth dinner jacket. What's more, it is just $995 with mention of this feature. Contact them at www.PersonaCustomClothiers.com **27. 40 Colori** offers gentlemen colourful and bold accessories ranging from bow ties and braces to socks and wallets. Their products are handcrafted in their family owned factory in Como, Italy using locally sourced materials of only the highest quality. Visit their London location or www.40colori.com **28. Staunch Industries** is a design led lifestyle brand that celebrates the outdoors through contemporary design inspired by their aquatic relationship with the North Sea. Their comfortable, young and flattering T-Shirts have a reputation for long lasting quality. To find out more visit staunchindustries.com

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2. Green & Pleasant drinks are independently brewed in England and made from the finest English ingredients, sourced locally to their microbreweries and cider houses. Previously only available in elegant establishments like the Ritz's Rivoli bar, Mews of Mayfair and The Tate. Now available to buy online at www.green-and-pleasant.com

3. RUM-BAR GOLD recognises that not everyone is an overproof rum drinker. Now that early batches of rum have had more time to mature Rum-Bar Gold was a welcome addition to the Rum-Bar Brand. Aged in barrels made of American White Oak, Rum-Bar Gold is a hand-blended combination of their aged rums. The "4 Year Old" age statement on the label indicates the minimum age of any rum in the bottle. Visit www.rumbar.co.uk for more information.

4. Produced in Venezuela, **Diplomatico Reserva Exclusiva** is one of the most decorated rums in South America with more than 20 awards to its name. This exquisite sipping rum is aged for up to 12 years, resulting in concentrated aromas and flavours of dark chocolate, orange zest and toffee fudge. Available for £39.95 from The Whisky Exchange: www.thewhiskyexchange.com

5. Produced by the independent, Scottish owned **Isle of Arran Distillery**. The Arran 14 year-old Single Malt is smooth and richly rewarding with creamy notes of vanilla, tropical fruits and a layer of sweet spice. The perfect gift for the whisky aficionado which can't be found on every supermarket shelf. RRP £44.99, available from specialist whisky shops or from www.arranwhisky.com call 01770 830 264.

6. Dorset's first gin distillery, **Conker Spirit**, is perched on the sunny clifftops of Southbourne in Dorset. The Dorset Dry is a refreshing take on a classic Juniper-led gin, but with bright Dorset notes of elderberries, samphire and handpicked New Forest gorse flowers, this gin makes a dangerously moreish G&T. With just 60 bottle batches, you'll be wanting to hunt down the Dorset Dry. That's the Spirit! Buy at www.masterofmalt.co.uk or visit www.conkerspirit.co.uk

7. Eden Mill St Andrews handcrafts what they call "the most romantic gin ever made". Love Gin is made from red rose petals, marshmallow root, goji berries and whole hibiscus flowers; perfect as a special gift for the lady in your life this Christmas. For more information visit www.edenmill.com

8. Nikka From The Barrel is a blend of single malts from Nikka's two distilleries. Matured in different oak casks and bottled from the barrel, this Japanese whisky has aromas of rich, spicy oak and soft orange fruitiness and vanilla notes from the bourbon cask. Available for £34.95 from The Whisky Exchange: www.thewhiskyexchange.com

9. Saugatuck's NEAPOLITAN MILK STOUT. A stout with all the flavours of a Neapolitan ice cream – sounds weird? It is – but, in a good way. At the heart of this dark American craft beauty is a rich, smouldering, quality stout but as it traverses the tongue, strawberry makes an appearance. This is quickly followed by soft vanilla and finishes with mildly bitter chocolate malt flavour. Guaranteed to blow your mind, Neapolitan won GOLD in the US Beer Tasting Championships and is a MUST TRY. Appealing to both stout and non-stout drinkers, we think you'll be converted. Saugatuck brew a range of US craft beers, including an IPA, Blonde and Amber Ales, which are imported to the UK. For more details visit www.Heathwick.com or visit facebook.com/thecraftbeerexperience Beers available at Oddbins stores and online through BeerHawk.co.uk BeersofEurope.co.uk and Amazon.co.uk

10. British craft meets East African flavour with **Matugga Rum!** This award-winning, new brand distils all of its premium rums from the finest African molasses. Whether you opt for the Golden Rum finished in English oak casks or Spiced Rum infused with a unique East African blend of fragrant botanicals, it makes a warming winter tipple! To find out more and to buy online visit www.matuggarum.com

11. Dandylion is rooted in heart, soul and good food. They believe in the integrity of their pure ingredients and wish for people to have an honest, decadent cup of tea that is worth your time. Their unique blends have been specifically designed to pair with desserts and cheeses. You can drink them all ways and every ways; hot, chilled, or even mixed to make a great cocktail. You'll just love them. Dandylion Teas supply to discerning retailers. Find them at www.dandyliongroup.co.uk or on Twitter at @DandyLionGroup.

12. A Hand-crafted gin, originally created in 1929, **Trevethan** have made a point of being true to this original recipe to create a beautifully crafted gin with complex flavours and a powerful citrus fragrance. This stunning, small batch gin is best served over ice with tonic, a slice of orange and some cloves! To find out more go to: www.trevethandistillery.com

13. Douglas Laing's Rock Oyster, created in homage of the sea and its wonderful little pockets of Whisky-producing land, captures the spirit of Island Whisky in all its salty, citrus, sweet peat and peppery glory. Available to purchase from www.DouglasLaing.com





























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The Last Minute Gift Guide For... For Him!





1. SWIG Hip Flasks reinvent the hip flask to create the best on the market. The sturdy unibody design lasts a lifetime, keeps your alcohol tasting pristine, and brings a modern cut to classic detachable pouches of leather and tweed. Make it a personalised gift with in-house engraving and next-day delivery. Visit www.swigflasks.com or call 020 3239 5864 for info and orders.

2. MONACO WATCH BOX. **IVAR** is a London-based design brand with a confident yet effortless look. Their love for watches and F1 has inspired a line of hand-made watch boxes using fine veneers. The illustrated box features an abstraction of the Monaco F1 grid and has a mood lighting function. Discover more at www.ivarlondon.com or call +44 (0) 20 7584 2887.







3. Pullman Editions designs, commissions and publishes striking original posters which capture the enduring appeal of Art Deco. Their newly-commissioned posters feature winter sports, glamorous resorts around the world, and the world's greatest historic automobiles. All £395 each. Call 020 7730 0547 or view and buy online at www.pullmaneditions.com

4. Minipresso is the world's most portable espresso machine requiring no batteries or electricity. With boiling water and your favourite ground coffee, a rich and bold espresso can be pumped out on-the-go. Use at home, in the office or when travelling. RRP: £48. Visit www.thefowndry.com to purchase.

5. Primo Oval Ceramic Grills and Smokers. What do you buy the man or woman who has everything? If outdoor grilling, roasting, baking, searing or smoking is your thing, then the Primo range of ceramic grills are for you. Email sales@primogrilluk.com for more information or call 01787 238227.

The Last Minute Gift Guide... For Her!





1. Luxury bespoke corsetry by **Deborah Brand.** Originally designed for Cara Delevigne, the Cara corset is a ready-to-wear garment that is made with the signature bespoke craftsmanship of Deborah Brand. For more information email info@deborahbrand.com or visit www.deborahbrand.com/boutique where they are available to purchase online. Modelled by Vanessa Von Tain and photographed by Sandro Sodano.

2. Gentlemen need a Christmas gift that really tells the lady in your life how special she is? Look no further than **SoffiaB** luxury silk dressing gowns. Two limited edition collections that feature pure silk dressing gowns lined with ultra-soft cotton giving them a unique, sensual feel. Hand stitched in New York and designed by a Brit, these robes make a beautiful accompaniment to any bedroom. Sizing comes in easy to choose XS, S, M and L. A variety of colour combinations and prints she'll love, have a gander at www.soffiab.com/GQ and receive complimentary UK shipping.

3. Hadley Smythe specialises in luxury lingerie for all occasions. Shown here the Carmen is created with French stretch satin that hugs the body for the perfect, flattering silhouette. Designed to be worn with confidence either in the bedroom or with evening wear, shop this stunning, sultry collection at www.hadleysmythe.com

4. Exes and Ohs Intimates, a collection of sensuous lingerie designed to embrace the innocent yet provocative ambiance of a woman's personality. Featured is the Jared Chemise, a feminine design created to enhance the beauty and curves that exudes the sensuality in women that men lust after. This design includes a matching thong. Exes and Ohs' complete line may be viewed and purchased at www.exesandohsintimates.com





5. Ample Bosom. Visit www.AmpleBosom.com for a little bit of what you fancy this Christmas! Got it wrong again? They accept exchanges! Sizes from 28D to 58J. Visit their website for inspiration.





6. Happy wife – happy life, or at least so they say. Give her the gift of luxury this winter! **Fairfield Angel**'s embellished lingerie can be found at www.fairfieldangel.com She will be happy, and they think that you will be too!



7. It is never too early to start planning for the ultimate Valentine's Day Gift, and what better way is there to declare your love to that special someone than with **Laal Motif**'s stunning and utterly bespoke 18k gold, diamond encrusted 'Unconditional Love' jewellery. To find out more or to pre-order find @Laalmotif on Twitter, Facebook or Instagram.

8. Torkkeli Jewellery's engagement ring and wedding bands are handmade with the finest materials. This stunning 950 platinum engagement ring set has an emerald cut aquamarine in diamond halo setting and a matching wedding band with diamonds. Torkkeli Jewellery works with genuine diamonds and gemstones and all rings are made from nickel free materials. They specialise in custom engagement rings and wedding bands that are made with impeccable detailing and finishing and are made to last for decades to come. Call +358405014449 or visit www.etsy.com/shop/TorkkeliJewellery

9. Latham & Neve – known for their stunning contemporary hand-made British jewellery since 1997. Featured is the unique Ripple Bangle in beaten silver and 18ct gold, £212 Ballroom bangles, everyday earrings, ravishing rings and much much more... Buy online/stockists/brochure, visit www.lathamandneve.co.uk or call 01580 753399.

10. With their bespoke engraving and specialist photo editing services, **The Locket Tree**'s stunning lockets can be made to order by their in-house gemmologists and designers, making them the perfect personalised gift for your loved ones this season! To find out more visit www.thelockettree.co.uk

11. An award winning British contemporary jewellery designer, **Diana Porter**'s work is characterised by her simple, organic shapes that are beautifully handcrafted, special and unique. Diana also works to commission, creating one off designs, hand etching customers own words onto the jewellery and reworking clients existing pieces. For more information visit www.dianaporter.co.uk or call 01179 090225.

12. Stylish on the outside, sentimental on the inside, this lovely gift will be engraved by hand in London with the names, dates or message of your choice. The team at **Merci Maman** will handcraft your piece within only a couple of days and they will gift wrap the ring in their signature box. Available in both sterling silver and gold plated with a choice between three different gemstones. For more information, visit www.mercimamanboutique.com or call 020 7731 1377.

13. Simon Wright offers a complete bespoke service, personally making your jewellery in platinum and gold using the finest diamonds and gemstones. An appointment involves viewing diamonds, a short tour of the workshop, and a sit down design session all in his Clerkenwell studio workshop. By appointment only. Call 020 7490 0665 or visit www.sw-jewellery.com

14. The original bead on bracelet company, **Trollbeads** have been producing their stunning, Danish designs since 1976. With their unique and utterly bespoke collections, you can create your own personalised bracelets, bangles and necklaces. This makes a Trollbeads creation the perfect, heartfelt gift this Christmas! To find out more and get designing go to www.trollbeads.com

15. Keratia offers the ultimate replica diamond jewellery. Absolutely no one can see the difference! All settings are in 18 carat gold. From £350. Visit www.keratia.com or call 07974 260360. 10% off with the code: GQJAN16, expires 31 January 2016.

16. Glam Confidential. Party this festive season with their exquisite collection of handmade crystal bijou clutches, freshwater pearls and exquisite jewellery pieces without breaking the bank. All pieces come beautifully packaged. Free, fast shipping worldwide. Available at select retailers and online at www.glamconfidential.com Email: support@glamconfidential.com

17. Award-winning jewellery designer Guðbjörg Kr. Ingvarsdóttir is the name behind this unique Icelandic jewellery brand. **Aurum**'s jewellery pieces are notable for their fine detail and delicate nuances that give them a feminine touch but at the same time a light, modern appearance. The inspiration for their shapes is taken largely from Icelandic nature. Displayed here is the FALCON necklace from the new PURE AURUM collection in 18K gold. Prices from £ 86. For more information visit www.aurum.is or e-mail: karl@aurum.is

18. Arts & Scents is a new and exciting german company creating unique perfumes. Unusual combinations of rare natural materials and fragrance oils result in astonishing effects in every scent composition that they offer. Arts & Scents produce their perfumes in the traditional European perfumers method, which enables them to create truly outstanding scent bases. The use of special plant material, melted with emergent fragrance compounds, build the heart of their perfumes. Visit www.artsandscents.com to view their collections.

19. Ayesha Ziya brings the exotic essence of the Middle East to the UK through two distinct fragrances. The Oud (£72) is an intoxicating blend of rich exotic notes enveloping a sensual essence of musk, whilst the Irum (£60) is a sweet blend of floral jasmine underlined with warm notes of amber and sandalwood. Since the launch, the brand and their social media network has grown exponentially, resulting in interest from across the globe. Enter GQ at checkout for an exclusive 10% reader discount before 31st January 2016 at www.ayeshaziya.com

20. Thomas Lavone is a Newark, New Jersey based designer known for custom couture gowns and fine apparel. The brand evokes a timeless feminine aesthetic that is both polished and sophisticated. An unparalleled craftsman beguiles the standard with perfect lines and exceptional fit. Visit www.thomaslavone.com

21. Keturah specialises in unique handcrafted gemstone jewellery, designed and created in Devon. Each piece is individually handmade using Precious and Semi-precious gemstones, Freshwater Pearls and finished in Sterling silver. Visit www.keturah.co.uk or contact 07908 060476 for enquiries.

22. Lucky Eyes "CIRCLE OF LIFE" Necklace. Available in Sterling Silver, Yellow Gold Vermeil, Rose Gold Vermeil – £75. Make a statement without shouting. Confidence is silent! 17 Hanover Square, Mayfair, London, W1S 1BN. Shop online www.luckyeyes.co.uk































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The Next Big Thing... Get Ahead of the Game!





1. Holdfast Gear. Vintage aesthetics meets modern-day function in the Roamographer. This luxury weekender packs your essentials and then some. The removable Camera Insert cradles your camera gear, and the Carrier Straps securely holds a tripod. The Shoulder Strap, lined in sheering, secures a smaller camera on the outside of the bag ready to slide up the shoulder strap when the moment presents itself. The Roamographer is impeccably hand-crafted from legendary Great American Bison leather. For more information visit www.Holdfastgear.com

2. The critically acclaimed **q-JAYS** is by far the most precise instrument they have made till date, with every single part precisely manufactured from the best suited premium materials. At its core is their brand new acoustic system with custom balanced armatures and tailor-made acoustic filters. Perfectly tuned with the fine-tolerance solid stainless steel housing, q-JAYS is where finest audio performance meets outstanding quality and unbeatable ergonomics. Shipping worldwide from www.jays.se



3. BOING® Bracelets UK. Tough, tactile and vibrant rope and leather bracelets, beautifully designed and made using genuine climbing ropes and quality leather braid. Unfussy jewellery that appeals to those who love the great outdoors. £30 to £125. Visit www.boing-inc.com



4. Elgato Avea transforms any place with beautiful dynamic light moods. Control your ambience from your phone, iPad, or Apple Watch, and unwind in one of the carefully crafted settings with subtly changing light. Bring dynamic light moods anywhere with Avea Flare. The battery-powered, wirelessly charged LED lamp illuminates any place for more than 8 hours on a single charge, and with IP65 water resistance, your home atmosphere can now extend to the outside, too. Avea connects directly to your iPhone, iPad or Android phone using Bluetooth Smart technology, without requiring additional gateways or bridges. But it doesn't stop there: once you have chosen a light scene, the smart LED lightbulb will take care of the rest, not requiring a constant connection to your phone or iPad. Connect more than one Avea, and they will automatically coordinate their lighting to create an even more immersive atmosphere. Visit www.elgato.com/avea or GQ@elgato.com



5. inCharge – the smallest keyring cable, it magnetically snaps onto your keyring to follow you everywhere, you will never run out of battery again! Tiny, useful and affordable. FREE shipping worldwide with coupon code GQ2015. Get yours at www.incharge.rocks



6. The **Coravin** Wine System allows you to access, pour and enjoy your favourite wines by the glass without pulling the cork. Their ground-breaking technology lets you extract wine from the bottle without letting in oxygen, allowing you to access multiple wines at a time. Discover more at www.coravin.co.uk





7. Ready to head into 2016 in style? Fusion HD from **QDOS** is a sleek crystal case complete with glass screen protector offering 360° protection for iPhone 6s or 6s Plus. The lightweight case and tempered glass screen protector fuse together seamlessly for the perfect fit. Available for £24.99 from www.qdossound.com





8. The Blaze Laserlight™ represents a huge advance in cycle safety. A powerful LED light, combined with a green laser that projects a symbol of a bike onto the road ahead, makes cyclists far more visible. Designed with the precision you'd expect from a smartphone, not a bike light. £125 www.blaze.cc

9. Makers of premium audio speakers and headsets. The favourite of music enthusiasts and professionals, **SoundBot** lets you live the music. Purchase now at www.SoundBot.com



10. "Set my lights for sexy time." The **Nanoleaf Smarter Kit** works with revolutionary voice-controlled commands that let you set the perfect mood with a few simple words. Instantly take your home from bachelor pad to dapper gentleman digs. For more information visit www.nanoleaf.me



11. Sega Toys. Imagine enjoying the sky full of stars while sitting on your sofa. This dream can become reality with the Homestar Original from Sega Toys. The high definition planetarium with the ultra-bright 3 watt LED and its rotating movement projects the Night sky throughout the year. (Only £99) For more information, visit www.segatoys.eu or call +49 8382 989660.





12. Luma delivers Surround WiFi that covers your home in fast, reliable wireless Internet. Say goodbye to dead zones and ugly routers. Luma has built-in cybersecurity and kid safety. You've never had WiFi like this. Pre-order now: www.getluma.com

13. UPROSA, a young British brand, creates bold and colourful bags, phone and MacBook cases designed with real scientific images taken under the microscope. All products tell a unique story, detailing the scientific research behind the design and the bright sparks receive a cut of the profits to contribute to their research. Visit www.uprosa.com

14. As well as full HD 1080p video recording, a 170 degree wide angle lens and being waterproof to a depth of 100 metres, the **Kitvision Edge HD10** action camera comes with a basic range of mounting accessories, allowing you to you capture all of your action-packed moments. Available online and in stores, learn more at www.kitvision.co.uk RRP £149.



15. It may be the colour of the year, so of course **Urbanista** is launching a Rose Gold version of their popular in-ear earphone Ibiza. Developed for music lovers and fashion conscious alike, the sound has been optimized with strong bass and ideal clarity. The comfort of the unique earpieces is a delight for long time listening and impulse dancing, with the volume control ready to be cranked up. Wear your music! www.urbanista.com



16. CASSABO London, offers luxury, handmade, prime real leather mobile device cases, manufactured in Britain. Designed for most popular brands such as iPhone, iPad, and Samsung, the stylish cases are made to order being hand stitched and can also be personalised. Use the free Cassabo app to design your own unique leather case. Visit www.cassabo.com to find out more!



In With The New... A Total Refresh!















1. MoDecor. Huge £225 discount on the reproduction of the 1956 Charles Eames Lounge Chair and Ottoman. Usually priced at £775, readers can grab a deal just for £550. Visit www.modecor.co.uk for full range / colours. To claim your offer, visit www.modecor.co.uk email wsales@modecor.co.uk or call 020 3239 3902 and use code GQ7 before 31/02/2016. (or while stock lasts). Next day delivery for UK mainland.

2. Camerich's Lazytime plus corner sofa (pictured) is priced at just £2,556 and combines modern design with exceptional comfort. Lazytime plus can be ordered in a wide range of fabrics or leathers; many modules available for immediate delivery. Call 020 7372 9887 or visit www.camerich.co.uk for more details.

3. Millbrook Beds. It's your best kept secret in the bedroom. Traditionally handmade in the UK for almost 70 years, Millbrook Beds are made to order using only the finest, locally-sourced, natural materials to offer the ultimate in sleep luxury. Visit www.millbrook-beds.co.uk email enquiry@millbrookbeds.co.uk or call 0845 373 1111.

4. Eric Wiles Photography creative focus on still life and Fine Art reveal dynamic images of man made objects and natural beauty. Fresh of his exhibition at the Musee de Louvre and Named as a Top 60 Master of Contemporary Artist his work is a must see. International delivery available. Visit www.ew-photo.com www.eric-wiles.artistwebsites.com/

5. 'Badman Pan' is just one small glimpse into the weird, wide and wonderful world of Tom Lewis. This Birmingham born mixed-media artist has an endlessly impressive catalogue of works to date and is equally as accomplished as he is illuminative. With an expectant international fan base eager for the reveal of his new work Tom's recent signing with one of the nations' most respected Publishing Houses will only allow for greater opportunities for the artist to fulfil his own creative licence. Early 2016 shall see the very exciting first collection of original artworks and Limited Edition prints by Tom Lewis with Wishbone Publishing Ltd. For more information on new and existing work contact Wishbone Publishing via info@wishboneart.co.uk / 01245 350523. www.wishboneart.co.uk

6. by noa gmbh sells and supports contemporary handmade objects from artisans located in Switzerland and Europe. Each product is unique or part of a small series. Most of bynoa's products are ceramics but they also offer other crafts in textiles, paper, glass, etc. in their online shop. The demonstrated porcelain bowl of the „collection 08" from the Swiss ceramic artist Andreas Steinemann is also available in other forms and colours and is suitable for daily use. (W31cm x D22cm x H8cm) These bowls won the silver price at the World Ceramic Biennale in South Korea. (Available on www.bynoa.com or +41 (0) 52 741 40 40).

7. The Decorative Collective is an on-line company, showcasing Antique, 20C and 21C items for the home and garden from 120 professional Dealers from the UK/Europe. A resource for high end Interior Design and private clients, it is open all day, every day, with new items added in real time. Shown a 1970's shelving unit by Belgochrome from DC member Les Trois Garcon £1400. www.decorativecollective.com

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A Gentleman's Pantry... Be The Host with Most!





1. The Reel Fish Co. sells a range of sustainably caught 100% pole and line skipjack tuna in cans. They have been recognised by Greenpeace as being a "definite #Justtuna brand" and for their continued commitment to sustainability. Available now in Waitrose. To find out more visit www.reelfish.co.uk

2. Got a spice habit? Jonesing for a hit of the real stuff? Here's your connect: **Lick My Dip**, a subscription service delivering small-batch British hot sauces and chilli goodies to your door every month from just £12. In a box. No questions asked. Unavailable in the supermarkets. Visit www.lickmydip.com

3. Ken Francis Butchers is a gourmet meat company selling local sustainable, ethical and grass fed meats. With free postage on orders over £65, they deliver direct to your door the healthiest and most delicious meat you can buy! Visit www.kenfrancisbutchers.co.uk or call 01732 810951.





4. Lucocoa Chocolate is London's first bean to bar chocolate making company. Using coconut sugar and the superfood lucuma instead of white refined sugar and artificial sweeteners. They have created a range of 6 80g and 20g unique bars that are healthy without compromising on taste, making it a perfect, not naughty, just nice luxury! www.lucocoachocolate.com



5. Never get caught short without **Sriracha** hot sauce again! This travel size bottle might be compact enough to fit on your keyring or in any pocket or bag but it holds enough sauce to add punch to any meal! To find our more or purchase 3 bottles for just £10 visit www.pocket-sriracha.com

New Year, New Gear... Equip Yourself!





1. The **Hawkwheel** Sport is a rover category personal transportation device, boasting a 10 to 12 mile range per charge and 250lbs weight limit. With a minimalist design, the Sport is a wholly unique experience. Running off two separate motors and a 158Wh battery, the experience depends on how you use it. More info at www.hawkwheel.com

2. PT Index is a new online directory of the UK's leading personal trainers (PTs) – in all areas of health and fitness. From muscle-building and weight-loss to boxing and Muay Thai, to yoga and Pilates, consider them your fitness 'go to'. For more information visit www.ptindex.co.uk

3. The Bamboo-Merino Henley shirt by **Showers Pass** combines the benefits of soft bamboo and warm Merino-wool fibers in a stylish shirt perfect for bike commuting, and active lifestyles. For more information visit www.showerspass.com MSRP: £69.95.





4. Discover the Secret to mastering those Double Unders with the WOD WHIPPER – **Master of Muscle.** The Fast Speed Cable of the WOD Whipper is the BEST tool to achieve your 2016 fitness goals. Visit Amazon.uk £9.97 or www.masterofmuscle.co.uk



5. Scrubba Wash Bag This Aussie invention is revolutionising travel and camping all around the world. The Scrubba Wash Bag is a lightweight device that delivers a machine quality wash in minutes and gives you the freedom to wash clothes anywhere. Pack fewer clothes and avoid traveling with a heavy pack or suitcase. www.thescrubba.com



6. Revolights are the first and only bicycle lighting system providing 360º of visibility, including a functional headlight, a smart brake light, and a dramatic increase in side visibility. Learn more on revolights.com



7. U°THERMIC Coldscreen Moisturising Lotion, a new choice when temperatures take a plunge. It gives more warmth, time and focus when out doing activities you LOVE. Coldscreen is 98% natural and works by retaining your body's natural heat. Use GQLIVEWARM at www.uthermic.com for 10% off ! Expires 31/ 03/2016.



8. KYMIRA Sport: With a range of products that have been made with their KYnergy® Infrared technology, KYMIRA Sport products have been proven to enhance performance, accelerate recovery and regulate temperature. With customers varying from gym goers to Olympic Gold Medallists they will make the perfect present this Christmas. For more information visit www.kymirasport.com



9. Poleplant handcrafts stylish ski poles from carefully selected natural bamboo in the heart of the French Alps. Each pole is strong, lightweight and sustainable and can be customised and engraved, offering something truly unique. Order online now through their e-shop: www.poleplant.com



10. More speed. With over 50 years of Formula 1 experience **Swiss Side** is revolutionising aerodynamics. Swiss Side is bringing previously unseen development techniques to the cycling industry in order to maximize the performance of aero wheels. Get faster with the Hadron 800 + wheelset. It is designed to offer absolute top level aerodynamic performance. Contact details: www.swissside.com or contact@swissside.com

11. BikeParkas are well-designed, high quality, reliable bicycle covers that keep bikes snug, dry and clean. They allow cyclists to store their bicycle indoors or out, knowing it will be protected against the elements and hidden safely from view. Visit www.bikeparka.co.uk or call 020 3286 0495 for any further details.



12. Say goodbye to stress, tension and fatigue because **AwakeConBal**'s expert lifestyle coaching is a refreshingly unique application of Yoga And Tai Chi principles that effectively increases flexibility, and balanced health ensuring a super fit mind and body targeting both the conscious and subconscious. Call 020 7460 5343 and Quote: GQResolution To receive a further offer or Visit www.awakeconbal.com



13. From windblown beach breaks to hollow barrels, the **Garage Handplanes Riva** gives you the control and power to take your bodysurfing to the next level. Handplane of choice for World Bodysurfing Champion, Tom Marr – it's always overhead when you bodysurf. AUD RRP$249.95. Visit www.garagehandplanes.com.au



14. SLOPES is a versatile stand for GoPro that incorporated a genius design to let you take angled shots without a bulky tripod or a tedious set-up. The polyhedron base give 20 different ways to point a GoPro camera. Compatible with Hero 3/+ and Hero 4. Purchase now from www.rogeti.com Prices start at $21 USD.



15. French swimwear and wetsuit brand **Mako** have just launched their new Autumn/ Winter collection, bringing some much needed Latin American colour to your swims this winter. To discover the full collection and for more information www.mako-shop.com or contact@mako-wetsuits.com





16. The **Quinny Longboard Stroller** is the solution for travelling long distances in a fun and eco-friendly way. It brings together the comfort of a traditional stroller and the excitement of longboarding. Thanks to its multiple safety features, it is the most exciting way to get around with your child. Available from www.quinny.com/longboardstroller RRP £440.

17. Bespoke Spokes. Hand crafted, eco friendly taxidermy wall art. £350. Everything Joe creates is done with bicycle parts! Check out his Etsy store – etsy.com/shop/BespokeSpokes Follow him on twitter @BespokeSpokes





18. Vertty reinvented the beach towel concept. Inspired by the cosmopolitan soul of the city, Vertty has created a unique design, turning a basic commodity into a revolutionary accessory. With a larger size, lighter weight and introducing a water-resistant pocket, the brand also bears in mind product efficiency. Available in 9 different colours at www.tryvertty.com – €49.90.



19. The gift that keeps on giving! Located next to North London's trendy hot spot Primrose Hill, is this hidden treasure. Whether you are looking to enhance a current training regime, prevent/recover from injury pilates classes at **Exhale Pilates London** offer the perfect solution. Enjoyed by A-listers, sports stars and MMA boxers alike, everyone in the know goes here! Book now to start reaping the many benefits these pilates classes provide. Brolates (Men only classes) and private reformer sessions are also available. Visit www.exhalepilateslondon.com for more information or call Gaby Noble and her team on 07843 053 903. All GQ readers receive 10% off until 31/12/2015. Terms and conditions apply.



20. This wild swimming floating dry-bag developed by **Swim Secure®** enables you take your kit with you and swim unimpeded across a lake. Available in a wide range of sizes and styles, all are bright orange to protect from collision with motorboats. Purchase now from www.swimsecure.co.uk/swimsecureshop Prices from £19.99. FREE UK shipping in December.



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10. The X1 Cooper Red razor from **Bolin Webb** – a striking addition to the award-winning Bolin Webb collection. This razor looks fantastic and wants to be seen as well as used. Award winning design and performance shaving combined. Fitted with Gillette's Fusion ProGlide blade and presented in a exclusive gift box. A great gift for Christmas when combined with our innovative magnetic stand in black. Razor available for £65 from www.bolinwebb.com and at Harrods, The Conran Shop and Fortnum & Mason. Call 01572 868005.



11. Vitabiotics Wellman Skin Technology is from the UK's number 1 men's supplement brand and has been developed to help men stay looking their very best. The advanced skin formula is a major development in male nutrition, with a unique combination of 30 nutrients including biotin which contributes to normal skin health. RRP £17.30 for 60 tablets, available from Boots and online at www.wellman.co.uk



12. GATSBY Moving Rubber Joyful, Trendy, Sexy, Easy, Fun to Groom. These are the words that best describe this JAPAN No.1 Hair wax series which sells 1pcs in every 1.8 seconds Worldwide. GATSBY Moving Rubber has collaborated with Japan Top Hair Salons in order to deliver the professional looks at your home in 7 different styles. Is that what you always been looking for? Here is the simple answer. Visit www.gatsbyglobal.com for more product info and sold at Amazon UK.

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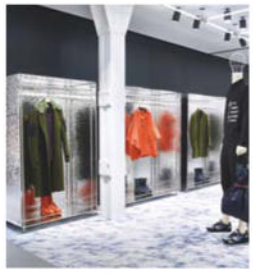
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Family *affair*

For decades, Russell Simpson has sold some of Chelsea's top properties, thanks to its close-knit office that functions – quite literally – as a family

Photography Hugo Burnand Words Rosemary Brooke



FROM LEFT: Leo, Hermione, Alan, Bertie and Jake.

As far as estate agencies go, Russell Simpson is something of an anomaly. For starters, it has no shop-front: instead, the company's office is based in a terraced house just off the King's Road in Chelsea, at the heart of their prime central London market. Then, there's its size: despite its consistent success over the past 36 years, founder Alan Russell has deliberately ensured that the company has remained small and personable – although in recent years, the close-knit team has expanded to include four of Alan's six children.

'Clients tend to return to us as we're all very involved with the business – they end up knowing us as a family,' says Bertie, Alan's eldest son, who joined Russell Simpson in 2008. 'There's always a senior member of the team here – if someone calls the office, they'll always get through to someone who knows what's going on.'

Two of Alan's other sons, Jake and Leo, also joined the business after university, in 2009 and 2012 respectively. Their sister Hermione took a course at the Inchbald School of design, making her the in-house interiors expert – and Mandarin speaker.

Aside from Hermione's interiors experience, all of the Russells received their industry training on the job, instead of taking a course. It's an approach that worked for Alan when he started out selling houses in the 1970s, and he's passed it on to his own children. 'I had no training – I was thrown in with a car, a telephone and a desk and told to get on with it,' he says. 'If I didn't sell anything in six months, I was told I would be out. I've tried to do the same thing with my kids – I threw them all in at the deep end.'

It was a successful tactic. Since the next generation came on board, they have brought a number of clever strategies to the business, including making the most of social media. Both Twitter and Instagram has proved useful tools and have followers numbering in the thousands. 'It's amazing,' says Bertie. 'I've had four viewings in the last two weeks through an image I've posted on Instagram.'

The company was an early adopter of the digital revolution. 'We've never had a shop-front – I had a lot of criticism about that until the internet came along,' says Alan. 'I feel that it works much better this way. We've had to give a very good service, and we are discreet. I've had a couple of approaches from people wanting to buy the company but I've always said no.'

It's clear that the family is passionate about their business, making it their way of life rather than simply a job. 'Your name's on the door – if we got any negative publicity, we would take it very personally,' says Jake. 'You've got to provide a good service. It's a small industry at this level, so news spreads like wildfire. A lot of people want a quick buck, so go into it for a year or two, but we're thinking about the next forty years. The amount of people who come back after 35 years to buy or sell a house is extraordinary.'

'People return to Russell Simpson because they trust us and have worked with us before,' says Leo. 'Being a close knit family company, every phone call and instruction, from the smallest enquiry to the largest sale, is handled with meticulous care and attention, offering a personal and considered service.'

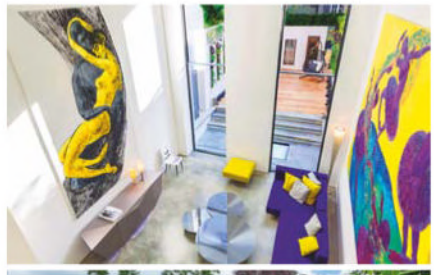


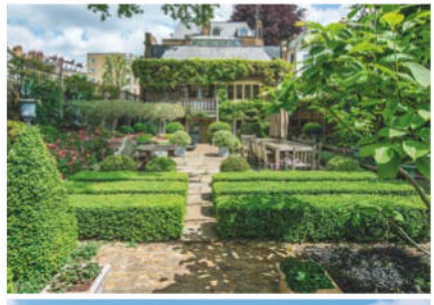


FROM TOP: Some of London's most desirable properties are sold through Russell Simpson

'Being a close knit family company, every phone call and instruction, from the smallest enquiry to the largest sale, is handled with meticulous care and attention, offering a personal and considered service.'

It isn't surprising that they're so committed: all six children grew up immersed in the business, and Leo was practically born in the office. 'My wife Jane was working one Friday and went into labour unexpectedly,' Alan recalls. 'She got to the Portland in time, but was back in the office after the weekend with Leo under the desk.' It was Jane who helped to set up the profitable rental business, which kept the company going in the difficult climate during 1989, and still forms a valuable part of the company today. Things have changed a lot since the 1980s: 'For me, the most dramatic change has been having the children working here, they've really added a lot to the business,' says Alan. Every member of the Russell Simpson team is extremely knowledgeable and passionate about the company, not just the family members. Still, Alan's got high hopes that his two remaining sons will be the next new recruits – March is currently a student at Leeds, while Noah has just finished school and is working in the office until December this year – so Russell Simpson looks set to stay very much in the family.







Russell Simpson: 020 7225 0277; www.russellsimpson.co.uk

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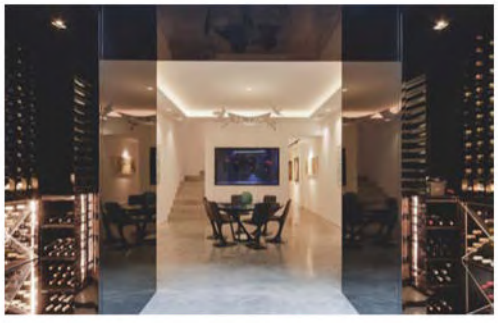
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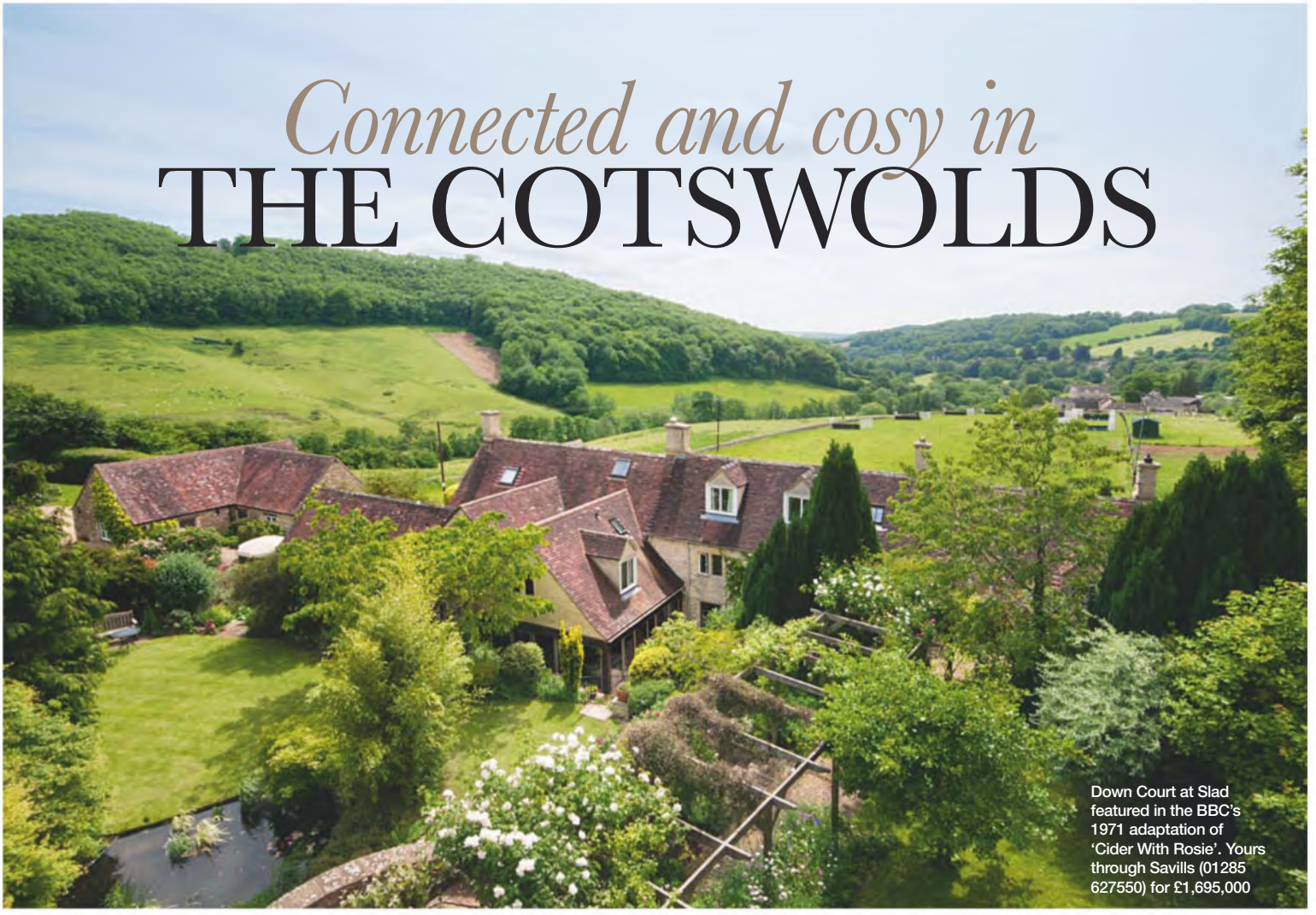
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Connected and cosy in THE COTSWOLDS



Down Court at Slad featured in the BBC's 1971 adaptation of 'Cider With Rosie'. Yours through Savills (01285 627550) for £1,695,000

Glorious countryside, copious wildlife and royal residents aside, the Cotswolds is probably best known for its current celebrity count. *Claire Pilton* reports

The Cotswolds is the largest and most famous of all the 38 Areas of Outstanding Natural Beauty in England and Wales. It embraces some 787 square miles, of which the lion's share is in Gloucestershire. For those who aspire to a home in the most connected county in the country; who wish to be within 90 minutes of London and a brisk walk from a cracking local boozer, there is a residence to suit every starlet and lottery winner from bolt-hole cottages to full-blown mansions. However, you must be aware that property prices in the prime Cotswolds area can, according to Knight Frank, command premiums of up to 60%.



JUST DANDY

Having changed all the rooms and given them a magnolia makeover, Laurence Llewelyn-Bowen has re-launched his Grade II-listed six-bedroom property with a new brochure and price tag. The 17th-century manor house can be found one mile from Cirencester at Siddington and features gorgeous walled gardens, a useful garage block and studio flat above; Strutt & Parker (01285 653101) is seeking £1.5 million.



OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

Set at the heart of Woolstone close to the village pub, this extraordinary home has been owned by the same family for 55 years. Comprising a thatched cottage, a four-storey brick tower and what served as the village shop many moons ago – all inter-connecting – it costs £795,000 and, according to Butler Sherborne (01235 244890), requires "thought love and care" to modernise the higgledy-piggledy four-bedroom accommodation. If you can't wait, the same amount will also secure a newly renovated four-bedroom house at Ampney St Mary through Jackson-Stops & Staff (01993 822661].



FUNKY FARMHOUSE

Developed five years ago, Barnsley Hill Farm epitomises the height of energy-efficient eco-living. It's almost completely carbon neutral and uses just 10 per cent of the energy needed to run a normal house. There are five bedrooms, a huge indoor-leisure complex and 11.5 acres of gardens and parkland – as well as some of the finest views in the Cotswolds. Priced at over £5 million through Knight Frank (01285 659771).



TEXTBOOK COUNTRYSIDE

Oft visited by Laurie Lee and surrounded by countryside made famous by *Cider with Rosie*, the five-bedroom Down Court is a delightful walk from the village of Slad. It comes with a one-bedroom annex, lots of garage space, a club-sized tennis court and pavilion, as well as landscaped gardens of about an acre with an ornamental pond and stream. All yours through Savills (01285 627550) for £1,695,000.



PHOTOGRAPHY:MEL YATES



Kate Moss strikes a pose at her interior-design project

MODEL BEHAVIOUR

The Queen of the Cotswolds has made her designer debut at The Lakes (01367 250066) near Lechlade. Set in Yoo's 650-acre second-homes estate, The Barnhouse, with interiors by Kate Moss, has five bedrooms, a pool and private woodland. At £2.5 million it's "a perfect place to escape with family and friends", says Ms Moss from her country seat at Little Faringdon.



IN THE BAG

Formerly a public house and rifle-range, The Riflemans is a five-bedroom house that affords views across pastureland to Swift's Hill and is a short walk from The Woolpack at Slad village, two miles from Stroud. Dating from the 17th century and Grade II listed, it has been lovingly refurbished by handbag and accessories designer Lulu Guinness, who is asking £765,000 through Hamptons (01452 595249).

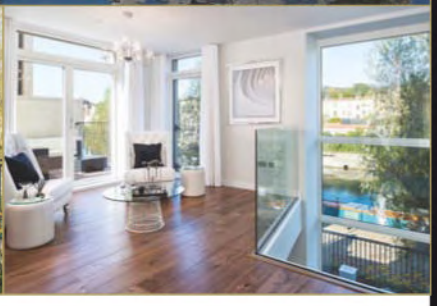
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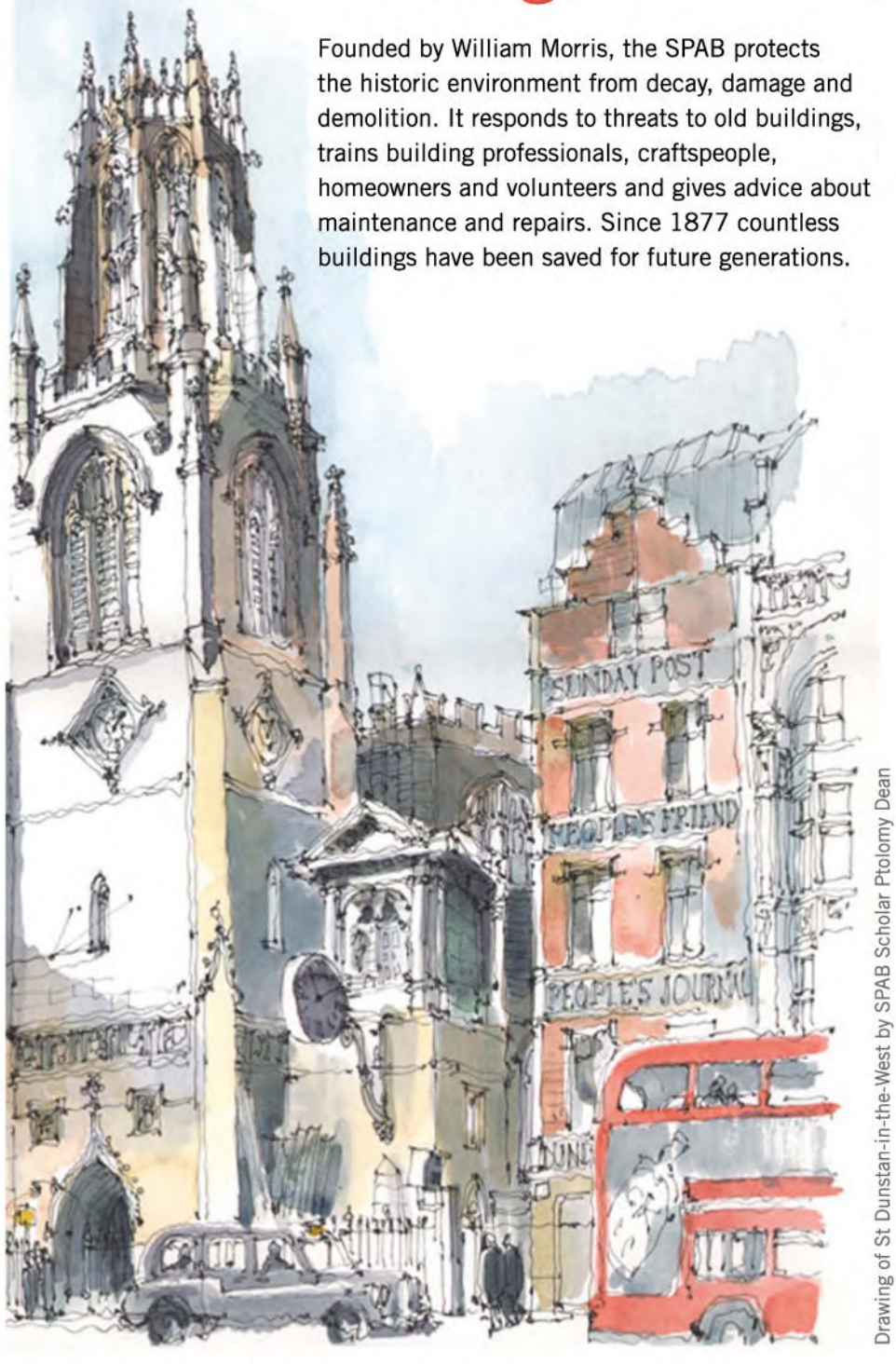
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All I want for CHRISTMAS

Claire Pilton asks six London agents to pick a property that fulfills their wish list

KEYS TO *A duplex penthouse at Cheyne Court, Chelsea, SW3*

- ACCOMMODATION: (3,059sq ft) Five bedrooms, four bathrooms, three reception rooms
- OUTSIDE: Roof terrace
- VIEWS: Overlooking Chelsea Physic Garden
- SERVICES: 24-hour security, porterage
- GUIDE PRICE: £8.5 million (share of freehold)

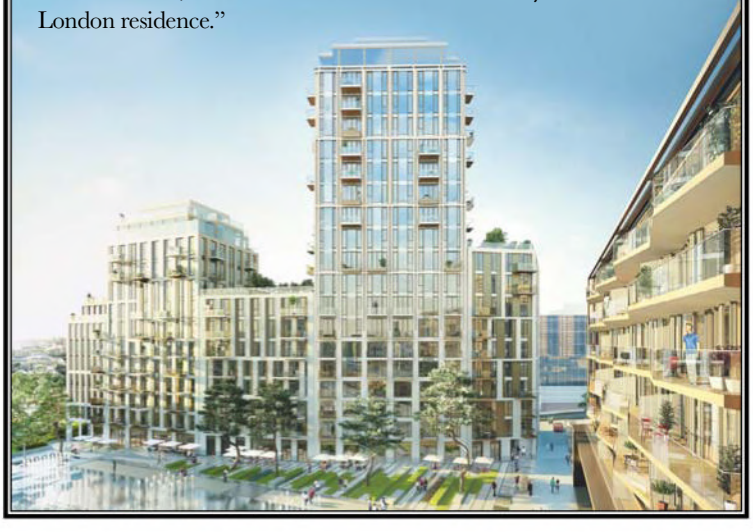
Alan Russell, founder of Russell Simpson (020 7225 0277), says, "This fashionable and recently refurbished New York-style loft would be the best Christmas present for any young couple. Finished in untreated oak timber throughout and featuring contemporary wood-burning fires, it offers space, comfort and plenty of wine storage for the festive period."



KEYS TO *A brand-new apartment at London Dock, E1*

- ACCOMMODATION: (2,138 sq ft) Three bedrooms and bathrooms, large open-plan living/dining room/kitchen
- OUTSIDE: 1,344sq ft roof terrace, balcony
- FACILITIES: Residents' Club with lounge and screening room; 20m pool, gym, squash court, virtual golf suite; 24-hour concierge
- GUIDE PRICE: £3,499,950 (for a 973-year leasehold)
- READY FOR OCCUPATION: Autumn 2017

Mark Collins, Chairman of Residential at CBRE (020 7182 2477), says, "We are witnessing a strong appetite for new-build homes in Tower Hamlets, with all 1,433 new homes completed within the past year already sold, and 80% of the homes under construction purchased off-plan. Buyers will need to act fast to secure this premier apartment on the 10th floor of the Admiral Wharf tower in this popular St George development. The generous terrace offers views to the north, south and west, and one of the best views of the City I've seen from a London residence."



KEYS TO *A maisonette in Wimpole Street, W1*

- ACCOMMODATION: (3,992 sq ft) Four bedrooms and bathrooms, three reception rooms, roof-top sunroom with a kitchenette
- OUTSIDE: Three balconies and a terrace (totalling 749 sq ft)
- GUIDE PRICE: £10.95 million (share of freehold)

Claire Reynolds, head of Savills Marylebone (020 3527 0400), says, "Situated in a beautiful Grade II-listed building, this stunning maisonette showcases Georgian architecture at its finest, with high ceilings and period features. Renovated with a contemporary twist, it feels like a house but starts from the first floor and is accessed via a private lift. Unusually for Marylebone, it has an incredibly secluded roof terrace that provides a fabulous alfresco entertaining space for summer BBQs… and Christmas drinks." ➤



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KEYS TO *A low-built villa on Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, W11*

- ACCOMMODATION: (4,472 sq ft) Five bedrooms, four bathrooms, five reception rooms
- OUTSIDE: Private garden with direct access to one of the area's famous communal gardens; off-street parking
- GUIDE PRICE: £11.75 million freehold

Caroline Foord, partner at Knight Frank (020 7229 0229), says, "A homely country house in the heart of London, this villa offers impressive proportions and traditional decor. I can definitely imagine hosting Christmas here, singing carols in the huge drawing room, hanging stockings from the grand fireplace and decorating a wonderful tree in the entrance hall. Entertaining aside, it is the access to the idyllic communal garden that pushes this to the top of my wish list."



KEYS TO *A family house on Edis Street, Primrose Village, NW1*

- ACCOMMODATION: (1,924 sq ft) Five bedrooms, two bathrooms, two reception rooms and a study
- OUTSIDE: Courtyard garden, terrace and roof terrace
- GUIDE PRICE: £2,950,000 (freehold)

Hamish Gilfeather, associate director of John D Wood (020 7586 9060), says: "This Victorian terrace house has been configured to provide generous open-plan living space for a large family. I have four children, three cats and a dog, so this naturally light and high-ceilinged property would do nicely. It's also just a few minutes from our office on Regent's Park Road and a short walk from Primrose Hill and Regent's Park where the children and dog could have a good run!"







KEYS TO *A lateral apartment on Princes Gate, Exhibition Road, South Kensington, SW7*

- ACCOMMODATION: (4,570 sq ft) Five bedrooms, four bathrooms, three reception rooms
- OUTSIDE: Communal garden/ terrace
- SERVICES: 24-hour porterage, security and underground parking
- GUIDE PRICE: £12.7 million (for a 964-year leasehold)

Shirley Humphrey, director at Harrods Estates (020 7225 6506), says, "With more than 4,570 sq ft of spacious lateral living that includes a generous reception and dining room, this apartment is ideal for entertaining family and friends at Christmas time. I always get media-room envy, how lovely to be able to watch your favourite films or the Queen's speech in your very own cinema! The location is right in the heart of South Kensington, with its array of shops and boutiques along with my favourite London museum, the Victoria & Albert, just moments away."



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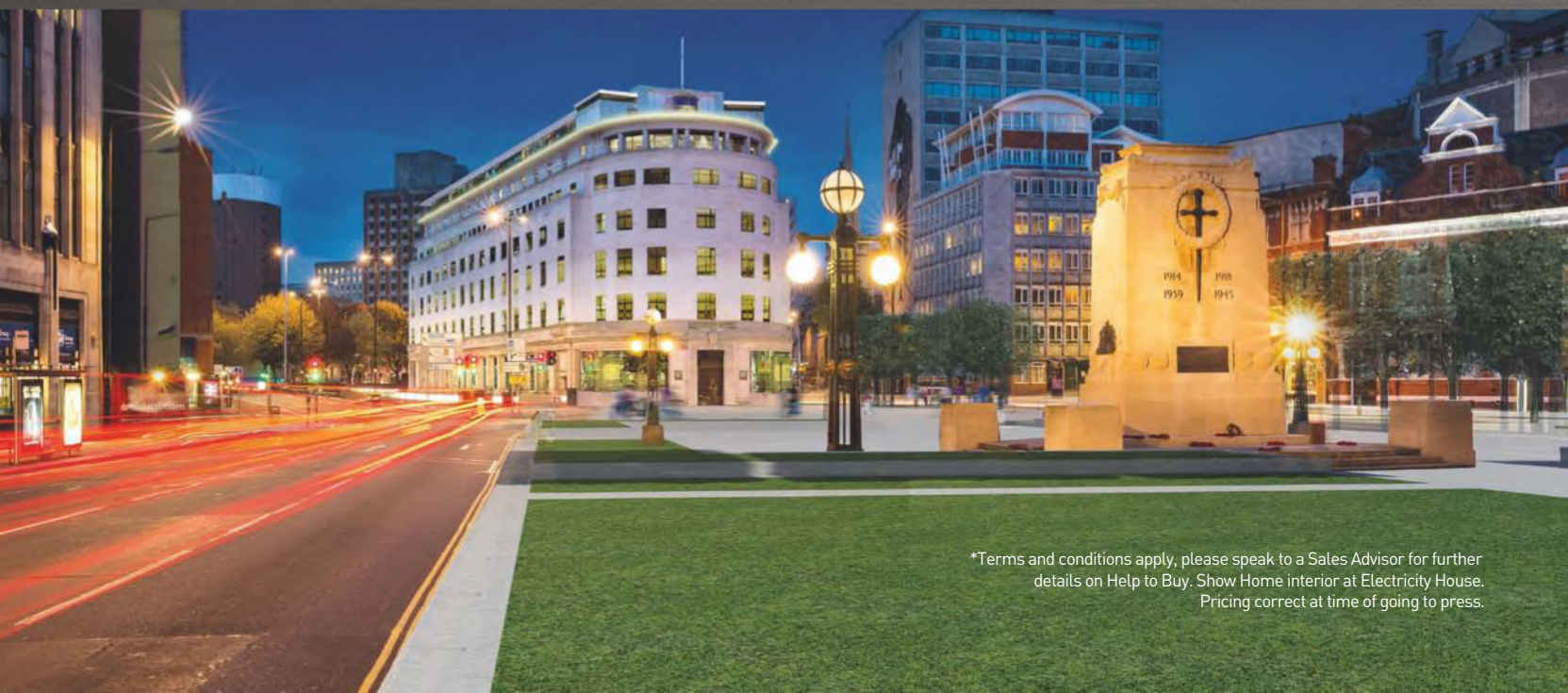
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NEW COLUMN!

JONATHAN HEAF IS...

Out to lunch!

...with MARK RONSON



GQ's Features Director wines, dines and goes off the record with the 'Uptown Funk' star over lunch at **The Ivy**



'I've been drinking for four days solid,' says Ronson

Mark Ronson and I go *way* back. Well, sort of. We go back like Grimmy and Simon Cowell "go back" rather than say, Spielberg and Lucas.

We've hung out together at awards ceremonies – him picking up silverware, me being picked up off the floor. We've nattered about pop music at weddings, including a few years ago when a mutual friend married the socialite Mary Charteris at Stanway House. The subsequent party goes down as about the most debauched 48 hours (or was it 72?) I've yet had anywhere, ever. Also our respective partners know one another from trendy Parisian circles – Valentine (me) and Josephine (him) – and we've bumped shoulders across booming dance floors in various states of wonky-eyed sin, conspiratorially whispering to one another about the agony and the ecstasy of having a French woman as a bedfellow.

I wanted to call this column "Star F***er" – can you see why? This isn't supposed to be a straight interview, neither of the person I'm having lunch with nor the place where we're dining. There are more than enough restaurant critics to tell you how the salmon *en croute* at such-and-such oligarch's café tasted like a pink velvet scatter cushion covered in dog hair. Or how the decor reminds you of a Miley Cyrus "puking rainbows" meme.

No, this column is about sitting with someone who might have something interesting to say. And if they have nothing interesting to say, then they had better like a sticky drink. I don't give up my lunch hour easily. It's the interviewee whom I shall be critiquing – their company, as human beings, mano a mano (or womano) – rather than the tea cooked for us.

Ronson and I meet at The Ivy, as where else do you start these things? It's a "stay-put" in a "pop-up" world and, as far as I could tell, the recent refurb has done little to dent its aspirational reputation. Sure, it's glossier now, a little less moth-eaten, and the warped oval bar with its crown of shimmering glassware makes it look like Bond's next pick-up joint, but this adds to the theatre. There are worse places to eat. (Sexy Fish is next month's column, by the way.)

"I've been drinking for four days solid," says Ronson as we sit down and order. We talk about sitting next to Justin Bieber at the MTV EMAs ("Sweet kid"); suits (Ronson is easily the most stylish man on the planet); collaborating with Adele on her new record and his current grind – working with Martin Scorsese on HBO's new series, *Vinyl*, a ride through the sex and drug-addled world of the music business set in Seventies New York.

The "Uptown Funk" hitmaker (one billion views on YouTube!) has come direct from his north London studio. I've never met Ronson, socially or otherwise, when he hasn't been either going to, or coming back from, a work commitment. We once went to Mexico on a "holiday" where he spent the days doing DJ sets in front of thousands and then endless TV interviews while I sat on the beach. The man is a worker. "Someone gave me a good piece of advice recently. For all the things you say 'yes' to, if you had to do these things tomorrow, rather in a few months time, would you still agree to do it?"

We share starters of Bang Bang Chicken (*£8.75*) – geddit? – and crispy duck salad (*£10*). For mains he has the Dover sole on the bone (*£39*) and I have the chicken paillard (*£17*). We drink a bottle of Vincent Delaporte Sancerre, Loire, 2014 (*£54*) and two bottles of Evian. We finish with a double espresso for him (he's going back to work, natch), a macchiato for me ("I've got to get back to work?") and what will become this column's obligatory quick-fire round:

Favourite biscuit of all time? "Milk chocolate digestive."
Is Dr Dre a real doctor? "He is to me."
Do you fold your boxers or throw them loosely in a drawer? "One fold, and then *whoosh*, away."
Final meal? "Two double-doubles from In-N-Out Burger in LA."
Would you work with Harry Styles? "Yes, absolutely. He seems like he has something genuine to say."
What scares you? "Drowning. And obsolescence."
Where do you want your ashes scattered? "I'm Jewish."

The Ivy, 9 West Street, London WC2. 020 7836 4751, the-ivy.co.uk

VERDICT Conversation ★★★★☆ Charm ★★★★★ Intoxication ★★☆☆☆ % of talk about Robin Thicke that was off the record **99%** **Overall** ★★★★☆

Illustration Zohar Lazar



James Anderson

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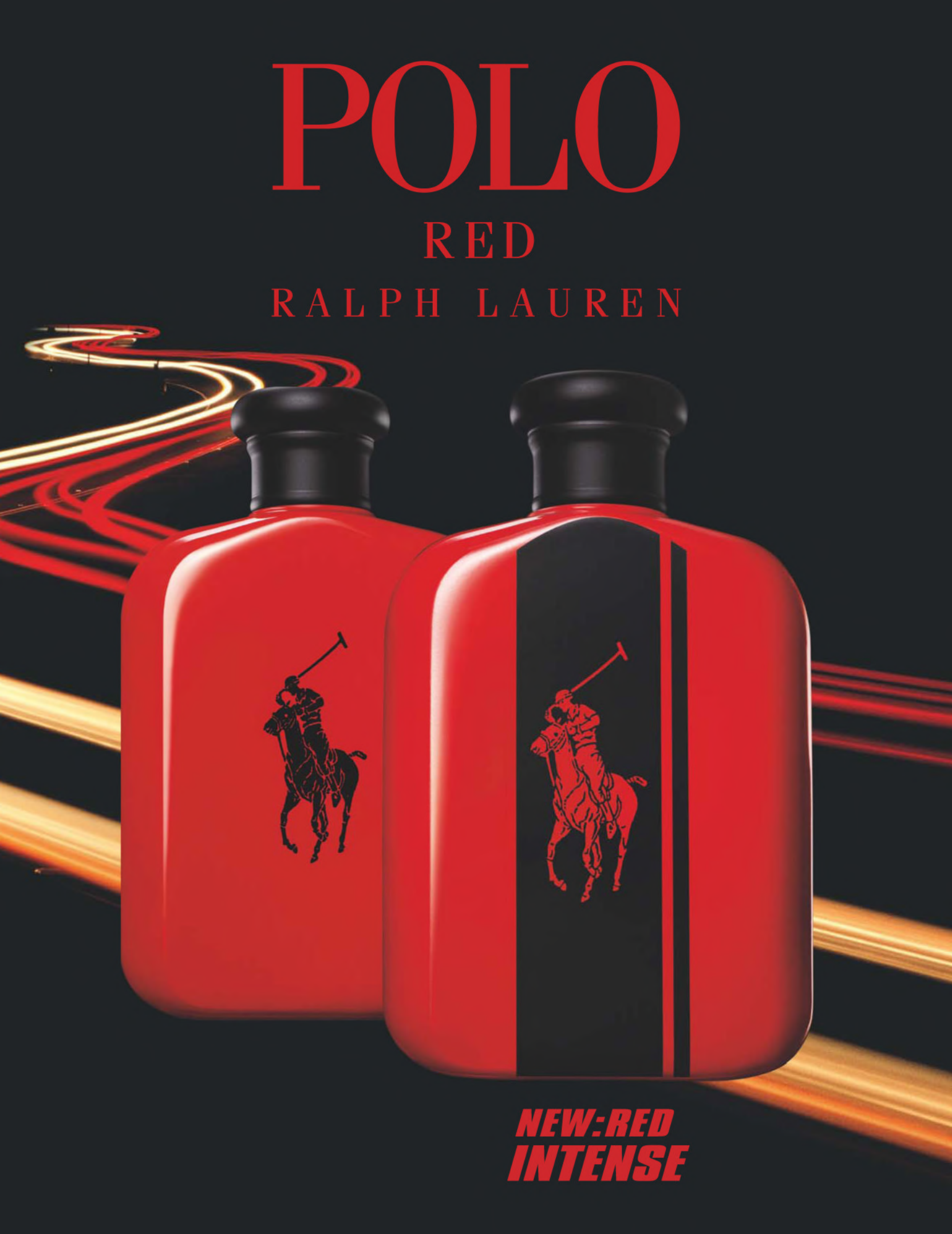
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